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FRENCH REVOLUTION IN 1848.

THE THREE DAYS

OF

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FEBRUARY 1848.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE WHOLE REVOLUTION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS rapid sketch of the recent French Revolution, written scarcely ten days after the fighting was over, and while the whirl of the great drama is still felt around me, will, of course, bear marks of the time and place in which it was composed. It is, however, a faithful record of what I have seen, and of what I have heard. The secret history of of the 'social cataclysm' has yet to be written, but it will not be amiss to have thrown together, all that is as yet known of a great event pregnant with remarkable results for France and Europe.

P. B. ST. JOHN.

PARIS,
MARCH 15, 1848.

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THE THREE DAYS

OF

FEBRUARY 1848.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAUSES OF THE RECENT REVOLUTION.

It is impossible to understand the events which have just occurred in Paris, without inquiring, however briefly, into the causes which brought about so momentous a change —a change to all, unexpected, astounding, save those who studied the French people themselves! It appeared to every casual observer, on Monday the 21st of February, that there existed in Europe a powerful kingdom called France. Its monarch, surrounded by a handsome and numerous family, supported

by a vast army, by all but an unanimous Chamber of Deputies, with a House of Peers devoted to his person, with an electoral body, an immense majority of whom were enthusiastic adherents to the dynasty and its system, with an overwhelming force of friends among the monied classes, seemed to be placed beyond the reach of accident.

Those, however, who, residing in France, devoted themselves with earnestness to the study of passing events, and who not only examined affairs as they occurred, but studied them by comparison with the great Revolution, were well aware of what was coming. It was, in fact, impossible to live in Paris and mix with the people, the army, the middle classes, without being prepared for the end. I, for one, nearly six months back, declared on many occasions that Louis Philippe would not reign long in France. I constantly repeated this surmise in print, in conversation, in private letters, and was looked on as an alarmist, an enthusiast, *un tête exalté*.

But those who, with me, saw the threatening cloud on the political horizon, founded their suppositions on a very simple course of reasoning, derived from a careful study of the daily

press, of the debates in the Chambers, from conversation with the people, from constant communication with active and well-informed men of all classes.

The causes of the recent French Revolution may be variously stated to be:—the Revolution of 1830; the reaction which has taken place ever since; the personal Government of Louis Philippe; the appointment of the Duc d'Aumale as Governor of Algiers; the ruling of France by purchased majorities; the entrance of corruption into the administration of affairs; the Teste trial; the suicide of the Duc de Praslin; the Reform banquets; the King's speech; the prohibition of public meetings.

The causes are here traced back to 1830. I do this advisedly, being convinced that on the very day Louis Philippe sat himself on the throne, the reaction against him began. The revolution of that day was effected by two means, by the organized conspiracy of the republicans, and by the spontaneous indignation of the middle classes at the despotic policy pursued by the Government of the Restoration. It is now well known that for some time previous to July, 1830, the secret

society of the Carbonari, amounting to about sixty thousand men, had organized committees sitting in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal. These committees were composed, at first, wholly of republicans; but afterwards, the Duke of Orleans discovering of what avail this society might be, sent in his agents, and by the lavish use of money, succeeded in gaining a majority in the governing council. Nor were these the only means resorted to. The boundless wealth of the royal Duke enabled him to have agents everywhere, and no secret society was without the presence of his friends. When Charles X. and his ministers, by the celebrated *ordonnances*, turned the middle classes against them, and enabled the republicans to bring affairs to an issue, the presence of the agents of Louis Philippe in the Carbonari council, prevented that body from acting with the unity which would have been necessary to ensure a Republic. Besides, at that date the Chamber of Deputies was popular, having been but just elected, and being swayed by a majority against the hated Bourbons and their ministers. The middle classes had this time the game in their hands, and they declared for another monarchy—the famous *meilleur des républiques!*

The republicans never forgave this defeat. They, and the majority of the working classes, fought in those days for a republic, and they looked upon themselves as deceived, tricked, and ignominiously vanquished.

But they were not disheartened. After a few attempts at revolution, they gave up for the time the system of physical force and appeals to the streets, and determined to adhere to that far surer instrument, the pen, which with patience they counted on to give them ultimately complete victory. The *National* and its party wrote, talked, secretly spread their doctrines, and then relied mainly on the errors of power. The French republicans reasoned thus, and, as the issue has shown, correctly: "The more powerful the dynasty becomes, the more really will it resemble the Restoration, and as surely as this happens, so will it grow at first unpopular, then hated."

The republicans were right, for they knew the man in whose hands were the destinies of France. It is unpleasant to strike at the fallen; but it is impossible to explain the causes of the revolution I seek to describe, without speaking the truth with regard to Louis Philippe. The son and grandson of

two infamously celebrated men, he has gained by comparison with them, for he was not debauched, loathsome, and hateful like them. Still I have never had but one opinion of Louis Philippe. In early youth, he shewed himself ambitious above all things. In the first French revolution, he hoped after his father's death to have stood upon the throne; and then, when he saw he had no hope in France, joined Dumouriez in betraying his country to the foreigner, in order to force himself upon a nation which had rejected the very name of monarchy.

During the Restoration he was a hypocrite. No man was more attentive in paying his court to the Royal family, to the Duke and Duchess de Berri, until he saw them falling. Then placed upon the throne by the unhappy alliance of Lafayette, Lafitte and the middle classes, he ruled first as a citizen King, while the spirit of insurrection was yet alive; but no sooner was this crushed, than he showed himself in the same colours which have characterized every King of France, save the unfortunate Louis XVI. Louis Philippe's policy from 1830 to 1848, has at home been very simple, all his efforts having been designed to make

the middle classes materially happy, and his every thought directed to interest a powerful and influential party in his favour by augmenting their wealth, and letting them feel that their riches were derived from him. Under some administrations, the country was dazzled by a show of glory; but under Guizot, there never was any policy traceable in the acts of King or minister, but which tended to purchase support. For a long time, no King was more powerful than Louis Philippe. In France the army is, in times of peace, a doubtful source of strength. It is an axiom, which had sufficient attention been paid to it might have saved the monarchy, that the support of the army is wholly dependent on the National Guard. As long as the National Guard remain faithful to the Government, so do the troops; the moment the civic force wavers, then the line also gives way. This arises from the fact, that the army in France is but a portion of the people, and serves the Sovereign only so long as he possesses the confidence of his subjects. When the middle classes and people unite, the soldiers are aware that the country has declared against the King. Napoleon, a great general, could

use his soldiers, his companions and children, as it were, against the people; not so Louis Philippe. The moment he seriously depended on the army, it failed him.

For many years the National Guard remained firmly faithful to a King who gave them peace and prosperity; under whose reign commerce, trade, and the useful arts made rapid strides, and who enabled them to fill their purses to their heart's content, who encouraged in some measure the presence of foreigners, and particularly of English, who wholly support the shops in the quarter of the Tuileries.

No greater proof is wanting of the blind adherence of the middle classes to the policy of Louis Philippe, than the enormous sums they allowed him to expend in fortifications, the vast increase of taxation submitted to unmurmuringly, and the earnestness with which everything like democratic or republican change was scouted.

But encouraged by impunity, Louis Philippe and his ministers began, a few years back, a series of stupendous blunders. The King, who owed his throne to three days' fighting in the streets of Paris, wholly forgot the

people who placed him in the palace of the Tuileries. He began to think himself as sure, if not more so, than the so-called legitimate monarchs of France. To say nothing of an enormous civil list; of permission to cut wood in the national forests, a permission abused in the most notorious manner; of *dotations*, and every conceivable mode of draining money from the nation; there came into his head the unhappy idea of the Spanish marriages.

To this fatal act may be attributed mainly the fall of Louis Philippe. The mere fact of the marriage of the Duke de Montpensier was popular enough in France, but the consequences were momentous. The breaking up of the alliance with England, the union of France with the northern powers, produced a total change in the foreign policy of Guizot.*

The French people are intimately convinced that they are liberty incarnate, that they are the immediate cause of progression throughout Europe. In fact, they are right. Their great Revolution, doubtless shattered many remnants of tyranny beyond the limits of their own

* Lamartine always prophesied the fatal ending of the Spanish marriages, and even looked upon them months back as tending to overthrow the dynasty.

land; many a moral Bastille fell with that of the Porte St. Antoine, and French political theories have had weighty influence in Italy, Germany, Spain, and elsewhere.

But to gain the alliance of Austria, Prussia and Russia, it was necessary for the French Government to sacrifice the interests of Poland, to pass over Gallicia in silence, to bully the liberal Pope, to discountenance reform in Italy, to retard constitutional progress, to support the Jesuits in Switzerland, and, in a word, to become counter-revolutionary. Now, in France, there are no two words more fatal to a government, than retrograde and counter-revolutionary. The most moderate liberal in France is devoted to the great principle decided by the Revolution of 1789 and consecrated by that of 1830, that the people have a right to self-government. There is a difference of opinion as to how many persons constitute the people, but the theory is everywhere admitted. The moment, therefore, the cabinet of the Tuileries and the King showed, by their acts, a tendency to encourage despotism in Naples, Rome, and Italy generally, the moment they supported the Sonderbund and the Jesuits with counsel and arms

they were lost, for they turned against them all moderate men, who, satisfied with monarchy, were still devoted to liberal institutions.

Up to a certain point, the advice of Guizot to the middle classes that they should enrich themselves, was good. Wealth and labour are the sinews of a great country. But not satisfied with giving this advice, the minister opened up, to serve his master, disgraceful sources of wealth. It was notorious in France, that any electoral body, however small, left wholly to their own voices—save a few royalist towns—would elect men of liberal views, and favourable to the gradual progress of reform. Such a parliament was altogether unsuited to Louis Philippe.

Not content with having an aristocracy of electors—two hundred and forty thousand out of more than five million adults—the Orleans dynasty and its partisans had resort to the most corrupt practices to purchase the support of these constituents. The centralization which existed in France, left at the disposal of Government more than four hundred thousand places, great and small. These, with crosses of the Legion of Honour, roads, concessions of mines, loans to companies, and

direct purchase of votes by cash, enabled the Guizot administration to ensure itself a majority. This majority, obtained however by such corrupt means, could only be safe in as far as it was interested. Out of four hundred and fifty odd members, therefore, two hundred and four were placemen, a body regularly marshalled down to vote like a drove of 'freemen' at an English election.

This was notorious, and proved to every thinking mind, that not only the ministry, but the whole system reposed on a false basis.

It was equally notorious that much of all this was necessary, from the fact that Louis Philippe's character disabled him from reigning as a constitutional King. It was incompatible with his temper and views. A servile majority, representing a corrupt body of electors, could alone be the accomplices of his policy and system.

But corruption, once made the order of the day, servility, baseness, cupidity taught boldly in high places, the example was followed with frightful rapidity. Ministers were seen selling concessions and regularly bargaining for the price of a law, the clerks in government offices

imitated them. It became unsafe to send money through the post, scarcely a ship left with coal for Algiers but carried fifty more tons than its register tonnage, the price of the difference being shared between the captain and the person whose duty it was to despatch and receive; men shamelessly offered their services to the Government at a fixed price; the management of theatres was sold to the highest bidder; in fact, in every department of the public service there existed corruption, which the heads of departments were compelled to wink at from fear of being themselves exposed.

The trial of Teste and his associates was a fatal blow to the French monarchy. The doctrine of the republicans, that virtue was incompatible with a throne, seemed hourly realized. The suicide of the Duc de Praslin, undoubtedly connived at by the police and higher powers, exasperated those who saw no mercy shown to poorer criminals.

Then came the appointment of the Duke d'Aumale as Governor of Algeria. This was a fatal act. The army in France, drawn as it is by conscription from people of all classes, looks upon the highest offices in its ranks as open to ambition. According to the spirit of

the French military system, every common soldier may aspire to be a marshal. But soldiers, generals, all, saw the more important posts filled by the relatives of the King, and by his personal friends. The Duke d'Aumale, as Governor of Algeria, disappointed the ambition of many an able and gallant officer; while the notorious intention of making Montpensier Grand Master of the Artillery, was also fatal. Besides, for a long time, soldiers had not risen high in the service; they were officered more and more every day from the military schools, while it is notorious, that to keep up the vast warlike establishments of France, the men were insufficiently fed. An army of nearly four hundred thousand men in the midst of peace, was of itself monstrous, but absolutely not to give them enough of food was an insensate proceeding, which can only be explained by the famous: *Quem deus vult perdere, &c.*

But the crying evil, that which in every class of society made men ask for change, was the crushing nature of taxation. With direct impositions, loans, floating debt, the taxes in France were much heavier under the reign of Louis Philippe than during the wars of Napoleon. His enormous army, his Algiers'

war, his fortifications, his dotations, his system of creating numerous unnecessary offices to buy votes, had swelled the taxes of France to sums varying from fourteen to sixteen hundred millions annually.

Thus hampered with taxation, aggravated by scarcity, commerce in 1847 was at a low ebb, every trade languished, labour became scarce and ill-paid; in fact, the whole nation was sacrificed to the necessity of keeping up a series of vastly expensive establishments, all tending to support the system.

For two or three years back, these and other causes had changed the middle classes of France from staunch supporters of Louis Philippe, to luke warm friends or direct enemies. During the whole of 1847 I have seen it going on. Amid the working classes, hate; amid the middle, disgust or indifference. Every day corruption increased in notoriety, and every hour taxation pressed more heavily on poor and rich. Famine and scarcity were aggravated by a system of *impôts* which wrung the very last *sou* from the poor man.

For what? To support a monarch, who, having no place in the affections of his people, was compelled to rely on soldiers and police,

who receiving enormous sums from the people, in addition to a stupendous private fortune, locked up his treasures in chests, or sent them out of the country to prepare for eventualities.

And yet, Louis Philippe and his ministers had a powerful majority in the Chambers, a majority among the electors throughout the country, a vast army which obeyed from habit and discipline, an opposition broken up, disjointed, disunited, utterly powerless. Such was the position of the Liberals, Republicans, Carlists and others who composed the minority in the Session of 1847.

CHAPTER II.

THE REFORM BANQUETS.

When the Session of 1847 closed, the opposition had been, in all divisions and other efforts, so completely beaten, that they discovered some new tactics were required. Odillon Barrot, Lafayette, Lasteyrie, and the other Liberals became convinced that there was no hope of rousing the country except by the formation of a strong party, supported by a due weight of public opinion. In the Session of 1847, the question of Parliamentary Reform, proposed by Duvergier de Hauranne, was indignantly rejected It was not allowed to go beyond the *bureaux*. M. Guizot tauntingly told the opposition that the country had not asked for Parliamentary Reform; that there had been neither petitions nor public meetings, in a word, that the demand was simply the watchword of a faction.

The opposition replied by the great banquet of the Château Rouge, where Republicans, Liberals, Radicals, Moderates, all united to condemn the conduct of the Guizot Administration. Their corruption was assailed, their retrograde and counter-revolutionary policy was denounced, and all parties hinted that the King both ruled and reigned. Indeed the personal government of the monarch was, to the members of the opposition, matter of so great notoriety, that they consented to withhold the King's name from the list of toasts, not only because they thus insured the presence of the Republicans, without which a popular agitation was impossible, the masses being all Republicans, but because they thus boldly condemned the violation of the Charter in the King's person.

None knew better than the opposition, that to so great an extent was Louis Philippe King and Prime Minister both, that during the councils held at the Tuilleries, the Duke de Nemours sat by his side, and gave his voice and counsel, though covered by no responsibility; none knew better that Parliamentary Reform was refused because, like every other liberal measure, it was displeasing to the King;

they knew likewise, that a man of Guizot's talents must have been aware how unanimous was the popular wish for progress, but he and his colleagues braved public opinion to please the King and keep their places.

The opposition, therefore, in commencing an agitation, could not but know that they were doing that which was personally disagreeable to the King, a matter which little troubled the Republicans and Legitimists, but which was somewhat delicate for those who expected to be carried by agitation into the places then occupied by their rivals. But Odillon Barrot, Crémieux, de Hauranne, and the other men belonging to the Constitutional Opposition, knew well that, office gained, there was a great probability of their being able to stay the King's anger. At all events, such was the general impression in France. Few men believed that Thiers and Barrot, once ministers, there would be any very marked change; but anything was better than the actual state of things. And thus the agitation began.

The moderates believed themselves the leaders of the popular movement, and thought that the people, after having been excited and warmed by the banquets, meetings, speeches,

&c., would quietly sit down contented when they were once in office. Here was their great mistake. No little agitation can exist in France. It is not in the nature of the people. They are either not moved at all, or are shaken to their very centre. They will not take the trouble to meet, talk, and pass resolutions, for a trifle. If, when they assemble, such be their idea, before their separation they are sure to find out their error. But the Opposition faction, represented by Barrot, grievously deluded themselves. They imagined that they could raise the tempest, and conjure it too. This was their mistake.

The Legitimists, a hopeless party, whose hatred of Louis Philippe blinded them to every consequence, considering that any change was a step in advance, joined heartily in the agitation, under the delusion that an appeal to the people, with Universal Suffrage, would be favourable to Henry V. They have in the present juncture discovered, that in France, a fallen dynasty can never reign, unless crammed down the people's throats, as in 1815, by foreign bayonets. There can here be no greater hindrance to success, than having been once thoroughly beaten.

The prestige of Napoleon was gone after he had been to Elba. He was no longer the invincible General, and his defeat at Waterloo, which before would have astounded his attached adherents, only grieved them.

The Republicans alone made no illusions to themselves. They knew well, that with them were the masses of the people; with them were all the recollections of the great Revolution; with them were the popular ideas of liberty, of well-paid labour, of laws made for the poor as well as the rich; they knew that their party was the only one which would gain by the agitation; they knew that the obstinacy of the King, the blindness of his ministers, the self-confidence of all his supporters, would gradually wean the middle classes from the dynasty, and make the country ready for any change.

When the *Débats* at once characterized every one who attended the Reform Banquets as *Sans-Culottes, Montagnards, Terrorists,* and invoked, right or wrong, bloody memories connected with Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, the *National* and *Réforme* chuckled. They chuckled knowingly, for their opponents thus drove many irritated men into the ranks

of the Republicans, who considered they might as well be Democrats, as be called so.

The Banquet at Château Rouge, the signal fire which commenced the agitation, that has brought about results so momentous, might perhaps have had less influence but for the attacks which the *Débats*, for a long time, daily lavished on the persons who attended it. This organ of the Guizot Administration was answered by the *Constitutionnel*, Thiers' paper; by the *Siècle*, Barrot's journal; by the *Réforme*, inspired by Ledru Rollin; and the *National*, one of the ablest written journals in France, and representing the Republicans. The polemic once commenced was not allowed to fall to the ground. Though M. Thiers, with a caution which made him most unpopular among the real Liberals, never attended a public meeting, his paper reported them largely, and used them as a weapon against ministers.

The *National*, about the middle of August, wrote thus: "The electoral agitation can only become dangerous should the Government throw any obstacle in the way of the declared will of the nation for Reform . . . . . the

overthrow of the monarchy would be the result of the inability of the present *régime,* inimical to all progress, to give us just and reasonable Reforms." But it was in vain that such warnings were published, for already the cabinet and King had determined that, however loudly the country spoke, they would still deny all Reform. The *Débats* was instructed to terrify the middle classes, by representing the whole opposition as Terrorists, a tactic which, thoroughly laid bare, did but irritate the country.

To the exposure, in the meantime, of most disgraceful acts of peculation and corruption, the cabinet either turned a deaf ear, or gave audacious denials; the promise of a law in favour of the post-masters, on condition of their bribing to the extent of one million two hundred thousand francs was daily quoted; the murder of the Duchess of Praslin, and the suspicious poisoning of the Duke, created an universal impression that facility for suicide had been given to a man of rank. All seemed to tend to depopularize the ministry.

The friends of the cabinet treated all these

things as opposition tricks and tales, and still decried the Banquets as vulgar, anarchical, republican, and democratic. The Liberals replied very justly, that it was precisely because the country was not democratic that meetings were required. Under a form of Government where every man has a vote, public meetings are altogether unnecessary; but in a land which excludes all but a few from the exercise of the franchise, the power to meet is peculiarly sacred.

On the 22nd of August, a Banquet was given to M. Berville, at Pontoise, where, as if to warn the dynasty, we are informed that the King's health, having been proposed by M. Coulbeaux, "was most coldly received." At this meeting, Napoleon and the "system" were compared. The speaker argued that both were enemies of the progress of the great Revolution; but, that while the one substituted glory for liberty, the other substituted "the *culte effrené et grossier* of material interest." The same speaker said: "The highest intelligences are not free from dangerous illusions;" and then, as if to again

caution Louis Philippe, showed how the Emperor fell from having alienated the people.

But the Guizot Administration, instead of discovering thence the opinion of France, contented themselves with sending circulars to the Prefects of Departments, with orders to prevent the Reform Banquets when possible. Another vigorous measure, was the seizure in the Post Office of English newspapers containing unfriendly articles. At the same time, as if to multiply enemies, the Minister of Justice commenced a fierce onslaught upon the press. The *Charivari*, *Gazette de France*, *Démocratie Pacifique*, *National*, and *Estafette*, were all seized and prosecuted, and several of the editors condemned to imprisonment and heavy fines. This measure predisposed many to Revolution who were before, perhaps, undecided. No man considered himself safe. Subscriptions in the journals for political *détenus*, kept alive the feeling.

Towards the beginning of September, many Reform Banquets were organised, amongst others, one at Arras, for which the various public buildings of the town were refused by

the *Maire*. Others were prepared at Troyes, Rheims, St. Quentin, &c., in all which quarters efforts were made to prevent them. At the same time, a master's and workman's quarrel caused, in Paris, such imposing assemblages of the people, that *émeutes* were only prevented by vast display of armed force and police. On this occasion the *sergents de ville* exhibited much of that brutality for which they so severely paid during the recent Revolution.

At a Banquet at Rheims, the speakers, while advocating the largest Reform, reprobated Revolution, because they conceived that it was possible to obtain, at the last moment, concessions from ministers, who were loaded with contumely. As a kind of reply, we suppose, they continued in their retrograde course, aiding the Jesuits in Switzerland, the reactionists at Rome, and sympathizing with absolutism everywhere.

On the 5th of September, seven hundred Reformers attended a Banquet at Strasbourg. Here the King's health was excluded, and the sovereignty of the people placed in its stead. But not only at regular banquets was Electoral Reform demanded, but the *Conseils Généraux*,

of many influential departments, earnestly supported the same popular measure, despite the efforts of the Prefects to prevent the subject being discussed.

At Bar-le-Duc, on the 10th, M. Etienne, deputy, speaking of men in power, observed—"They wish to enrich themselves by the most disgraceful means at the expense of public fortune; they have even bought votes and consciences with money." He then called on all good citizens to unite against such a series of deplorable immoralities. The ministerial organs replied by shouts of derision.

A few days after, at Soissons, at a great dinner, M. l'Herbette, in the course of a long speech, showed the gradual progress of the Government of July, from democracy to absolutism, and said — "Without, degradation of the dignity, greatness, and the interests of France; within, crimes against liberty, efforts to destroy public spirit, utter impossibility of appealing to lofty ideas, to noble and generous passions, and a necessity of appealing to material interests, of dividing, seducing, and corrupting." About the same date, another took place at Forges, attended by all the most influential men of the locality.

At the very same moment, the appointment of the Duc d'Aumale, as Governor of Algiers, was gazetted. All the world saw the danger of this act to the monarchy. Apart from the folly of sending a young Prince, but six years out of college, to govern a vast colony, requiring the very greatest degree of statesmanship and knowledge, and of implicating the whole dynasty in the errors he might commit, an ill-feeling was engendered in the army, for which the Orleans family have since paid dearly. The vice-rule of Algeria was the object of many a soldier's ambition, who saw all hope of obtaining such a post thus cut off.

A storm of disapprobation was manifested throughout the whole country, both in the press and in society, as well as in the workshops—in France the most important of all. As usual, not the slightest notice was taken of the general manifestation of public opinion.

About the middle of September, the journeymen printers of Paris made the usual arrangements to celebrate their annual dinner. For several years, not the slightest opposition had been offered to their so doing, particularly as the banquet was of a social and private character, wholly unconnected with

politics. But already had ministers and their friends entered upon the false and fatal path which led them to destruction. The banquet was to have taken place at a *restaurant*. Just as the body of workmen were about to sit down, a Commissary of Police ordered them to disperse. Being backed, as the man in office was, by municipal guards and soldiers, the artisans, after protest, obeyed; but, determined not to be baulked of their feast, demanded permission of a printer, known for his liberal opinions, to meet on his private premises, outside the town. The printer acceded, and as the law distinctly allows meetings in a private house, on the proprietor's own responsibility, no fear was felt for the result. But, with the idea which now actuated the Prefect of Police, guided, as he was, by the cabinet, legality was of little moment.

Scarcely had the printers reassembled at the *locale* which had been generously placed at their disposal, ere some hundreds of soldiers, municipal guard, and a Commissary of Police, presented themselves anew, entered the printer's house, and forcibly dispersed the assembly; which, however, as a last resort,

scattered itself in knots of ten and fifteen, in the neighbouring *estaminets, restaurateurs* and wine shops. Here, however, again the indefatigable police appeared, and summoned the proprietors to turn them out.

This insolent outrage excited little notice at the time, but that it was not without effect may be surmised, from the fact, that every journeyman printer in Paris turned out against the Government during the three days of February, 1848.

For a long time, it had been made an excuse in the Government organs, that M. Guizot was not able to carry out the reforms he would have desired, because Marshal Soult, as President of the Council, overruled him. Every one knew that this was a mere excuse, for his superior influence was as imaginary as could well be conceived. However, all such excuse was now removed.

On the 19th of September, the *ordonnance* was signed by which M. Guizot became Prime Minister of France. On the same day took place one of the most important of the demonstrations made against his policy. Saint Quentin, a rich industrial town, was a place where a powerful ministry would be

supported as long as it did its duty. But here, as elsewhere, the retrogade and reactionary policy of the cabinet caused a large body of electors, and other influential men, to assemble to denounce them to the world. Barrot, Cambacères, and others, branded the ministry as corrupt, mercenary, and utterly anti-national, amid the most uproarious applause, still not loud enough to reach the ears of those in the Tuileries.

At all events, the speeches produced no serious effect, for the *Débats* came out with a most elaborate series of jokes upon the assemblage, some of which, as seeking to alarm the timorous, were lugubrious enough. But the opposition replied with a very just reflection, that if the Banquets were disagreeable to the Government, it was their own fault, for that they had refused Reform in the session of 1847, on the ground that there had been no meetings to advocate the measure, no petitions to support it. M. Duchatel and M. Guizot, both made use of these expressions.

About this time, the agitation, which at first had been somewhat luke-warm, spread over the whole country, which, wearied with seven years' submission to an ultra-conservative

administration, shewed signs of fermentation. The journals devoted extended space to the Reform Banquets; and the organ of M. Thiers, seeing what a powerful engine they might be made, called loudly for their repetition in every department of France. To the denunciations against these meetings, they replied by quoting the Ministerial Banquets which had a short time before been alluded to by the dominant party with so much satisfaction. In fact, in 1844, 1845 and 1846, the Conservatives were the banqueters; Guizot at Lisieux, Duchatel at Mirambeau, Laclave-Laplagne at Miraude, François Delessert at Boulogne, had accepted dinners, and the *Débats* had reported them with satisfaction.

On the 26th, a great Reform meeting took place at Meaux. Seven hundred and fifty men sat down to table to the sound of the *Marseillaise*. There were present, members of the Municipal Council, a President of the Tribunal of Commerce, more than thirty *Maires*, and seven Deputies. At this meeting, the opposition openly denounced the personal government of the King. Hitherto, in France, the republican, the ultra-radical only, had accused the King of reigning too despotically.

But at Meaux, Odillon Barrot spoke of the substitution "of a direct and irresponsible action for that of responsible agents who should govern the country. This dangerous intervention of the Crown is not enough, but all the great offices of the state are being gradually absorbed by the reigning family, which escapes, if not by right, in fact, from all responsibility." This open attack on the King was loudly cheered; and when Barrot pointed out the dangerous consequences of this conduct, he was still further applauded. The Opposition, right or wrong, were thus most certainly sapping the foundation of the dynasty they professed to support; and those in power should have discovered then how far the revolutionary spirit had spread. Barrot, in fact, used the following words of caution:—"Those who call themselves Conservatives, do not know, are not aware, unintelligent and thoughtless beings, that by persisting in their indifference, and on the deplorable path they now are engaged on, they are moving rapidly, fatally, to that violent revolution of which all should fear the consequences."

On the very same day, the King was violating

the Charter by signing the decree which made Soult Marshal-General of France. This office was defunct. Now the Charter distinctly authorized the King to select any person he thought proper to fill an office, but gave no right to create one. The empty honour of being Marshal-General, no one grudged Soult; but it was the principle of allowing the King to create places at will, which excited a storm of indignation. The words, Arch-Duke, Grand-master of Artillery, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, had already been whispered in connection with his sons; and this decree was looked upon as a feeler. Again, the revival of the offices of the old *régime*, offices destroyed by the great Revolution, was peculiarly irritating to a people who adored the memories of those days, and who began to see Louis Philippe taking up the whole scheme of the detested Bourbons. Red heels, *épées*, breeches, and cocked hats, were expected every hour. This explains the violence of the articles written on a point otherwise insignificant.

Instead of defending this unwise act, the *Débats* for several days amused the public with attacks on the Meaux Banquet, until

it was silenced by the still more important meeting of the Loiret department, presided over by M. Abbatucci, President of the Cour Royale of Orléans, and *Député*. Here the Guizot organ had an admirable opportunity for fault-finding, the King's health being excluded, and the President having spoken out in bold and explicit terms. He reminded his auditors of the July promise, that there should be a monarch surrounded by republican institutions; he reminded them of the state of reaction against their two revolutions which existed, and spoke of the personal government which Ministers guiltily covered by their responsibility.

About the same time, Coulommiers had its 'meeting' where the Lafayettes, Lasteyries, and Barrots, continued to rouse the country; then came the small local meetings of Vitré, Damville, &c., which exercised no other influence on the ministerial party than vain protestations against the the insults directed at the King's person. It is quite true his health was omitted, and his unconstitutional conduct blamed; but as he was notoriously the real head of the cabinet, no other course of proceeding was practicable.

It is impossible to allude particularly to all the Reform Banquets. But before the end of October, Colmar, Strasbourg, Bar-le-Duc, Le Mans, Soissons, St. Quentin, Rheims, Perigueux, Orléans, Meaux, Coulommiers, Piérut, Vitré, Damville, Rennes, Amiens, Dunkerque, Lille, Cambrai, Loudeac, Angers, Rouen, Autun, Auxerre, Blois, Chartres, Cosne, Melun, Tours, Besançon, Dole, Lalinde, Bordeaux, &c., had followed the example set by Paris.

Some of these banquets were purely dynastic opposition ones: others strongly liberal; others democratic. At one or two, where Ledru Rollin had been invited, the *gauche* refused to attend; for Barrot, though prepared to agitate himself, was little disposed to follow a republican movement, or even sanction any democratic demonstration by his presence. Still the Republicans and Moderates kept pretty well together. The *National* was the regular organ of the Banquets. The *Réforme*, however, a journal inspired by Ledru Rollin, denounced the Moderates, and held them up to the reprobation of the public. With extreme men, Thiers and Barrot were even more obnoxious than Guizot. From the ultra-conservatism of the latter, they expected some

measure which would excite the rage of the country; from the *gauche*, they knew some little reform might be wrung, which would temporarily tranquillize the country, and retard the coming of a revolution which they considered to be inevitable and desireable.

About the 15th of October, the preparations for a Banquet at Cosne brought out the fact that Duchâtel had, by a circular, commanded the Prefects in every department to throw obstacles in the way of the popular meetings, and positively to refuse the use of any buildings which belonged to the municipalities. This was the first official hostile act of the cabinet against the agitation of the country, and had no other effect than to provoke a still greater amount of enthusiasm.

It was about this time, that in Paris an impression got abroad that there was a revolutionary feeling in the people. The republicans began to look up; they spoke with hope, and even with confidence; the strength of the Government was calculated; and it was even then whispered that the National Guard would oppose no resistance to a popular movement. The army was never, in this case, counted as the slightest drawback. It was continually in

my hearing said, "Louis Philippe has not three months to reign." Amongst the working classes, who hitherto had counted on the King's death as the signal for insurrection, there spread a feeling of which the police were perfectly aware by their spies, but which the Government turned a deaf ear to.

"*Cela ne peut pas durer comme ça,*" was an expression in the mouths of men of all classes; and had the cabinet, instead of blindly obeying the monarch's behests, studied the temper of the people, they would have prepared for the opening of the session some startling liberal measure, or have resigned. Instead of this, M. Guizot at this very time was exasperating revolutionary France, by sending arms to the Sonderbund, a Jesuit faction arrayed against the Government, and which was as just as would have been a supply of arms from Birmingham to the Parisian democrats, or a consignment of muskets from Toulon to the Young Irelanders.

At Melun, six hundred liberal electors met to *fête* M. Drouyn de l'Huys, who, for a liberal vote, had been dismissed from office by M. Guizot. The Banquet was equally in favour of Electoral Reform. M. Drouyn de l'Huys

said: "Do you wish that stagnant and corrupt waters shall be the fertile source of national representation? Do you wish that certain electoral colleges may still be justly compared to cattle-markets? You do not wish it, and you are right. To corrupt, they must buy; and it is the public treasure which pays these mercenary devotions. A portion of the revenue of the State, instead of fertilising in open day the vast domain of public interests, filters away, and is lost in subterraneous caves. Hence these dilapidations, squanderings, and these clandestine largesses which are suppressed only when it is impossible any longer to hide them."

The same opinions were expressed at Charité, and in addition, the warmest interest was manifested for the labouring classes. On the same day, at Chartres, other men enunciated the same sentiments. The Ministry, slightly alarmed, replied by an effort to suppress the Lille Banquet. In vain, however. The committee, deprived of the immense *locale* they had asked of the *Maire*, had another place given to them by a private individual.

Another tack being now necessary, the solitary Conservative journal undertook to

throw disunion into the Liberal camp. It warned the Moderates against the consequences of an union with the Radicals. It stated that these latter were seeking to bring about a revolution, which must be destructive to the less ultra-party. The organ of the constitutional opposition replied, that by signing petitions for Parliamentary Reform, the Republicans shewed a disposition to gain their ends by pacific means. There can be no doubt that the democrats looked upon an extension of the suffrage, as only an instalment of universal voting, with which their views would have been carried out without a physical force struggle. Barrot and his party would have been satisfied with a moderate instalment of Reform. But as Legitimists, Liberals, and Radicals, all, for the time, demanded the same measure, their union was perfectly comprehensible. The ultimate views of all three were different, but all were equally united in the desire to carry a particular measure. Had they succeeded, the monarchy would have been safe for several years.

At Lille, a great banquet was prepared for the 7th of November. M. Odillon Barrot, Crémieux, and others of the moderate liberals,

were to be present. On arriving at Lille, they found that the majority of the members of the committee were declared Republicans. The *gauche* became alarmed, and proposed a toast pledging the meeting to the institutions of July. The committee refused to accept anything which, by implication, included the King; and the members of the Chambers, among the rest Crémieux, now one of the Provisional Government of the Republic, retired from the Banquet. Ledru-Rollin, however, remained and spoke. This split caused great excitement, and, at a later junction, had, no doubt, its due weight in keeping Barrot from being elected a member of the Committee which now rules France.

The Dijon Banquet was equally wholly radical, being attended by Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, a few priests, National Guards, and some four hundred tradesmen and artizans. This meeting was as severely treated by the opposition as by the Conservatives, for no one then was more really inimical to revolution than the *gauche*.

Thus the agitation went on, each party looking at it with peculiar views. The Legitimists, who professed to believe that

Universal Suffrage would bring back Henry V.; were the most ultra in the Reform they demanded. The Abbé de Genoude never ceased to demand votes for every male above twenty-one, and to advise the people to refuse to pay taxes. The constitutional opposition demanded a law by which all professional men should be declared electors, as well as all jurymen. The law, up to the Revolution, gave votes only to men above twenty-five, paying £8 sterling of direct taxation. The opposition demanded a reduction. The policy of the Radicals and Republicans was what their policy must be everywhere—to get, by hook or by crook, every possible instalment of Reform.

I feel satisfied that a gradual extension of the suffrage in France would also have gradually brought about the Republic; for the people of that country are essentially democratic. Still, had the family which then reigned, and the ministers who supported them, been wise enough to give way to public opinion, and granted successive Reform, the Republicans would have bided their time, and whatever revolution came, it would have been pacific.

Towards the end of November and the beginning of December, the agitation had gained the utmost limits of France; but towards the termination of the latter month, it ceased, in expectation of the meeting of Parliament.

To face the Legislature, composed of a compact majority of contented placemen, ministers, and personal friends of King and cabinet, there was an old King, who for eighteen years had succeeded every day in adding some link to the chain of power, with one son, the future regent; another married to the heiress presumptive to the throne of Spain; another Viceroy of Algeria; another with a high position in the navy; a daughter the wife of a neighbouring King; in close alliance with the monarch of Austria, and ruling in Spain through his creatures; with an army generalled and officered at his will; a capital surrounded by the most extraordinary fortifications in the world, and commanded by eighteen detached forts; a police the most perfect and extensive known to civilized society, and composed not only of constables, but of regiments of horse and foot;—he seemed to occupy an impregnable position, from which nothing but the thunder

of the Almighty could dislodge him; a cabinet, headed by a great orator and historian, though an impracticable statesman, enjoying the friendship and support of its sovereign, and commanding a perfectly servile cohort of Deputies in the Chamber.

The opposition was in itself weak, but in the errors of their opponents they were mighty; for the cabinet of the 29th of October stood before the country convicted of corruption and servility; of alliance with absolutism; of opposing the liberal intentions of the Pope; of conniving with Jesuits to enslave Switzerland; of impelling Ferdinand of Naples to resist the just demand of his subjects; and, worse than all, of having, in their anxiety to curry favour with the dynasty, given way to every counter-revolutionary scheme of Louis Philippe.

They were strong in the sympathy of the country, which had at length awoke from the apathy into which it had fallen in the pursuit of material wealth.

Everything promised a stormy session; but there was every opportunity also, by a conciliatory line in the King's speech, and by a promise of Reform, to pacify the country. But

both monarch and cabinet were blind; they depended wholly on their material power; they despised utterly the grumbling middle classes, and angry people; they treated warnings as mere babble and old women's tales; while every observing man could see that France was on a volcano.

The day of the opening of Parliament, the Revolution was a necessity.

CHAPTER III.

THE OPENING OF THE CHAMBERS.

THE last Session of the Parliament of the French monarchy was opened by King Louis Philippe in person, on the 28th of December, 1847. For some time previous, the weather had been of the most gloomy and threatening description, and seemed somewhat to accord with the sentiments which had lately occupied the minds of a large portion of the French people. All was anxiety to hear the King's speech, as it was expected that some notice would be taken of the various Banquets, which had been held in different parts of the provinces, for the purpose of obtaining the Electoral Reform, so much agitated for by the opposition. In fact, the tone of the ministerial journals was threatening. On the 27th of December, the *Débats* seemed to denote, that strong measures would be taken

to stay the Reform movement; for it said speaking of the agitation: "*Marchez sur le fantôme, il s'évanouira; fuyez, il grandira jusqu'au ciel.*" Like everything in this journal, this is smart, but unfortunately it was not true. The state of the King's health also gave additional interest to the opening of the Session. An influenza of a severe and troublesome character—the well-known *grippe*—had attacked a great portion of the Parisians, and reports were everywhere in circulation, that the King, already enfeebled by age and natural infirmity, had been much affected by the prevailing malady. It was even said, that did he proceed to the Chamber of Deputies, the state of his voice was such as to render it impossible for him to deliver the address which had been prepared.

During the whole of the 28th, the day was of a most disagreeable character. The previous dry, though gloomy weather, having been replaced by a slight fall of snow, which, melting as it fell, rendered the streets almost impassable, caused the spectators of the King's progress from the Tuileries to the Chamber of Deputies, to be much less nume-

rous than on former occasions; still there were very many of the people, the artizans, men who cared not for weather. Nothing was changed in the ordinary *cortège*. The right-hand side of the streets, from the Tuileries to the Chamber of Deputies, was lined, as usual, with National Guards; and the left, by the regular troops. The presence of the King, who, no longer, as formerly, rode on horse-back, was received with but few acclamations, the spectators seeming more occupied in defending themselves from the falling snow, than in welcoming his Majesty. Several, however, of the National Guard, cried, *Vive la Réforme*, as he passed; but the prevailing influenza seemed to weigh heavily on every one's spirits, and silence was the chief characteristic of the scene.

Precisely at one o'clock, the sound of the cannon of the Invalides, proclaimed that the King had left the Tuileries.

The *cortège* proceeded in the following order:—

A squadron of troops belonging to the garrison of Paris. A squadron of National Guards.

Generals Carbonel and Perrot, attended by the staffs of the National Guard and the garrison.

The King, with Lieutenant-General Jacqueminot on the right-hand side of his carriage, and Lieutenant-General Viscount Tiburce Sebastiani, Commander of the first military division, on the left.

The carriage was surrounded by numerous officers of the King's household.

The staff of the military division, and a great number of general officers.

A squadron of National Guards.

Carriages containing the Marshal-General of France and the Marshals.

Carriages containing the officers belonging to the King's household and the Princes.

In the Chamber, the throne was surmounted by the national flag, and on the right and left of the King, chairs were placed for the Princes.

The seats open to the public had been occupied since ten in the morning, the first rank being reserved for the ladies. About twelve, the Peers and Deputies began to arrive, and took their places, the former on the King's right, and the latter on his left.

The lower benches contained the members forming the deputations of the two chambers.

At a quarter past twelve, the Marshal-General of France, Soult, the Marshals of France, among whom was Marshal Bugeaud, the deputations of the Legion of Honour and Council of State took their places in front of the throne.

The Ambassadors and members of the *corps diplomatique* occupied the seats usually assigned to them.

The King's ministers:—M. Guizot, Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Counsel; M. Hébert, Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice and Public Worship; M. Duchâtel, Minister of the Interior; Lieutenant-General Trézel, Minister of War; the Duc de Montebello, Minister of Marine and the Colonies; M. Dumon, Minister of of Finance; M. de Salvandy, Minister of Public Instruction; M. Cunin-Gridaine, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce; M. Jayr, Minister of Public Works, took their places on the right and left of the throne. M. Duchâtel looked fatigued and anxious, as did M. Hébert, but M. Guizot, as usual, showed the utmost *nonchalance* and confi-

dence. Strong in his talents, in his courage, in his position, he felt no fear. He was Prime Minister, and he, doubtless, expected to remain so for many years.

Shortly before one o'clock, the Queen accompanied by the Princesses entered and took their places on the seats reserved for them. On entering, her Majesty was saluted with cries of *Vive la Reine,* chiefly proceeding from the ministerial benches.

On the arrival of the King at the Chamber of Deputies, he was received by the deputations of the two Chambers, having at their head the Duke Pasquier, Chancellor of France, and M. Sapey, President, by seniority, of the Chamber of Deputies.

The King, who, as usual, wore the uniform of Lieutenant-General of the National Guard, accompanied by his sons, the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, and the Duc de Montpensier, entered the Chamber, preceded by the deputations, and followed by the aides-de-camp and officers who had formed a part of the procession.

On entering, the King was saluted by cries of *Vive le Roi,* emanating from the Peers and *satisfaits,* while the principal members of the

opposition were sombrely silent, for they knew what was coming. The monarch placed himself in front of his throne, having the Princes, his sons, on each side of him.

The Generals and the officers of the King's household stood up behind the throne. There were but few Peers present. The number of Deputies was about three hundred.

The King having desired the Peers and Deputies to be seated, put on his hat, and pronounced the speech. Those who listened to him, at once discovered that his health was affected, for his voice fell at times so much, as to be perfectly indistinct. He seemed to be, however, rather feeble than ill. Still, so intensely interesting was the speech, that all listened with charmed ears. I give it as a document of great moment in the History of the Revolution.

"Gentlemen, Peers, and Deputies,

"I am happy, while finding myself again amongst you, to have no longer to deplore the calamities which the high prices of food have inflicted on our country. France has endured those calamities with a courage which I cannot contemplate without profound emo-

tion. Never, under such circumstances, have public order and the freedom of transactions been so generally well maintained. The inexhaustible zeal of private charity has seconded our common efforts. Our commerce, owing to activity and prudence, has been but little affected by the crisis that has been felt in other states. We are reaching the end of these trials. Heaven has blessed the labours of the people, and abundant crops are reviving in all parts, both comfort and security. Let us congratulate each other on this state of things.

"I reckon on your co-operation in order to bring to a conclusion the great public works which, by extending to the whole kingdom facility and regularity of communication, must open fresh sources of prosperity; and while sufficient means will continue to be applied to such fruitful enterprises, we shall still take care that scrupulous economy and judicious employment of the public revenue be strictly observed. I am confident that the receipts will cover the ordinary expenditure of the State, which shall shortly be laid before you.

"A special Bill will be proposed to you

for reducing the duty on salt, as well as a Bill for diminishing the postage on letters to a degree compatible with the state of our finances.

"Bills relating to public instruction, prison discipline, and the customs' tariff, have already been submitted to your deliberations. Other Bills on various important subjects shall be laid before you, particularly regarding communal property, mortgages, *monts de piété*, and the application of savings' banks to fresh improvements in the condition of the working classes. It is my constant wish that my Government should labour, with your co-operation, in the development both of the prosperity and morality of the people.

"My relations with all foreign powers give me confidence that the peace of the world is secure. I hope that the general progress of civilization will everywhere proceed to its accomplishment through an accordance between governments and people, without impairing internal order, and the good relations established among States.

"Civil war has disturbed the happiness of Switzerland. My Government had come to an understanding with the Governments

of England, Austria, Prussia and Russia, in order to offer that neighbouring and friendly people an amicable mediation. Switzerland will, I hope, acknowledge that respect for the rights of all, and the maintenance of the basis of the Helvetic Confederation, can alone ensure to her those enduring conditions of happiness and security which Europe wished to guarantee to her by treaties.

"My Government, in accordance with that of the Queen of Great Britain, has just adopted measures which must at length succeed in restoring our commercial relations on the banks of the La Plata.

"The illustrious chief who so long and so gloriously commanded in Algeria having desired to rest from his labours, I have entrusted to my beloved son, the Duc d'Aumale, the great and glorious task of governing that French land. I flatter myself that, under the direction of my Government, and thanks to the labours and courage of the generous army that surrounds him, his vigilance and devotedness will secure the tranquillity, the good administration, and prosperity of our establishment.

"Gentlemen, the more I advance in life, the more I dedicate with devotedness to the service of France, to the care of her interests, her dignity and happiness, all the activity and all the strength that God has given, and still vouchsafes to me. Amidst the agitation that hostility and blind passions foment, one conviction animates and supports me, which is this, that we possess in the constitutional monarchy, in the union of the great powers of the State, sure means of overcoming all those obstacles and of satisfying all interests, moral and material. Let us firmly maintain, according to the charter, social order and all its conditions. Let us guarantee, according to the charter, the public liberties with all their developments. We shall transmit to the generations to come after us the trust confided to us, and they will bless us for having founded and defended the edifice under shelter of which they live happy and free."

On the conclusion of the above speech, the King was again saluted by cries of *Vive le Roi*, proceeding from the same quarter. The Keeper of the Seals then declared the two

Chambers as formally opened for the Session 1848, on which the King rose up, and saluting the assembly, retired, attended by his various officers.

The *cortège* then proceeded towards the Tuileries, between the lines formed by the National Guards and the regular troops.

The following remarks of a reporter will remain as an historical picture, in connection with a subsequent scene. "It was remarked, that the carriage of the Duchess of Orleans remained some time after the departure of the King, and was surrounded by a number of Deputies, who approached to salute the Princess and the young Comte de Paris. It was remarked that four folding-chairs had been placed near the throne. One of these, it was said, was intended for the young Prince; but the Duchess of Orleans requested that for one year more he should not figure officially in the ceremony."

In half an hour after the *Séance Royale* had taken place, the speech was scattered over all Paris, and one feeling alone prevailed, that of indignation, sorrow and regret, not unmixed with alarm. It was, as the reader will have observed, insignificant in every part but one,

and that was in connection with the Reform Banquets. The paragraph which characterized them as the result of blind and hostile passion, produced at once a fall in the funds. The speculators seemed to foresee the fatal result of this defiance, thrown in the teeth of more than a hundred deputies, of tens of thousands of the electors, and other leading men in every department of France. Many observed how ill this came from an old King with one foot in the grave, who thus ensured, at all events, the opposition of a powerful minority against his person. As was at the time remarked, the Monarch thus really addressed a large body of legislators—"You are factious men who wish to overthrow my throne, or fools who know not what you do."

In fact, what could be more insensate than this paragraph of a Royal speech, which included, in one sweeping charge, a number of men, who, in the course of reason, might be expected at some time to be Ministers. Every reflecting man began from that day to think of revolution, all the ultras rejoiced, for now they knew that the people would at last become exasperated. The cabinet was on a false path, and it was probable it would persevere.

Barrot, Thiers, and their party shook their heads, and regretted an act, which, in the face of day, made the King the leader of a party, denouncing as factious and inimical all who differed from him.

The very next day, M. Sauzet was elected President of the Chamber by 227 votes against 132, while the *Débats*, instead of excusing the imprudent language put in a King's mouth by Ministers utterly ignorant of the state of feeling in the country, lavished additional abuse on the great Reform Banquets of Rouen and Grenoble. All those who alluded to "the persuasive influence of the Crown," or who touched on the inviolability of the King, which had been forfeited by his taking an open part in affairs, were called *Montagnards*, while as one wittily said, M. Thiers was almost accused of regicide on the same account.

On discovering the storm of indignation which the speech called forth, the Cabinet evidently became alarmed, as was seen by the fury displayed in the articles of the two ministerial journals against those who would not quietly submit to the indignities poured upon them.. In the midst of the tumult and excitement caused by this affair, on the

last day of the year, died Madame Adelaide, the King's sister, friend, and counsellor, one who was supposed to have been his wisest adviser. As it happened, this aged princess departed in time to avoid witnessing the misfortunes which have been brought upon her house by the ill-judged and ill-imagined proceedings of the Monarch, and those whose servility made them obey his commands. These words are hard, but truth above all things, and in justice to the French people, who rose against oppression, those whom they chastised must be truly characterized.

The very next day, the first of the year 1848, it became known in Paris that Abd-el-Kader was taken, as if the French Government had every chance of attending to home affairs thrown in their way. But the Emir once captured, Ministers devoted themselves rather to crushing their rivals than to attending to the great interests of the country. The organ of the ministry went so far in its identification of Louis Philippe with the Conservatives, as seriously to demand why the King should not be the chief of *his own* party. Nothing more clear than this avowal, that the Monarch was at the head of a faction, com-

posed of a reactionary, counter-revolutionary majority in a Chamber, elected from a small body of men called the legal country, and consisting of placemen.

Deficit too, that fatal word which caused so many of the evils of the old revolution, could not be concealed. The budget, bolstered up by ruinous loans and encumbered by a gigantic floating debt, startled the country. Tradesmen began to ask how the State could justly be allowed to drain the land, when famine, want and stagnation of commerce had produced so much misery.

A trial for adultery, in which a husband, M. Petit, was accused of having connived at his wife's dishonour to obtain a place, brought out the fact that he had bought it with the knowledge of M. Lacave-Laplagne and M. Guizot. An inquiry betrayed a shameless system of trafficking in public offices, which made ministers introduce a law, declaring such transactions henceforth illegal.

The suspension of Michelet, as professor, for some liberal doctrines put forth by his auditors, added, in the beginning of January, to the odium already acquired by the suspension of Quinet and Mierolawiski, and caused

an excessive ferment in the minds of the students, who fought almost to a man, during the three days. The dismissal of M. Chevalier from the *Débats*, by order of Ministers, for writing a letter of condolence to Michelet, was another petty and irritating act of tyranny.

On the 10th, the discussion on the address, in answer to the speech from the throne, began in the Chamber of Peers. Count d'Alton Shee denounced, in the most unqualified manner, the hostility of the Ministry to liberty, while he equally exposed their connivance everywhere with absolutism. The breaking up of the English alliance to gain the futile victory of the Spanish marriages was not forgotten. A Conservative, M. Mesnard, equally warned Ministers against the false road upon which they had entered, but the Cabinet was silent.

The next day, the discussion was resumed, and M. de Boissy charged Ministers with using the money of a public charity to procure the election of Richond de Brus, of unjustly persecuting Warnery, and then alluded to the notorious disaffection of the National Guards, whom the Government dared not call out to a review for fear of hearing

loud cries of *Vive la Réforme!* so intense was public discontent. M. Guizot defended the purchase of place by Petit, on the ground of the antiquity of the practice.

The next day he defended his conduct towards Italy, and in the midst of much that was talented, put forth doctrines wholly inimical to the progress of liberalism in that country. He still professed so much admiration for the Pope, that he was compelled to give way, and allow a paragraph to be inserted, expressing sympathy with his endeavours.

Just as the debate was closed in the Chamber of Peers, of course triumphantly for Ministers, an incident occurred which, at the time treated as of no very great importance, was doomed to revolutionize France, overthrow a powerful monarchy, and establish in the heart of Europe a vast Republic. The twelfth arrondissement of Paris, after several preliminary meetings, had agreed to hold, on the 19th January, a Banquet, under the presidence of M. Boissel, deputy, and which was expected to be attended by a large body of opposition Deputies. Six hundred persons had signed their names as wishing to be present, when the Cabinet received notice of the projected demonstration.

It met, and in an evil hour determined to interfere, after allowing more than sixty Banquets to take place in different quarters of France during the four previous months.

On the 14th of January, 1848, the stewards of the intended manifestation received notice from Joseph Gabriel Callomp, Commissary of Police, acting in the name of the Prefect of that department, that their solicitation for permission to hold a Banquet was refused. The stewards replied, that they had never solicited permission, that the laws of 1831 and 1834 were directed against associations, but were powerless against separate meetings, and that they intended to treat the interference of the police with contempt.

This act of the Government created a perfect stupefaction. I wrote to a friend immediately, in Scotland, that we were on the brink of revolution, so serious did I at the time consider this proceeding. It was, with justice, regarded as a *coup d'état*. The Government attempted no concealment of the part they had taken in the affair. Count d'Alton Shee, having risen in the Chamber of Peers to question the Cabinet on the point, M. Duchâtel made the following reply, which at once pointed out the daring

policy which Ministers were about to try as an experiment on the French people. He said:

"I will answer very clearly. The Government believes itself possessed of a right to prohibit the Banquets like every other political meeting; and it believes itself possessed of this right in virtue of the Police Laws, particularly that of 1790. The Government has often made use of this right, for example, in 1841. . If banquets have taken place this year, it is because Governmen tolerated them. In 1841, *I* thought that the Banquets might be inconvenient, and *I* prohibited them. I did not think the same of the Banquets of 1847, and for this reason, they were, I repeat, tolerated. As to the banquet of the 12th *arrondissement*, it was not of his own accord that the Prefect of Police prohibited it, but by MY orders. It appeared to ME that this banquet might be productive of serious inconvenience, and *I* interdicted it."

This speech, egotistical, irritating, full of the spirit of the most intolerable despotism, was productive of extensive excitement. The people began to see that the few liberties which remained to them might be thus

explained away at the will of a powerful minister, for the law was distinct. In France, associations, and meetings of associations, were illegal, but there was no act which prevented the assembling in public meetings for a specific purpose, when held on premises belonging to a private individual. The Police Act of 1790, was against crowds collecting in the streets, and relative to the maintenance of order at nocturnal meetings, theatres, cafés, and churches, The prohibition of the Banquet was clearly, therefore, unjustified by law, and the Ministry at once made illegal resistance the order of the day.

The ferment of men's minds was so great, on the 20th January, that the *Débats* took alarm, and in a most lugubrious article, spoke of the anarchical state of public feeling, of the secret union of the Socialists, and all caused by the Reform agitation. It was reported that the Reform Banquet would take place despite the prohibition; this, coupled with the arrival of reinforcements for the garrison of Paris, spread an uneasy feeling, which never abated until the revolution was accomplished. On that very day, a leading Republican said to me, in answer to my ques-

tion, "Will the Banquet take place?"—"*Vous ne verrez pas le Banquet, mais vous verrez autre chose.*" "You will not see the banquet, but you will see something else."

In the Chamber of Deputies, Guizot in the meantime was vainly defending himself from the charge of corruption brought against him in relation to the *affaire Petit;* but the majority still remained faithful to him, and he kept his phalanx together pretty well, though some Conservatives deserted him on the division.

On the 24th, the commissaries of the Banquet published an announcement to the effect, that the meeting would take place, and that in a few days the place of assembly would be announced. They emphatically pledged themselves to bring the question of legality to an issue. The struggle was now begun. A cabinet, confident in the power of a monarchy which had been consolidating itself for eighteen years, after allowing upwards of seventy political meetings in denunciation of their policy to take place, determined, for some inexplicable reason, to use force against a meeting in Paris, where existed all those inflammable materials, which, set in action, are always so dangerous to governments.

No warning was of any avail, and the friends of insurrection, now sure of a rallying cry, began to make silent preparations for action. There were committees sitting nightly in various quarters of the town, men spoke of what form of government should be substituted for that which they were about to overthrow, for none who were willing or anxious to risk their lives in a street movement, did so with any wish to have Thiers for Guizot, or Barrot for Duchâtel, but to overthrow utterly the dynasty and its system.

Those who read the *Réforme* and *National* carefully, might have noticed an air of confidence in their articles, which few thought justified by the situation.* But they were well aware that the storm was rising, and bided but its time to appear on the horizon. The revolutionary malaria was afloat on the air, and well informed wealthy families de-

* As a positive proof of how clear was the state of things in Paris to all who chose to see, before the events of the 23rd and 24th, I wrote on the 15th of February to the editor of the *North British Daily Mail*, who published my words on the 18th.—"In my opinion we are approaching a revolution. You may expect a flight like that of Charles X., a disappearance of ministers, a provisional government, and a Republic." What *I* knew, ministers might have known.

manded their passports, and supplied themselves with gold.

Thus ended the month of January, amid alarm, uneasiness, anxiety on all sides, save apparently with Ministers, who, day after day, and hour after hour, during the interminable discussion of the address, laboured to defend their policy, confound their adversaries, and gain credit for being great statesmen and good patriots. How far they succeeded will be seen.

CHAPTER IV.

FEBRUARY SITTINGS OF THE CHAMBERS—PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT REFORM BANQUET.

On the 7th of February, the discussion commenced on the paragraph of the address relative to the Reform Banquets. The Chamber was unusually crowded, both by members, and by an audience composed in great part of ladies.

The public were curious, anxious, full of earnest desire to witness the two parties in presence on this delicate point. The opposition were grave, even bitter, while the ministers, though affecting the most prodigious amount of indifference, were very far from feeling any such sentiment. Their faces bore the imprint of care and fatigue, and when, after one or two insignificant orations, M. Duvergier de Hauranne rose, their discomfort was manifest. Nor did he

spare them. Caustic, severe, but clear, he placed the cabinet in the most unfavourable light before the public. But what had most effect, was his statement with regard to the Reform Banquet of the 12th arrondissement. It became evident, from his words, that the whole opposition were about to unite in forcing the ministry to retreat or commit a gross act of violence. M. Duvergier de Hauranne, said, in a tone which left no doubt that he spoke for others as well as himself, "That he, for one, was ready to associate himself with those, who, by a bold act of legal resistance, would try the question, if a simple police decree was to confiscate the most sacred rights of free men."

On the 9th, Barrot spoke in the same tone, while Ledru Rollin, with that boldness which always characterized him, showed the futility of the *Charte* of 1830. He sketched all the Banquets which had taken place since the Restoration, and in one place seemed as if he meant to be prophetic. "At a later date, there was the Banquet of the *Société aide toi le ciel t'aidera*, a society with which M. Guizot was so mixed up. The King's

health was drank there, and two months after, King Charles X. was on his road to Cherbourg." He afterwards added, "before you make an appeal to the country, make an appeal to your consciences, for if it happens that blood be shed, it is upon your head that will fall the blame."

Hébert replied, "that, thank God, it was not a question of calling out of battalions, and that the law would be amply sufficient to defend Ministers against aggression."

It was about this same date that the Deputies of the opposition, convinced that, if the people were vanquished in this struggle, there would be an end of all hope of progress in France for years, determined to take a bold stand at their head in favour of that right of public meeting, which is the soul of a free country. This decision of the 10th of February began a great struggle, intended to be pacific, and which might have been so, had the ministers been keenly alive to the signs of the times. The example of England, where public meetings have been long the safety valve of the constitution, was continually quoted.

But the general impression, out of the

narrow circle of statesmen and their friends, was, even as early as the 10th of February, that there would be a physical struggle; the National Guard began to have meetings, and to discuss the course to be pursued in case the Banquet led to a collision. I knew, on the 12th, that the officers of a certain legion had advocated marching to the Hotel de Ville, proclaiming a Provisional Government, and dethroning Louis Philippe. But if those in power, by their numerous spies, were as wise as I was; they totally laughed at the statement, and passed on their way rejoicing.

The two hundred thousand signatures to petitions for Reform were equally disregarded, and on the 11th, the majority of the Chamber as was then said, entered on a revolutionary era, by voting the paragraph of the address, which severely censured a party of more than a hundred in the legislature. Two hundred and twenty-eight against one hundred and eighty-three rejected a conciliatory amendment, and the Liberals were only the more decided in their intentions of resistance. They felt that their very existence, as political men was at stake, and many proposed

resigning and appealing to the country, a course which Emile de Girardin strongly recommended, and enforced by his example.

On the 13th, a meeting of more than a hundred Deputies took place to decide on what line of conduct should be taken with regard to the position in which they were placed by the vote of the address. Their first occupation was to examine their political situation, and it was unanimously decided, that the vote of the majority was a flagrant and audacious violation of the rights of the minority, and that the ministry had induced its party to disavow the most sacred principles of the constitution, and had invaded in the person of their representatives, the most essential right of citizens; they further stated, that a ministerial act had thrown the whole country into all the ferments of division and disorder. Under these circumstances, it appeared that their duty became grave, imperious, and that they were essentially required to remain at their post, to survey and incessantly combat the counter-revolutionary policy of the men at the head of public affairs.

As to the right of meeting, which the cabinet had decided was wholly dependent on the will of the Executive, the meeting with a unanimity rarely observable in France, were of opinion that this right, inherent, in every free country, was also firmly recognized by the laws, and resolved accordingly to maintain it intact by every legal and constitutional means in their power. The result of this resolution was the formation of a commission charged to come to an understanding with the electors of Paris, and to regulate in concert with them, the assistance which the Deputies were to give to the Banquet, which was to be got up as a protestation against the pretensions of an arbitrary Government.

Another decision taken by this meeting, and severely felt by the King, was, that not one member of the opposition, even those selected by lot, should go up with the deputation which was to present the address.

On the 15th and 16th, the public journals in their leaders, showed evident signs of anxiety and disquietude. The *Débats* sought to alarm the shop-keepers by dwelling on the

probability of a collision in the streets, which would bring about a commercial crisis. The opposition replied by throwing all the blame on the men, who, by prohibiting a public meeting had forced them to enter upon a kind of agitation they much regretted. In fact, had not the Ministry interfered to prevent the Banquet of the 12th *arrondissement*, it was the intention of the opposition to have recommended its postponement until the summer, when, towards the close of the Session, the system of public meetings was to have been renewed.

A sentence was much quoted at the time, and with reason. It is remarkable as showing how men can see, when not individually interested, clearly enough the impolicy of certain acts. It was an extract from a letter written in 1804, and on the 28th of July, by the then Duke of Orleans to the Bishop of Landaff, "Reforms granted in time are always without danger; but resistance to reforms ends too often by revolution."

On the 15th, an article in the *Réforme* should have opened the eyes of the blindest to the nature of the crisis. It said: "No man meets another but to enumerate the

bombs, the quarts of powder and brandy, the bundles of hatchets, and the *caissons* of cartridges, which are being distributed to the garrison. . . . If the opposition be faithful in its conduct to the doctrines it has professed; if, adding civil courage to probity of language, it forces the police to put their hands on its mouth; if the violation of right be consummated on parliamentary personages, what will happen? What will the Deputies do? What will the National Guard do? What will the Government do? Such are the problems which agitate every corner of Paris; and, to speak the truth, we must say the *bourgeoisie* seem very irritated. These grave symptoms we narrate with pleasure—they do honour to Paris."

The *Presse* equally considered that the struggle would end in violence, and attacked the Ministers for provoking, the opposition for continuing, the contest. The Ministry themselves were now clearly undecided what part to take; the excitement was too real to be denied, and yet to yield a jot was to be vanquished. They contented themselves with bringing men, cannon and ammunition to Paris, while their organs sought to reason the

opposition out of attending the Banquet, which it gravely assured them would let loose insurrection on the land.

Now was the time for a great act of wisdom on the part of the King and Guizot. The Banquet was to be prevented only in one day, without danger to the public peace. Had Louis Philippe and his cabinet, with a good grace, come down to the Chamber with a generous and large measure of Reform, the moderate opposition, which wanted nothing more than an excuse, would have withdrawn from a demonstration, the result of which they themselves held to be dreadful.

But nothing of the kind happened; the Ministers, on the contrary, made immense military preparations. Fifty ball-cartridges were given to every one of the Municipal Guard and soldier of the line; the cannon at Vincennes was put in preparation for active service; the armourers' shops were visited, and their arms taken to pieces; carts of ammunition passed at night through Paris for the different forts and posts, the garrisons of which were doubled. A most suspicious measure, and one which caused much irritation among the people, was the disappearance of a large quantity of

National Guard uniforms from the shops, bought up, it was said, to dress a false National Guard in case of emergency.

The Ministry now changed their ground, and, by their organs, declared that they did not deny the right of the people to meet on certain occasions, but contended that it was still in the power of the Executive to prohibit any particular demonstration which they thought might be detrimental to the public peace.

On the 16th, a rumour was current among the troops that the Ministry meant only to prevent the law being outraged by a seditious Banquet taking place, and this event once over, they intended to resign. It was, of course, supposed that the soldiers were to be tempted to resist the people by this bait held out to them.

However this may be, still more menacing preparations were made; the garrison was increased to eighty thousand men, while as many more were so stationed as to be ready to pour upon Paris by the railways at a few hours' notice. Still not a pair of red breeches was seen in the street, the troops being strictly confined to their barracks, to prevent their

conferring with their friends out of doors. Hatchets, pickaxes, and shovels, and other instruments suited to the demolition of barricades, were amply distributed; and this fact made known, was the signal for other preparations on the part of the people.

In the Chamber, on the 16th, a discussion took place relative to the cannon in the forts, when a Government official denied the presence of any cannon save at Vincennes, which was a *dépôt*, and declared, amid ironical laughter and cheers, that many of those in that place were destined for the National Guard, a body which had long since been studiously deprived of artillery.

On the 17th, it became known that the Banquet announced for Sunday, the 20th, was adjourned until Tuesday, the 22nd. Various reasons were given for this change. The *commissaires* of the Banquet spoke of the difficulty of finding a fitting locality; the Radicals cried out that the Deputies were afraid of the crowds of working men who would assemble on Sunday upon such an occasion. Meanwhile, the Duc d'Harcourt, the Marquis de Boissy, and Count d'Alton Shee, all peers of France, signified their inten-

tion of being present, while, from every surrounding town, deputations were announced. All France was in emotion, for a great principle was to be consecrated.

The publication of an order, signed by the Duc de Montpensier, for the transportation to Paris of two batteries of field artillery, with full *caissons*, of twenty full *caissons* of infantry ammunition, of three hundred boxes of grape shot, caused excessive exasperation. It was denied, and the order was said to be a forgery; but this no man believed, for all knew that the cabinet would do its utmost to preserve power. It was whispered, too, that Bugeaud, the Algerian soldier, the hero of so many a *razzia* and bloody affair, was to command the troops during the excitement.

On the 19th, the Deputies of the opposition decided that, to make the Banquet the more striking, as a protestation against the gross violation of liberty of which ministers had been guilty, they should meet and proceed to the place of festivity in procession. The same day, it is said a portion of the moderate Conservative party, alarmed at the increasing effervescence of the public mind, met, and after a lengthened discussion, agreed

to make an offer to the opposition; it was to withdraw their support from Guizot, and vote with Thiers, so as to throw out the ministry, on condition that the Banquet were given up. Many of the *gauche*, particularly the section who cared merely for office, would willingly have accepted the *transaction;* but Guizot and Duchâtel, having pledged themselves to keep all quiet on the Tuesday, the King would not give way to the wish of a deputation, which impressed upon him the desirableness of a change of cabinet.

Meantime, while Europe was on the eve of a convulsion, while the volcano was under their feet, while Italy was heaving and swelling with liberal fever, while Sicily was in open insurrection, the Chamber of Deputies was debating a trivial law relative to modifications to be introduced into the electoral circumscriptions for the nomination of members of the Council General of the Loire. The fact was, the French representative system was wholly rotten. The Chambers were either entirely incapable of business, or unwilling to do any. The Session opened on the 28th of December, and the discussion on the Address took nearly to the end of January—with us the work of a night. The members seemed to

think a sitting of a couple of hours' duration in the afternoon a hardship. Not a man of them but was always in a hurry to get away. The fact, that only one speaker, except he were a very leading man, was ever listened to with patience, shewed the caducity of the system.

Instead of, like the National Convention, Constituent Assembly, and other French Parliaments, meeting at six in the morning and sitting until midnight, to discuss the interests of the nation, the Deputies of a vast empire like France seemed to make the Chamber a before-dinner lounge to give them a zest for the opera, ball, or party of the evening. In a Session of six months, the business of a week in the English House of Commons, was not got through. In fact, of late, the French Parliament appeared to meet only because the Charter directed it, and to witness the exciting and gladiatorial combats of parties. Of hours spent in debating laws for the amelioration of the physical, social, or moral condition of the masses, no one ever heard; while if it were required to vote a *dot* or *apanage* for the royal family, or to carry out a royal freak like that of the Chapter of St. Denis, too much time could not be devoted.

In fact, the House of Commons sitting in Paris up to the 24th of February, 1848, were the mere servants of the Crown, playing at Parliament to deceive and pacify the people.

Of the peers, it is needless to speak, as their willingness to support the creatures of the monarch, no matter of what party, is notorious. Their insulting interruption of M. de Boissy, because he dared remind them of the great deeds done for France by the National Convention, showed the spirit which animated them. Composed of generals, lawyers, literary men, chiefly the personal friends of Louis Philippe, their political action was null. They seemed a living personification of the fact, that the day of aristocracy is passed, and that Upper Houses are mere phantoms, kept, like constitutional Kings and Queens, more for ornament than use.

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20 AND 21.

SUNDAY, a dismal and rainy day, caused every one favourable to the liberal cause to rejoice that the Banquet had been adjourned to the Tuesday. Still very many people walked about Paris, anxious to pick up any scraps of information on the one exciting topic of the day. The opposition held a meeting in the morning, at which the following announcement was agreed upon. As one or two paragraphs in it were made the excuse for prohibiting the Banquet, I give it entire, as it was published in all the papers of Sunday evening and Monday morning.

"The general committee charged to organize the Banquet of the 12th arrondissement, thinks it right to state that the object of the demonstration fixed for Tuesday, is the legal

and pacific exercise of a constitutional right, the right of holding political meetings, without which representative government would only be a subject of derision.

"The Ministry having declared and maintained at the tribune that this right is subject to the good pleasure of the police, Deputies of the Opposition, Peers of France, ex-deputies, members of the Conseil-Général, magistrates, officers, sub-officers, and soldiers of the National Guard, members of the central committee of electors of the Opposition, and editors of newspapers of Paris, have accepted the invitation which was made to take part in the demonstration, in order to protest, in virtue of the law, against an illegal and arbitrary pretension.

"As it is natural to foresee that this public protest may attract a considerable gathering of citizens, as it may be assumed also that the National Guards of Paris, faithful to their motto—'*Liberté, Ordre Public,*' will desire on this occasion to accomplish the double duty of defending liberty by joining the demonstration, and protecting order and preventing all collision by their presence; and as, in the expectation of a numerous meeting of

National Guards and citizens, it seems right to take measures for preventing every cause of trouble and tumult.

"The committee has thought that the demonstration should take place in that quarter of the capital in which the width of the streets and squares enables the population to assemble without excessive crowding.

"Accordingly, the Deputies, Peers of France, and other persons invited to the Banquet, will assemble on Tuesday next, at eleven o'clock in the ordinary place of the meeting of the Parliamentary Opposition, Place de la Madeleine.

"The subscribers to the Banquet who belong to the National Guard, are requested to meet before the Church of the Madeleine, and to form two parallel lines, between which the persons invited will place themselves.

"The *cortège* will be headed by the superior officers of the National Guard who may present themselves to join the demonstration.

"Immediately after the persons invited and the guests, will be placed a rank of officers of the National Guard.

"Behind the latter, the National Guards,

formed in columns, according to the number of the legions.

"Between the third and fourth columns, the young men of the schools, headed by persons chosen by themselves.

"Next, the other National Guards of Paris and the suburbs, in the order set forth above.

"The *cortège* will leave at half-past eleven o'clock, and will proceed by the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées to the place in which the Banquet is to take place.

"The committee, convinced that this demonstration will be the more efficacious the more it is calm, and the more imposing the more it shall avoid even all pretext to conflict, requests the citizens to utter no cry, to carry neither flag nor exterior sign: it requests the National Guards who may take part in the demonstration, to present themselves without arms; for it is desired to make a legal and pacific protest, which must be especially powerful by the number and the firm and tranquil attitudes of the citizens.

"The committee hopes that upon this occasion, every man present will consider himself

as a functionary charged to cause order to be respected. It trusts in the presence of the National Guard; it trusts in the sentiments of the Parisian population, which desires public peace with liberty, and which knows that to secure the maintenance of its rights, it has only need of peaceable demonstration, as becomes an intelligent and enlightened nation, which has the consciousness of the irresistible authority of its moral power, and which is assured that it will cause its legitimate wishes to prevail by the legal and calm expression of its opinion."

This *manifesto* was bold, even audacious; for the opposition took upon themselves, in some measure, to call out the National Guard. The Radicals were delighted; and the *Réforme*, representing Ledru Rollin, called on all their friends to be present. The anxiety during Sunday was very great. Many asserted that troops would on Tuesday morning close up the Champs Élysées and the locality of the Banquet near Chaillot, and allow none but Peers and Deputies, who were inviolable, to pass. Others said that the Government would content themselves with sending a Commissary of Police to disperse the assemblage, and

would then prosecute some of the leaders for attending an illegal *réunion*.

On Sunday night large bodies of workmen met in various quarters of the town to discuss their course of action on Tuesday. The leaders of the Republicans were most active in stimulating the people to attend in imposing numbers; but every party united in recommending the strictest order and peaceful conduct.

Arrangements were made on this day, by which about six thousand students were to have attended the procession. Many professed to fear the consequences of this measure, but without reason; for though the *étudiants* of Paris always turn out and fight when there is a serious movement, they never wantonly begin one. The journeymen printers, among whom are many Socialists, were also much feared; but no uneasiness need have been felt had not the Government fanned disaffection into a flame by its own conduct.

On Monday morning a rumour got afloat that the Reform Banquet would be prohibited, and the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies was looked for with intense anxiety. At one o'clock they met, and began to empty

benches the discussion of a project of law relative to the Bourdeaux bank. M. Léon Faucher and Blanque in vain addressed the house, which paid no attention to the speeches. The report was spread in the *Salle des pas perdus* and the Hall of Conferences, that the most violent measures of coercion were to be resorted to. Marshal Bugeaud, it was said, was to be invested with the military command of Paris, with the title of Governor. A proclamation, it was rumoured, was to be issued against the meeting, and against all *attroupements*, or crowds. In fact, the words, Paris is to be declared in a state of siege, were whispered from member to member, while the whole town was to be militarily occupied. The debate, amid all these rumours was, of course, wholly neglected. The few members present spoke in low tones, and the hum of conversation drowned the voices of the orators. M. Guizot encouraged them to proceed as if nothing was the matter, when suddenly, the Opposition and others, to the number of two hundred and fifty, entered in a tumultuous mass, and amid profound agitation. Indignation, mixed with an indefinable *tenu* was

on every face. Odillon Barrot advanced to the tribune, and the President having called upon him to speak, he rose amid the deepest silence. His speech was firm, solemn, and temperate. I give the outline of it with the reply, every line of both of which are pregnant with meaning.

M. Odillon Barrot.—The Chamber must remember that, when the address was under consideration here, a discussion took place relative to the right insisted on by us, and denied by the Government, of meeting together, on condition of previously informing the authorities, and of assembling without tumult and without arms. That question was not decided. My opinion is—that it ought to have been settled by the Chambers, for when a constitutional question of such great importance is brought forward, the duty of Parliament is not to leave it in doubt—for to it belongs the task of regulating the political rights of citizens. This question ought, therefore, to have been decided, but it was not so. However, an imperative duty remained for those who maintain that the right of meeting is one of those liberties which a citizen cannot allow himself to be

despoiled of without compromising all the others; and that was, to set forth, in presence of the pretensions of the Government, a solemn protest—in fact, to exercise that right in such a manner as that, on their part, at least, there should be no concession, that is, with the firm resolution not to stop short, except before some invincible obstacle. That arrangement had been accepted. We thought that the Government, believing itself armed with sufficient laws, intended to carry before the tribunals such persons as should persist in claiming the right of meeting, and of having the legality of that right in that manner decided; matters would so have passed over with calm, and without disturbance. The public, no doubt, was exceedingly occupied with the matter, as it could not remain indifferent to a dispute, on the issue of which depended the most precious of its rights, since from it flowed all the rest. Yet, notwithstanding this profound and most natural emotion of the public, I do not hesitate to declare that the contest would have been, in every respect, according to law, and exempt from all trouble and disturbance. (Denial from the Centres). I

am convinced that, however severe a blow the policy of the Government might have received from the manifestation, public order would never have been a moment troubled. But it now appears, that to counsels of wisdom and prudence have succeeded other suggestions; that acts of authority relative to a disturbance which may be called into existence, appear to establish that force is to be opposed to the peaceful exercise of an evident right. It does not belong to me at present to remark on the opportuneness of the measures taken by the authorities. I fear that these measures, though said to be dictated by an interest of order, may, on the contrary, be the cause of disturbance. The manifestation, peaceably effected, would have calmed down men's minds; but now the very opposite effect will be produced, and an indefinite germ of perturbation and disorder will be left behind. If my voice could exercise any influence on the country, I would say to it—"The first necessity, the first duty of all is to employ every possible means to prevent the evils which imprudent measures may produce." It is that thought, gentlemen, which I have considered it neces-

sary to express before this grave assembly—if it depended on me to appease the agitation which I foresee, I should do so with all the energy of my patriotism. (Hear, hear). But there my powers cease—I cannot say anything farther. It is to the Ministry that belongs the care of watching over public order—and it is to it that belongs the responsibility of what may happen. (Loud approbation from the Left; great agitation).

The Minister of the Interior.—The responsibility, of which the Honorable Deputy speaks, does not fall on the Government alone—it applies to every one—(hear, hear)—and we have a manifest proof of the fact in the highly creditable care M. Odillon Barrot himself has exhibited, in expressing the sentiments which the Chamber has just heard. I shall very frankly and very clearly declare what is the present attitude of the Government, and on what ground it has taken up its stand. (Hear, hear). M. Odillon Barrot has told you that the question of an unlimited right of meeting had been discussed in this Chamber, but not decided—that he had been anxious for a solution, and that it was

in order that such a result might be come to, that a Banquet was announced and prepared: he added, that the Government itself had appeared disposed, as much as it depended on it, within the limit of its opinion, which is opposed to that of M. Odillon Barrot, to lead to the judicial solution which could settle the dispute. All that is true—we could, reckoning on the right which we consider as incontestible, and on the practice which has never been called in question; we could, I say, have prevented by the employment of force the Banquet announced for several days, and which has disturbed and agitated the capital. We were struck, like the honorable gentleman, with the advantage which would accrue to every one to obtain a decision in a court of law, and whilst we maintained the principles expressed in this tribune by the Government, we were ready to permit matters to arrive at the point when a contravention having evidently taken place, a case for decision in a court of law could follow. (Hear, hear). But, gentlemen, the matter has changed. I believe there is not a single person in this Chamber, who has not this morning read a manifesto published by a committee (the

members of which are not mentioned), and inserted in all the opposition journals. What is the purport of that manifesto? It does not confine itself to speaking of the Banquet, and preparing the judicial solution of the question—no, it makes an appeal to all those who profess opposition principles, invites them to a manifestation which I have no hesitation in declaring would compromise the tranquillity of the capital. Nor is that all; the manifesto, in contempt of every law, in contempt, in particular of that of 1831, calls on the National Guards to assemble, and not only that, but invites the students of the schools, young men under age, to join the *cortège*, which is to be defended, as it were, by the National Guards of the 12th Legion; it announces that the National Guards are to be placed in the order of their legions, and under the conduct of their officers. Such a manifesto violates all the laws of the country, on which tranquillity and public order depend. (Hear, hear). The law relative to mob assemblages is clearly violated by it, as is that relative to the National Guard. (Hear, hear). I appeal to the impartiality of this Chamber, and I ask what else is this manifesto, but the

proclamation of a Government wishing to place itself by the side of the regular one of the country? A Government, emanating from a committee, of which I know nothing, assuming the place of the Constitutional Government, founded by the Charter and supported by the majority of the two Chambers, takes on itself to speak to the citizens, to call out the National Guard, to provoke assemblages of people in the public streets! That cannot be permitted; it is our duty not to allow such things to exist! (Hear, hear). We are responsible for the maintenance of public order. I hope, like M. Odillon Barrot, that it will not be troubled; but I should not answer for its not being so, if the Government did not take all the precautions that it deems necessary, since I have not the same faith as the Honorable Deputy in those who might take part in the manifestation. (Hear, hear, from the Centres, disapprobation from the Left). I now sum up what I meant to say:—We have on this occasion acted a just part by every one. Until the manifesto of this morning, we maintained the situation which the Government had taken on the discussion of the address; we were inclined

to allow the question to be decided judicially, but cannot permit a Government, suddenly got up, to place itself in the face of the legal and Constitutional Government of the country. (Loud approbation from the Centre).

M. Odillon Barrot.—I fear that the Honorable Minister is designedly exaggerating matters. (Murmurs and cries of "Yes, yes," from the Left). If the Honorable Minister had merely declared that a solemn manifestation, in which a great part of the population was to take part could disquiet the Government, and disquiet it the more that all would be regular and peaceful (No, No), I think that he would be nearer the truth. But, I may ask, whilst laying aside some expressions in the document, and which I neither avow nor disavow (great interruption), I avow most loudly the intention of the document, but I disavow the language used. When men summon a great concourse of citizens together, they would fail in all their duty if they did not adopt every possible means to preserve order. If, in our country, great meetings cannot take place, unless when regulated by the official authorities, why, I suppose,

they must even submit to such regulations!

The Chamber then adjourned amid an agitation which is scarcely to be described, after agreeing to meet the next day at one o'clock.

In Paris, the prohibition was not generally known until late at night. But on the Bourse the most intense excitement was experienced. Business was at a stand still. Every hour brought the intelligence of some new military preparation; and any one who had listened to the conversations going on would have supposed himself in a camp on the eve of a great battle. Trains of artillery, ammunition waggons, soldiers, cavalry, the forts, the National Guard, the Château de Vincennes ready for a siege, such were the words which were heard, both on the Exchange, and in the passage of the Opera, where the funds momentarily rose, in consequence of a rumoured resignation of Ministers.

Night drew in. The public places were all filled with anxious crowds. The evening papers were looked for with a feeling, half of

terror, half of hope. These journals are served about eight or nine in the evening to all their regular subscribers, and at nine o'clock are sold at the corners of the principal streets for three-halfpence and twopence each. On the Boulevards and elsewhere the stands of the *Patrie* and *Gazette de France* were surrounded by a regular mob of well-dressed people, who half fought for a paper as soon as it appeared. Tenpence and fifteen-pence were given for a single copy of the *Patrie*, which the fortunate purchaser rushed to read beneath a lamp-post, or at a shop-window. Knots of men, of all classes mixed together, conversed in under tones, while others read out extracts from the papers by torch-light.

Between nine and ten there appeared, as if by magic, on every wall in Paris, a number of proclamations prohibiting the Banquet, and calling attention to the laws against crowds collecting and stopping up the thoroughfares. The ground taken by Ministers in the proclamation was that the calling out of the National Guard, the marshalling of them in order, and using them in a political demonstration, was a violation of the Charter

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and the actual substitution of a second government in the country beside that established by law. Another from the General of the National Guard pointed out the illegality of the assemblage of the National Guards without authority from the civil powers. Everywhere, where these documents were seen, the people collected round them in large knots, while one man read out their contents to the excited populace. They were then torn down and trampled under foot.

The most sinister rumours now got afloat. Everywhere the people said, that now, more than ever, the Banquet should be held, and that if the Opposition had courage to do so, they would stand by them to the last. Many whispered in the crowds, that the next day, all Frenchmen should be ready to do their duty. Several Republicans moved silently from group to group, sounding the disposition of the people, who, artisans, shop-keepers, professional men, all showed but one desire—that of resistance. In cafés, in reading-rooms, the probable results of a struggle were calculated, and some asserted, with confidence, that the troops were well disposed to the people. Many a student, many an artisan, many an

enthusiastic Republican passed the night in cleaning his arms and making ball cartridges in case of a final emergency.

That evening, the trains which left Paris were unusually full; the more foreseeing and cautious among foreigners and rich French started to leave the country, or seek refuge in their country-houses. Amid moderate men, who wished well to the dynasty, and even to the Cabinet, if they would but make concession to the voice of public opinion, stupefaction, terror and sorrow were the paramount feelings.

Meanwhile the Opposition met at Barrot's house. The discussion was earnest, even stormy. A minority, among whom were Lamartine, Crémieux, Ledru Rollin, and others, were for holding the Banquet and forcing the Government to a still more flagrant violation of public rights. The more moderate party, however, prevailed, and the Opposition decided that they would withdraw from the Banquet and impeach Ministers. By this proceeding the liberal party conceived they would avoid a collision between the people and the *force publique*.

But the very retreat of the Opposition,

served only to inflame men's minds the more. The masses conceived themselves betrayed and deserted, and from the moment that Barrot and his party withdrew from the manifestation, they were lost in the opinions of all those men who were ready to sacrifice, even to their lives, for the progress of liberty, and to gain a victory over arbitrary power and tyranny. Their organ cried out—"The Dynastic Opposition retreats; it retreats, after having proclaimed the right, after entering into a solemn engagement to defend it, after publishing the programme of its resolutions, after having provoked the people to associate themselves to a manifestation which should be as glorious as efficacious!"

Thus the great city of Paris went to rest on Monday night, with a King confident in his brute force, with a ministry confident in themselves, with an opposition doubting, disunited and uncertain, with a people hopeful, anxious, and in part conscious of the great morrow which was to dawn upon them. Many an enthusiastic little circle remained watching that night, and if men woke and heard any sound, they rushed to their windows, expecting it was the tocsin, or the call of the garrison to

arms. Several times during that night was I startled by the heavy rattling of cannon and ammunition waggons beneath my window. They were crossing Paris from Vincennes, to protect several important forts and barracks.

Up to a late hour, too, knots of working men kept about the Rues St. Denis and St. Martin; some remained about all night, for the decision of the Deputies not to attend the meeting after the prohibition of Government was not generally known, and they wished to be early at their post to witness the procession. Patrols, trebled in number, tramped along the pavements, their bayonets flashing beneath the *reverbères*, looked ominous of the coming events. All, in fact, combined to make Monday night the fit eve of a revolution.

CHAPTER VI.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

THE journals of the Opposition appeared with the notice, in large letters, at the head of their papers, that the Banquet was given up, and an appeal to the population of Paris to keep order, formed a very prominent part of the announcement. The *gauche* were evidently alarmed, while ministers were confident, and their journals sang a triumphant song of victory. From an early hour detachments of Municipal Guard, troops of the line and cavalry, were seen moving towards the Boulevards and the Chamber of Deputies; it became known that heavy squadrons of cavalry had entered Paris during the night, while others were concealed within the Hippodrome, or were bivouacked round the fortifications. The spies of the Government reported during the night that there was a total absence

of conspiracy. To try and discover something, the police had, on the Sunday night, effected a number of arbitrary arrests at the masked balls of the Opera and Ambigu-Comique. This audacious proceeding produced no result.

The weather was disagreeable, even wet. A sombre and threatening sky hung over the town, but from six in the morning the Boulevards presented an animated appearance. Crowds of working men, of shopkeepers, began to move towards the Church of the Madeleine, in front of which the procession was to have met and formed. Many were not aware that the Banquet was given up, and went to witness the departure of the *cortège*, while those who knew that the Opposition had abandoned their intention of holding the meeting, went with a vague desire to see what would happen. Hundreds went with a settled determination to bring things to an issue; for early on Tuesday morning I saw swords, and daggers, and pistols concealed under the *blouses* of the working men. One of these, an old man of about sixty, must, I think, have been a soldier of Napoleon. He stood near a body of Municipal Guards,

and seemed to dare them, holding his sword ready under his smock-frock, to attack them.

Between nine and ten I walked to the Place de la Madeleine. It was covered with knots of men and women of all classes, talking, whispering, looking about with a vague air of uncertainty and alarm. Along the Rue Royale, leading from the Place de la Madeleine to that of La Concorde, on the opposite side of which, over the Seine, as most of my readers will be aware, is the Chamber of Deputies, the crowd was dense, while perfect droves of men were hurrying up the avenue of the Champs Elysées.

Large bodies of cavalry moved about the road leading from the Tuileries to the Barrière de l'Etoile, but the greatest military display was round the Chamber of Deputies. A very large portion of the population of the left bank of the Seine, full of anxiety to learn what were the events going on, and as yet unaware of the intention of the Opposition not to hold the Banquet, came down upon the *quais* in tremendous masses, and effecting a junction with a column which came across the bridge of La Concorde, tried to burst into

the Chamber of Deputies. The huissiers and certain Deputies hastened to prevent them proceeding further, and aided by a squadron of cavalry, order was restored.

The neighbourhood of the Chamber of Deputies were then occupied militarily. A strong force was placed upon the Pont de la Concorde, and on attempting to pass, I and others were driven back by the military. No one was allowed to cross save Deputies, who carried their medals, or persons bearing tickets. The other approaches to the Legislature were equally well guarded. Between the Quai d'Orsay and the Invalides, two regiments of the line and six pieces of artillery were stationed.

Meanwhile, everywhere the crowd increased, all Paris seemed moving to the Boulevards, to the Madeleine, to the Champs Elysées, and to the Place de la Concorde. As yet there was no menacing aspect in the masses, many artisans, with their wives on their arms, hung about looking on and listening. Not a policeman (*serjent de ville*), in uniform, was seen, but many a *mouchard* face could be distinguished in the crowd.

About ten o'clock, a considerable body of

workmen, and young men belonging to the different schools of Paris collected on the Place du Panthéon, and set out for the Madeleine by the Rues St. Jacques, des Grès, the Pont Neuf, the Rue St. Honoré, &c., crying as they went, *Vive la Réforme*, and singing the *Marseillaise* and the *chœur des Girondins;* which had just become popular on the boards of the *Théâtre Historique*.

" Par sa voix le canon appelle
De la France tous les enfants,
Et pour vaincre ou mourir pour elle
Voyez venir ces combattants.
Mourir pour la patrie, mourir pour la patrie,
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie," &c. &c.

This procession, which had gradually swelled as it went, came out upon the Boulevards by the Rue Duphot, and as they passed, it was impossible not to admire the courage of this body of young men, who, wholly unarmed, thus braved the strict orders of a Government, backed by an immense army and whole parks of artillery. They were liable at every moment to be charged or fired on. The proclamations strictly prohibited crowds, and warned the people that they rendered themselves liable to

all the penalties of the laws of the 19th and 22nd of July, 1791; the 10th and 12th articles of the 12th Messidor, year VIII., of the 3rd of August, 1791, and others. Every one was bound to disperse at the summons of a magistrate. Those who disobeyed the first summons were liable to be arrested; those who refused to disperse at the second, could be punished with three months' imprisonment, and at the third, the penalty was a year. If arms were found upon any one of them, two years could be inflicted. If the crowd was of a political character, the members of it could be deprived of their civil rights during three years. Such were the severe penalties which these young men freely braved. The time was come, they seemed to feel, when there was no remedy against oppression but in the violation of the law, and they risked all for their love of liberty.

Having reached the Madeleine, the procession halted before the house in which the central committee of the electors of the Opposition were in the habit of assembling, and asked for M. Barrot, who, however, was not there. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs, up to the time this procession passed before

its door, had the gate open, with soldiers standing before utterly unarmed, and were spectators of the scene which was passing.

About eleven, when the crowd had become most dense on the Madeleine, a large body of military, belonging to the 21st regiment of the line, appeared. They drove back the crowed, and ranged themselves in battle array to the left of the church. It was remarked by all that a certain number of soldiers in each company bore, fastened to his *havre-sac*, pickaxes, hatchets, and hammers; but I can testify that the expression of the men who bore these instruments of a hated power was sad, even melancholy. The officers were grave, and, as they walked up and down the Boulevards at the head of little companies, took care not to irritate the masses by any display of violence.

Still the crowd of students sang in turn the *Marseillaise* and *Mourir pour la patrie*, to the great delight of the dense masses who crowded the place. The shops were all shut; but every window of the lofty houses was crowded with spectators. Suddenly a thrill seemed to pervade the populace. Something was happening on the Place de la Concorde,

and a general movement took place in that direction.

Shortly after the attack upon the Chamber of Deputies, which was far from being serious, a squadron of the Municipal Guard, on horseback, arrived at a hand gallop, swept the end of the bridge, and spreading over the place, ranged in battle array near the Luxor Obelisk. A detachment of dragoons at the same moment came down the alley of the Champs Elysées at a gallop. Cries of *vivent les dragons!* were loudly uttered as they went by. After galloping round the whole of the magnificent Place de la Concorde, this detachment came and placed itself near the squadron of the Municipal Guard. Shortly after, this post was still further strengthened by a company of *Chasseurs à cheval,* who took up their position in a line with the others, and by a large force of infantry belonging to different regiments. A dense crowd congregated around them. The crush was excessive. Some women began to be alarmed. Suddenly the populace commenced hissing and hooting in various groups, and stones were thrown at the Municipal Guard on horseback. A cab, in which were two ladies,

was stopped, the ladies got out, and it was upset to commence a barricade near the end of the Rue Royale. Some cavalry separated from the group of soldiers and pushed back the crowd. Several charges, at a gentle trot, were executed by the dragoons, who behaved with moderation. They were received with loud applause by the mob, and not a sword was drawn. There was no sign of much irritation among the masses, who allowed single soldiers to start without molestation, to carry news and give orders.

An officer of dragoons advanced alone to a large group of spectators, who were collected in the basin of one of the fountains, and begged them to retire, which many of them at once did. A few persisted; but suddenly the water beginning to play, they jumped out amid loud laughter. In fact, with few exceptions, the crowd, amidst whom were many well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, were excessively good humoured. The majority seemed persuaded that the vast display of unarmed Parisians who had turned out, would induce the Ministry to give way.

The Municipal Guard, however, like the Gendarmes and Swiss of the July Revolution,

seemed doomed to mar all. This body, detested by the Parisians as police, kept up continued charges upon the crowd as it gradually dispersed. Knowing the feeling which was experienced towards them, and cordially returning it, they shewed no pity or mercy. They kept galloping suddenly towards the multitude, and in one charge upset about twenty people, while hundreds leaped over the parapets into the gardens beneath the surface of the place. Amongst those who fell was an elderly lady, killed by the kick of a horse upon the spo Not content with this wanton brutality, the Municipals used their swords, and a working man, cut in the neck, had to be carried to the Café des Ambassadeurs, where his wound was dressed on the spot by a surgeon. The *émeute* may now be said to have begun, for blood had been shed, however slightly, and by the hand of the hated soldier-police. About this time, the Reform Deputies were recognized by the crowd, and loudly cheered on their way to the House, while a *conservateur endurci* was obliged to stop and cry *vive la Réforme!* He was then allowed to pass, and the crowd turned back.

The aspect of the masses, who moved away telling what they had seen everywhere they went, was angry and terrified. Consternation sat on the faces of the timid, anger and bitterness on those of the resolute. Execrations were scattered everywhere on the Municipal Guard, whose conduct was known like lightning throughout Paris. In half-an-hour, rumour, that telegraph of an excited populace, had carried the fact to the most distant quarters of the town. Up to about twelve, large numbers of workmen had continued to labour, but now, unable any longer to resist the general *entraînement*, they left their shops and *ateliers* and swelled the vast crowds in the streets. Many appeared still doubtful whether there would be an appeal to arms or not. Anxious to be *au courant*, I conversed with several. Reassured by my sentiments, which were sufficiently warmly expressed, many of them said that they had their doubts on the general nature of any rising which would take place. They seemed to think that the people were not united enough, while very few were armed. Though the National Guard, in part, were well known to be friendly, yet, if many marched with the troops, the latter would

fight. Others, who did not dare hope to overthrow the dynasty, told me they saw no use in risking their lives to place Barrot and Thiers in the place of Guizot and Duchâtel.

One, a warm enthusiastic Republican, said, "*Monsieur*, give me a round sum of money and a dozen resolute men, and I will revolutionize Paris in one night." I asked how. "The *sacristains* of Paris, like the priests, are all Carlists. I would go round to them, and holding out hopes, that after a revolution, Henry V. would stand a good chance if he had the friends he was asserted to have. I would beg or buy admission into every church in Paris. In each I would place one determined man, who, to night, at midnight, should sound the tocsin, when all would be over; the rising would be general; every one would rush to arms, and before dawn, Paris would be ours. *Bon jour, monsieur,*" and the journeyman painter, who had been speaking, walked away, leaving me convinced of the deep-rooted hatred of monarchy which had put such notions into the people's minds. This same man, in a previous part of our conversation, had said, that he, for one, would not fight for the *gauche*, but if he saw the

struggle was *vraiment pour la liberté*. against *ces canailles de rois* he would at once turn out.

On the Place de la Madeleine similar scenes occurred. A man pointed out by some one as a *mouchard*, was pursued by hisses, hootings, and at length by stones. The Municipal Guard, a body of whose cavalry had just come up, at once made a rapid charge among the people. Several of the crowd were bruised, and an artizan had his head cut open by the kick of a horse.

About twelve, passing by the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, I noticed, in the back court, a heavy detachment of dragoons, in addition to which, soon after, the front door was closed and guarded by numerous sentries. A powerful mob, with sticks and iron bars, strove to burst open the gate and inflict summary vengeance on Guizot. The windows were broken with stones. Loud cries of *Vive la Réforme!* were followed by *à bas l'homme de Gand!* and *à bas Guizot!* A single Municipal Guard strove to get out at the front gate, as if to go for a reinforcement. He was pelted with stones and driven back within shelter of the hotel.

About this time a most imposing military

force marched down upon the hotel, which assumed the air of a fortress. A line of soldiers, with their arms loaded and bayonets fixed, occupied the pavement. The long garden wall was guarded by a *cordon* of troops, and Municipal Guard on horseback stood before the door. These latter took up their position with so much carelessness, as to knock down and severely wound one of the crowd. Shortly after, one of these police having rushed out to seize a rioter, was unhorsed and severely handled, after which he was taken to the same doctor's shop where was the wounded man of the people. From that moment all disturbance finished on this point for the day, and Guizot was able to go to the Chamber of Deputies. The passengers were in this neighbourhood compelled to turn out on to the carriage way, the whole pavement being occupied by soldiers.

Still, all the shops were closed on the Boulevards. The crowd, instead of diminishing, increased every hour. About three o'clock, a general feeling of alarm prevailed. The news came that grave disorders had taken place in the Champs Elysées. In fact, about half-past two, a hundred men collected in

one of the alleys of that quarter near what is called the *Cours-la-Reine.* They were wholly without arms. They began, however, to raise barricades with the chairs and seats provided in this fashionable promenade, which was about as efficacious as a barricade in the centre of Hyde Park. But this took place within a hundred yards of the cavalry on the Place de la Concorde. Having executed their bravado, they moved towards the small post of six men, who occupied the *corps-de-garde,* near the Panorama of the Battle of Eylau. The soldiers, suddenly attacked, had scarce time to take refuge in the post by shutting the railed gate. A workman leaped over the *grille,* climbed the wall, and walked audaciously along the roof. Others followed, and entered the *corps-de-garde* by one of the windows. It is not exactly known from what motive the soldiers refused to defend themselves, but it is probable that they were aware what a heavy responsibility rested on those who fired the first shot. However this may be, they allowed the people to enter without resistance, who occupied the post and endeavoured to fire it. All the little *corps-de-gardes* of the Champs

Elysées now retired before the hostile demonstrations of the people, and a band of *gamins* strove to fire that of the Rue Matignon.

About this time, a body of men came down to the Place Vendôme, some wearing the revolutionary *bonnet rouge*, and made the round of the column, crying, *Vive Napoléon!* and *Vive la République!* The post of the état-major made no effort to attack them. It was remarked, that several of them wore the uniform of the National Guard, though unarmed. The shops in the Rue Castiglione were shut, and when shortly after a column of students and working men came down the Rue St. Honoré, singing very loudly the *Marseillaise*, the others were also rapidly closed.

Up till about two, those in the neighbourhood of the Palais-Royal and in that building had been kept open, and though little business was done, there was no outward sign of the ferment, but the column of men above alluded to, principally in blouses, having reached the Rue Richelieu, and thence entering the Rue Vivienne on their way to the Bourse, the shops were closed as if by magic. In the Rue Vivienne, having come upon a wood cart which was unloading before a

baker's door, they armed themselves with long sticks from this vehicle, and, as they went, broke the windows of M. Baudoni, a hatter, and took from his shop all the swords which were displayed for sale.

When this body came in sight of the Bourse, the sentinels retreated, but no attack was attempted on the great public building. In fact, most of the bearers of cudgels had thrown them away ere they reached the Boulevard, along which they marched towards the Place de la Bastille. No effect was produced upon the public funds by this procession, but everywhere the shops closed as they came in sight, or rather after their passage.

About one, a very melancholy event took place on the Place de la Bastille, where one of the famous mobs of the Faubourg St. Antoine was assembled. A man, pointed out as a *sergent de ville* in disguise, was violently cudgelled, and then stabbed in the side, within a few yards of a post of the Municipal Guard, who were unable to interfere before he lay dead on the pavement. This brutal act was as disgraceful to the people who were guilty of it, as the conduct of the police elsewhere was to their leaders. But I am assured

it was the effect of private revenge on the part of some malefactors, who are always unfortunately prominent actors in every popular movement.

About three several attempts at erecting barricades were made in the Rues de Rivoli, St. Honoré, and adjacent streets. The people first upset an omnibus nearly opposite the Minister of Finance. Behind this a whole line of paving-stones were broken up, two small carriages were stopped, and the occupants ordered to get out, when a charge of cavalry came down upon the insurgents and dispersed them. The omnibus was raised, and the soldiers restored the pavement.

At this very time, having returned to my residence to write a letter, I was witness to a scene, which described minutely, may give an idea of many similar events. My residence is situated in the Rue St. Honoré. To my left is the Rue Castiglione, Place Vendôme, &c., to my right the Rue d'Alger, and, a little beyond, the Rue du Marché St. Honoré, and the Rue 29 Juillet. Beyond it, the Rue Dauphine and Rue Neuve St. Roche, both entering the Rue St. Honoré by the Church of St. Roch on different sides of the way.

Called to my window by a noise, I saw several persons standing at the horses' heads of an omnibus. The driver whipped, and tried to drive on. The people insisted. At length, several policemen in plain clothes interfered, and as the party of the people was small, disengaged the omnibus, ordered the passengers to get out, and sent the vehicle home amid the hootings of the mob. A few minutes later, a cart full of stones and gravel came up. A number of boys seized it, undid the harness, and it was placed instantly in the middle of the street, amid loud cheering. A brewers' dray and hackney cab were in brief space of time added, and the barricade was made. The passers by continued to move along with the most perfect indifference.

Hurra! hurra! resounded in the direction of St. Roch. The people are unpaving the streets leading to the Marché St. Honoré. Another loud and terrific sheut, and an omnibus without horses is seen dashing along at a rapid rate, impelled by eager hands. Having been brought to the corner of the Rue 29 Juillet, it was upset across the street, amid tremendous clamour. Every minute the

crowd grew more dense. Men ran from the barricade encouraging the people who were without arms.

Hurra! hurra! another omnibus is found, and is drawn furiously along the street, and upset alongside the other. With paving-stones, a cab, and water carts from the market-place, this barricade is perfect. Still, men, boys, all work enthusiastically. The street is rapidly unpaved with sticks, iron bars and hands, and the stones are piled up in the interstices of the carriages.

Next minute, a *remise* is burst into, and three cabs are drawn out, with which the people rush to barricade the Rue d'Alger, by which the troops might most easily attack them. At St. Roch, an effort is made, but in vain, to tear down the rails in front of the church; but at the Assomption, exactly opposite the old house where dwelt Maximilien Robespierre, the *grille* is torn down, and placed across the street.

But beneath my window the tumult continues. Men begin to arrive, whose sticks and red caps look ominous of serious work. Still, ladies and gentlemen come up to the Boulevards, and are politely handed over by

the people who are thus busily engaged in doing the work of revolution. Along the whole Rue St. Honoré, as far as the eye can reach, barricades are rising.

Next door to me is an armourer's. Suddenly the people perceived the words *Prélat, armourier,* over the door. A rush is made at his shutters, stones are rained at his windows, and those of the house he occupied, many of which smash the panes in neighbouring houses. Every window is, however, filled by anxious spectators. Suddenly the shutters of the shop give way, they are torn down and borne to the barricade, while the windows being smashed, the people rush into the warehouse. There are no arms! The night before they have been removed or concealed. Still, a few horns of gunpowder, and some swords and pistols are taken. Though the mob was through the whole of the vast hotel, a portion of which was occupied by the armourer, nothing but arms were taken away.

About fifteen hundred men and boys now occupied the space between the three barricades, but almost wholly unarmed, when I saw a rush from the Rue d'Alger. The troops were coming. A small detachment of Municipal

Guard *à cheval* had just before ridden up to the barricade near the Rue Castiglione, and been driven back by showers of stones. But the infantry crossed the feeble barricade of the Rue d'Alger, which could offer no resistance, and, headed by the commissary of police of the quarter, with his tri-coloured scarf, advanced on the people, who gave way in general before them. A few, among others, one of those with a *bonnet rouge*, remained firm, and was captured by the troops of the line; who then made a rush at the people, but took care not to hurt any one.

At the barricade of the Rue 29 Juillet, the detachment of soldiers was not strong enough, and were driven back, while an *officier d'ordonnance* from the *Château* had his coat and epaulettes torn off.

Presently, however, reinforcements arrived, and all these barricades were removed, while a company of soldiers were stationed before the armourer's shop, while it was being repaired. These were afterwards replaced by a detachment of cavalry, who remained there until a late hour of the night. Shortly after the removal of the barricades, a company of Municipal Guard infantry came along, and

everywhere they passed, left marks of their brutality. The people were struck right and left without provocation. An officer, under my eye, struck a young man in the mouth with the handle of his sword for crying *vive la Réforme !**

Every shop in the Rue St. Honoré was now shut, and every window occupied by excited and alarmed spectators. Various sentiments were expressed. Those who were devoted to the system spoke of the affair as a miserable row; and when, among others, I ventured to assert that Louis Philippe would inevitably fall this time, I was laughed at. I verily believe the men who laughed at me that day have never laughed since. The terror of some ladies was painful to witness, while that of the shopkeepers was absolutely abject.

Heavy patrols now passed up and down the street, composed chiefly of cavalry, who came up at a hand-gallop, while others every now

* It was here that a Municipal Guard, who rushed sword in hand, at a child for crying *à bas* Guizot, was at once dragged off his horse. Having taken his arms from him, one of the people was about to kill him with his own weapon, when a National Guard cried out, "Respect the wounded!" He was instantly raised up, and carried to a surgeon's house.

and then made a line across the street, even on the pavement, preventing any one from passing. This proceeding naturally increased rather than decreased the confusion, which pervaded my quarter up to a very late hour at night.

In the Rue de Richelieu, near the *armurier* Lepage, some men upset an omnibus, while others sacked the shop, the strong shutters of which were burst open by the aid of the pole of the vehicle and a lever. Several swords and guns were found, with which the people armed themselves. But here also a charge of dragoons, who started from the Place de Carrousel, dispersed the people, carried the barricade, and removed the vehicle. So daring were the unarmed populace, however, that five hundred of them crossed the vast Place du Carrousel in the presence of a great military display; and, carrying flags and beating drums, cried, *Vive la Réforme!* under the King's apartments in the Tuileries.

A *gamin* was noticed at the above barricade with a handsome double-barelled gun, upon which a spectator addressed him, saying, "That gun is not yours; you must give it up." The *gamin* cheerfully obeyed, and

handed it to the post of the troops of the line who occupied the perystyle near the Théâtre Français, now Théâtre de la République.

The few *cafés* and *restaurants* that had remained open, now closed; a general terror pervaded the Palais Royal; the rails of the Court of Honour were closed, the troops retiring on the inside, while the post of the Municipal Guard, at the corner of the Rue St. Thomas-du-Louvre, hid themselves within their *corps-de-garde*, after ordering all the *fiacres* and *cabriolets* to quit their usual stand on the Place; where so many scenes of revolution had passed, where the *Frondeurs* stormed the same palace; and where Louis Philippe issued his first proclamation to the people in 1830.

In other quarters, too, the alarm now spread rapidly; everywhere the *sergents de ville* made all persons leave the omnibuses, those ambulating barricades, and directed the *conducteur* to take them to their stables. For this purpose, a party of police were stationed on the Pont Neuf, where so many of these vehicles pass. Within sight almost of them, on the *Quai de la Ferraile*, a numerous band made an attempt, in which they failed, to

plunder two shops in which were said to be arms.

Another band, making for the Polytechnic School, and breaking the lamps as they went along, were dispersed by the troops of the line. Though of little importance, still many attempts at insurrection were repeated at points far distant from the principal scene of action. But a somewhat serious event took place in the quartier St. Avoie, where two hundred men captured and disarmed a post.

Up to this time, the police and troops of the line had alone been out to keep order. The National Guard, whose peculiar duty it was to act in similar emergencies, had not been summoned, those in power dreading as much the hostility of the middle classes as of the humbler section of society. But about four o'clock, the Executive, moved by the entreaties of leading men, ordered the *rappel* to be beat in the various quarters where the movement was taking place. The drums were, in general, escorted in front by a detachment of grenadiers, behind by *chasseurs*. In the rear of these came, in most instances, a body of the people, shouting, *Vive la Réforme!* and *vive la Garde Nationale!*

In one instance, I saw four drummers alone, followed by about two thousand of the populace, who shewed no disposition to prevent the proceeding, a sufficient proof of the good understanding which they supposed to exist between them and the shopkeepers. But few of the civic soldiers, however, replied to the appeal; disgusted with the want of confidence shown towards them by the Government in the morning, they refused to be made a convenience of;—out of eight thousand men of the second legion, but five hundred and forty-four were present. Those who did obey the summons, were wholly unprovided with ammunition. It may be as well to mention, that for many years the National Guard never had powder and ball. When you saw a soldier of the line and a citizen in uniform mounting guard together, the one had ball cartridge in abundance, the other none.

Meantime, while Paris was thus in action, what was passing at the Chamber of Deputies? It was one o'clock, and the members arrived slowly, having some difficulty in passing the Place de la Révolution; within its walls could be heard the cries and hootings of the multitude, which were sought to be

drowned by the music of the *chasseurs* of the line, who played opera tunes. Many of those present, and the number was small, shook their heads ominously, as if they foresaw the events which were grouping around the falling monarchy. Not a member sat on the opposition benches. Gravely the speakers rose, and proceeded to discuss minutely, scrupulously, the Bordeaux Bank Bill. Suddenly M. Guizot entered, pale, sombre, but with an air of defiance and determination; he took his seat on the ministerial bench near Marshal Bugeaud, who was to reduce the Parisians to the state of frightened sheep. M. Thiers spoke with Duchâtel, the Minister of the Interior. Presently, Barrot, with a look of care and fatigue arrived, accompanied by a large party of his friends. A whisper thrilled through the Chamber. There had been barricades—there were wounded—there were dead; blood was being spilt! The insurrection was in its bud, and the Chamber continued the discussion on the Bordeaux Bill!

At half-past four the President rose, and was about to leave his seat, when M. Barrot, reminded him that a proposition had been

deposited, and requested it might be read. The President replied, that nothing could be read until it had been examined by the Bureaux and reported. It would, therefore, be brought up Thursday. Thursday! when the Chamber of Deputies would cease to exist! Pity the dynasty could not have now seen the fatal path on which it had entered. But had it yielded to the people, how soon would every promise have been violated? The people of Paris knew with whom they had to deal, and resolved not to be cheated with promises.

The proposition which the President had received, was an attempt on the part of the dynastic opposition to regain the ground lost by the retreat of the morning. It was as follows:—

"We propose to place the ministers in accusation as Guilty—

"1. Of having betrayed abroad the honour and the interests of France.

"2. Of having falsified the principles of the constitution, violated the guarantees of liberty, and attacked the rights of the people.

"3. Of having, by a systematic corruption,

attempted to substitute, for the free expression of public opinion, the calculations of private interest, and thus perverted the representative Government.

"4. Of having, trafficked for ministerial purposes in public offices, as well as in all the prerogatives and privileges of power.

"5. Of having, in the same interest, wasted the finances of the State, and thus compromised the forces and the grandeur of the kingdom.

"6. Of having violently despoiled the citizens of a right inherent to every free constitution, and the exercise of which had been guaranteed to them by the charter, by the law, and by former precedents.

"7. Of having, in fine, by a policy overtly counter-revolutionary, placed in question all the conquests of our two revolutions, and thrown the country into a profound agitation.

[Here followed the fifty-three signatures—M. Odillon Barrot at the head].

M. Genoude submitted, in his own name, a proposition of accusation against the Minister, conceived in these terms:—

"Whereas the Minister, by his refusal to

present a project of the law for Electoral Reform, has occasioned troubles, I propose to put in accusation the President of the Council and his colleagues."

In the Chamber of Peers, M. de Boissy, supported by Count d'Alton Shee, rose to demand an explanation from Ministers, as to the state of the capital; but was met by a storm of hooting, and knocking of paper-knives on the desks. In vain, while speaking on another question, he strove to allude to the crisis by a side wind. The French House of Lords would not be taught, they were the devoted friends of the monarchy, and they had full confidence in its being able to put down the *canaille* who assailed it.

Great anxiety was felt as night fell, relative to the gas, which it was feared would be cut off by the insurrection; but by the concentration of a large military force round the works this fear was removed, and the lamps were all lit, with the exception of those on the Champs Elysées, which had been broken by the rioters.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NIGHT OF THE 22ND AND THE 23RD.

IN *émeutes*, night is generally the signal for additional disorder; but on this occasion, by seven o'clock Paris presented the aspect it usually presents towards midnight. Every shop was closed, save the *cafés*, *restaurateurs* and wine-merchants. Still, the quarter of the town in which I reside was warlike in its appearance. All was still, save the tramp of patrols and heavy detachments of the military. Along the Rue de Rivoli, which skirts the gardens of the Tuileries, along the quai, on the Place de la Concorde and Place du Carrousel, the soldiers of the 'line' were bivouacked by huge camp fires. No circulation was allowed. A body of officers collected in a *cabinet de lecture* in the Rue de Rivoli, and passed the night reading and discussing the situation of affairs. The effect of

this scene was most striking. It was the monarchy guarded by a *cordon* of cannon and bayonets, against the people, for whom all Governments are instituted. But very few of the National Guard were admitted to share this unenviable duty, and Louis Philippe and his family went to rest, as it were, in the centre of a battle-field.

The National Guard moved about in scattered patrols here and there, principally about the Place Vendôme and the Rue de Rivoli. On the Boulevards, heavy detachments of cavalry and infantry hurried along the carriage way, while the Municipal Guard went to rest after the fatigues of the day. The authorities were tender over these men, on whom alone they could depend; and the great part they had taken in the actions of the day had, of course, fatigued them much.

About eight in the evening, a body of two thousand men, some armed and some unarmed, proceeded towards the Quartier du Marais; as they went along they knocked at every door, and as soon as it was opened, two men entered.

"Arms?" said they to the porters.—"We

have none."—"Fear nothing," they replied, "all we ask is weapons, give us bars of iron, sticks, pistols, swords, anything," and having received an answer, they continued their way in peace. As soon as the night fell completely in, they entered the Place Royale, which at every issue was speedily defended by barricades of a most formidable character. A body of troops with cannon were sent to surround them, but no attack was made until morning.

Elsewhere other men were similarly engaged. Numerous crowds, which were speedily dispersed, and as speedily congregated together, were collected round the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin. This little *émeute*, was, however, at first, not of a serious character; though, in Paris, everything is serious which draws together and excites the multitude. But by degrees the crowd became more dense and more irritated. About nine o'clock some workmen and *gamins*—that class of dare-devils of whom I shall say a few special words anon—tore down an iron railing within ten yards of a detachment of the line, who made no resistance to their violence. Loud cries of *à bas Guizot!* and *vive la Réforme!* were heard, and vehicles were put in requisition to

form barricades. The *cochers* led away their horses, in many instances, laughing. "We cannot carry you," said one to a gentleman, "our vehicles are hired—by the nation."

About the same time some barricades were got up in the neighbourhood of Bourg l'Abbé, and there could be seen gliding through the narrow and tortuous streets of this quarter, a number of armed men hurrying to their barricades. A great many were boys, nearly children, who were wholly without ammunition. The crowd shook their heads, and expressed regret that such young beings should rush to almost certain death. But the spirit was afloat. At the entrance of narrow alleys stood crowds of women talking anxiously, and urging the men to deeds of valour. All night, in these quarters, were the population a-foot. In many instances balls were run by fires lit in the very streets.

The whole of the hours between ten and one were passed in erecting barricades and in defending them; for, at a late hour, the line and the Municipal Guard were engaged in attacking those of the Quarters St. Denis, Bonne Nouvelle, St. Martin, and the Marais. As, however, the people as yet wanted am-

munition, they were not warmly defended, and about one, all was still. But no sooner did day dawn, than it was seen what formidable preparations for defences had been made. In the Rue de Rambuteau, a barricade had been constructed with two *diligences* and the sentry-box of the Rue Langerin, filled with paving stones; others were visible on the Rue St. Martin, near the Rue aux Ours, near St. Nicolas, near St. Méry, and at the corner of the Rue de la Verrerie; there were many others, in Rue St. Croix de la Brettonerie, at the corner of the Rue des Billets, and in other quarters too numerous to mention. Meanwhile the Executive had not been inactive. Cannon had been brought from Vincennes, and posted on the quais, in the Rue des Coquilles, near the Hotel de Ville and round the Tuileries.

At an early hour the troops marched to dislodge the people, but the warm fire with which they were met, showed that they were now in force and armed. It was about the Quartier St. Martin des Champs, and round that of the Mont-de-Pieté and the Temple, that the collision was lively and serious, particularly in the Rue Beaubourg, Rue Bourg

l'Abbé, Rue Quincampoix, Rue Grenebet, and the small neighbouring streets. The *émeute* was now an insurrection. The barricades, attacked by troops of the line, Municipal Guard and Chasseurs de Vincennes, opposed such a resistance, that many of them had to be charged three or four times before they could be captured. Thus, Rue Quincampoix, a barricade formed by the help of two diligences filled with stones, was vainly charged by the 69th regiment of infantry and the Chasseurs de Vincennes, three several times. The people never moved as long as they had ammunition. In the first attack twelve soldiers fell, in the second ten, more than the ministry they were defending was worth. At the fourth charge the troops were victorious.

At the corner of the Rue de Tracy and the Rue St. Denis, a barricade, formed of carts, cars and *ballots* of merchandize taken from a shop, was desperately defended; in the Rue Philippeaux, the struggle took place so near, that a soldier of the 21st, received the contents of a gun in his face, the ball went through his mouth, came out behind his ear, and killed one of the *voltigeurs* who was behind him. In the Rue Bourg l'Abbé, a numerous assemblage attacked

the warehouse of the brothers Lepage, armourers. The doors were plated with iron, and so strongly fastened, as to defy every effort, and while the people were warmly striving to open them, a detachment of soldiers and Municipal Guards came up, a struggle took place hand to hand, a man took aim with a pistol, which missed fire, and an officer of the Municipal Guard ran him through the body with a sword.

Early in the morning, sixty men, preceded by a drum beating to arms, and led by an individual with a long beard, who waved in the air a tri-coloured flag, went through the whole *quartier des Halles*. They endeavoured to make a barricade in the Rue des Prouvaires, but they soon gave up their design at the aspect of a squadron of *Gardes Municipaux*, which moved along the Rue St. Honoré. They retired in disorder, expecting an attack, and re-formed themselves behind the point St. Eustache, passed before the part which is beside this church, without attacking it, crossed the Rue Montmartre, the Rue Neuve St. Eustache, and made a halt at the end of the Rue Poissonnière. During the whole of this time, they advanced in perfect silence,

followed by a dense crowd of children. About ten were armed with muskets and bayonets, or double-barrelled guns; the rest brandished sticks and bars of iron. All the shops closed before them, while the windows were filled by curious spectators. Having, as I said, reached the Rue Poissonière, they stopped some vehicles and began to barricade. Their first redoubt was thrown up on the Rue Poissonnière itself, a second, Rue de Cléry, with two coaches, the horses of which the coachmen quietly led away. A third was erected in the Rue Neuve Saint-Eustache, a fourth in the Rue du Petit Carreau, a little above the Rue Thévenot, without any hindrance being offered to them, and amidst the cheers of a large number of spectators.

About half-past ten, a piquet of Municipal Guard, composed of about thirty men, came out from the Rue de Cléry; those who were behind the barricade were driven back, and took refuge behind that of the Rue Poissonnière. They did not fire one shot against the Municipal Guard, their guns being out of order, or without *cartouches*. The Municipals, however, fired a volley at those behind the

barricade. Three men fell; two were killed on the spot; the rest retreated behind the redoub of the Rue du Petit Carreau. The Municipals then went on their way without further attempt at attacking them; but half-an-hour afterwards, returned, and carried the place at the point of the bayonet.

In several other instances, where they met with no resistance, the ill-fated police fired volleys on the people, particularly in the Rue Montorgeuil. About ten o'clock, the display of military force was tremendous. A detachment of the line, headed by a maréchal-de-camp, took a position at the end of the Rue Poissonnière. Cries of *vive la ligne!* and *vive le général!* were at once heard, and the conduct of the troops was of the mildest and most praiseworthy character; their efforts to push back the crowd, and promote circulation, were of the humanest kind. Round the markets, the display of force was equally great, there having in that part been much agitation. The soldiers were in part employed in facilitating the sale and purchase of provisions. Platoons of twenty men moved up and down the streets at a rapid pace, and thus prevented any great crowd congregating at any given point.

In the quartier St. Denis, the body of a young workman, shot through the heart by the Municipals, was carried about on a shutter, and everywhere this sad procession came, barricades arose as if by magic. About the Rue Porte St. Denis, the barricades were immense; but the principal fighting—and it was battling here—was in the Rues Clamaire, Transnonain, Philippeaux, and the Rue Beaubourg. These posts were attacked and defended with audacity and vigour.

In the Faubourg Poissonnière, the alarm was spread about eleven o'clock; the shops were closed, and both masters and workmen turned out to join either the National Guard or the people.

It would be impossible, and in fact, useless, to notice all the little acts of this eventful day, which was the eve of the fall of a great monarchy; but I may mention a scene which took place in the quartier du Temple. A barricade had been formed at the corner of the Rue Vieille du Temple, and of the Rue St. François. A battalion of the line, headed by a General, was ordered to the attack; at the moment he commanded his men to fire, an officer strove with his sword to beat down the

muskets, but in vain. The soldiers fired, and many fell wounded. After this discharge, the military fell back on the Rue de l'Oseille; at this moment, two hundred National Guards came out from the Rue de Poitou, crying *Vive la Réforme!* and followed by a dense mass of people, who were repeating the same cry. The troops, believing themselves attacked, fired in that direction; a National Guard was killed, and two were wounded; but though an explanation took place, this did not fail to produce much exasperation in the minds of the civic soldiers.

In the Rue St. Méry, a woman was shot. In the Rue du Petit Harlem, the Municipal Guard fired wholly unprovoked on an unarmed crowd, and wounded six; but in the Rue St. Martin a very different scene took place. A formidable barricade had been erected. A company of soldiers of the line was ordered to take it by assault, when a lad of about fifteen, wrapping himself in a red cloth that served as a flag, flew to the top of the barricade, knelt down, and cried out, "Fire now if you will!" The intrepid example of the *gamin* was immediately followed by some men, who bared their breasts, and called on the soldiers

to fire on unarmed men. The soldiers raised their guns, and refused to fire, amid loud cries of *Vive la ligne!*

A young man was arrested in the crowd which had stationed itself on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, and been in the post opposite the Gymnase. His comrades collected round the place, and loudly demanded his liberation. The soldiers threatened to fire. "Never mind," cried the young men; "do your duty, we will do ours;" and, despite the bayonets, they climbed the *façade* of the post, entered through the window, delivered the prisoner, disarmed the soldiers, fired their guns in the air, amid loud cries of *Vive la ligne!* and applause from the multitude who witnessed this daring act of bravery.

Meanwhile, other events were happening in other quarters of the town, in part influenced by these occurrences, in part spontaneous. At seven in the morning, the *général* was beat for the National Guard, who were now seen hurrying in all directions to their posts. Every man as he went along was cheered by the crowd, and most answered the cries of *vive la Réforme!* with a significant mark of adhesion. At every *mairie* where

they assembled, the greater number plainly stated that they came out, not to protect the ministry, but to endeavour to keep order, and to make a firm demonstration in favour of Reform. The feeling of the civic troop at this hour may be conceived by the fact, that some hundred men and boys, with flags, sticks, and headed by children's drums—a circumstance which excited not even a smile—were allowed to cross the Place Vendôme wholly unmolested.

The 2nd Legion collected in large force, and was animated by a laudable spirit of conciliation. It said, in answer to an address from its Colonel, that though ready to co-operate in re-establishing order, they must, at the same time, express the true sentiments of the Parisian population, and protest against the system of the ministry. They would accept nothing less than electoral Reform. The disposition of the 2nd Legion being of this character the Lieutenant-Colonel, M. Baignières, went at two o'clock to the Duke de Nemours, and told him, in the most firm and energetic manner, that if the required concession were not made to public opinion, he could no longer answer for his legion.

The 3rd Legion collected in good order and large force, on the Place des Petits-Pères, where is situated the *mairie* of the third *arrondissement*. As fast as the platoons came in, they filled the air with cries of *vive la Réforme! à bas les ministres!* The press was right then; the Guizot administration had no other strength than the King's friendship, the votes of a servile and purchased Chamber, and whatever military force they could depend on. The silent approval of the middle classes, of which the *Débats* had so long boasted, was a mistake, and the profound effects of the Reform agitation were clearly visible in the attitude of the civic troops. At eleven o'clock, large, but utterly inoffensive crowds were formed on the Place des Petits-Pères; a platoon of Municipal Guards charged through the street of the same name, and were about to enter the *place*, when an officer of the National Guard, M. Degousée, interposed between the people and the police, to prevent the effusion of blood. He stood before the bayonets, and beat them down with his sword; but the Municipal Guard, exasperated, would listen to nothing; two of them crossed their bayonets on his breast, and immediately a whole bat-

talion of the National Guard came to his assistance. They, being in force, were listened to, and the officer led his men back to their barracks. About twelve, M. Besson, Peer of France, who commanded this legion, having become convinced of the sentiments which animated his men, went to the head-quarters of the Civic Guard, and reported the state of things to General Jacquemont, who again informed the King of the circumstance.

In the afternoon, I was in the Rue de Rivoli, under the Duchess of Orleans' windows, and witnessed a singular sight. A body of National Guard, headed by their officer, occupied one side of the pavement, while on the other were about two thousand of the people, crying aloud, *Vive la Réforme!* and compelling all those in vehicles who passed to do the same. Every now and then, the National Guard moved a little, and then halted, the most perfect understanding seeming to exist between them and the people. At every window of the Palace were pale and anxious faces, among whom, I have reason to believe, at one time were several members of the royal family. Presently, an orderly officer came out, and asked what the National Guard

demanded. One single cry from the civic troops and people was the reply: "*A bas Guizot ! Vive la Réforme !*" The orderly said nothing, but hurriedly returned to the palace.

At eleven o'clock, two companies of the line, in the Rue de Cléry, were about to rush upon the people, bayonets fixed. A man was dashed down upon the pavement. M. Perrée, Captain of the 2nd Legion, advanced to the officer and begged him to stay his men, and to let them move along quietly, so as not to alarm and hurt the spectators. The officers bowed to this request, and painful scenes were avoided.

About three in the afternoon, a great part of the 4th Legion, unarmed, went to the Chamber of Deputies, to have an interview with M. Crémieux. They were stopped on the Place de la Concorde by a detachment of the 10th Legion, and sent forward a single delegate, M. Haguette, with their petitions. M. Crémieux came out and informed them that the National Guard had pronounced the *arrêt de mort* of the Ministry, which had at once fallen.

M. Montalivet, Colonel of the 13th Legion, after the National Guard cavalry had done

good service during the day, thanked them in the King's name, and informed them of the dismissal of Ministers. He then said, "Now, go home, all is finished; but to-morrow, be ready at your post, for there is no ministry, and on the National Guard solely depends public order. The absence of many of your comrades to-day, is a circumstance much to be regretted, and you should the more warmly be thanked for the support you have given to the Government." An officer advanced and said, "Colonel, the National Guard *à cheval* have not to-day, by their presence, adhered to the Ministry, they have come to stand by order, and the institutions of July." M. Montalivet replied, "My sentiments are known, I have not to express them here; the uniform I wear weighs on me, and prevents me saying all I would; but I still cry with you, *Vivent les institutions formées en Juillet! Vive le roi!*"

In the 10th Legion, a very significative fact was remarked. At seven o'clock, the *rappel* was beat through all the streets where dwelt the members of the Legion. Very few National Guards answered the appeal, but

several devoted and earnest men accompanied the drums, and entering their houses, brought them out. In this manner, one or two battalions were collected. The Colonel, M. Lemercier—and be it observed, the Colonels were all creatures of the Government—now presented himself, and addressing the Legion, demanded that they should march to re-establish public order. A National Guard, M. B——, stepped out of the ranks, and replied, that the Colonel seemed very much to misunderstand the intention of the Legion, that they were willing to march for the re-establishment of public order, but that, above all, they demanded electoral Reform, and the instant dismissal of a ministry which the country universally detested, and that, therefore, the Legion were assembled to cry *à bas les ministres!* and *Vive la Réforme!* The battalion replied with one voice, seconded the address of their colleagues, and cried, *Vive la Réforme! A bas, Guizot!* Colonel Lemercier here dismounted from his horse, and sought to reason with the men, but was met with one unanimous shout in favour of Reform.

Just after this colloquy, a gentleman in

plain clothes shouted out *Vive la Réforme*, the Colonel, who, up to this moment had been bursting with rage, at the want of passive obedience in his Legion, seeking to vent his rage on some one, collared the shouter, and ordered his soldiers to arrest him. The guards replied, that the gentleman expressed their own opinions and they should not touch him, upon which Colonel Lemercier, in high dudgeon, mounted his horse and rode away.

Meanwhile, in the Chambers of Deputies, a dramatic scene was taking place. M. Vavin announced his intention of questioning Ministers as to the state of the capital. The aspect of the house was leven more exciting than the day before. Rumours of fighting came every instant, at one time it was said the Chamber was invaded by the National Guard. Petitions in favour of electoral Reform were presented by M. Crémieux. The sitting was momentarily suspended in the absence of Guizot, who presently entered, accompanied by Salvandy, Jayr, Dumon, Hébert, and Cunin-Gridaine. M. Vavin rose, and demanded why the National Guard had not been called out in the first instance,

and asserted, that had this been done, there would have been no collisions of any consequence. M. Guizot, who was now pale and agitated, refused to reply to the questions of M. Vavin, but announced that M. Molé was with the King, endeavouring to form an administration. At this point of his address, the whole centre burst into loud exclamations, and appeared petrified with astonishment and grief; with many, the expression of countenance was visible, you saw the fear of losing place and office in every play of their muscles; in the tribunes there was a burst of applause, but on the opposition benches there was utter silence. Molé for Guizot was a mere comedy to trick the people, which everybody saw through. It is incomprehensible, were not the whole conduct of Louis Philippe that of one bewildered by events, how the King could have supposed that this would satisfy the people. The Opposition were, of course, as hostile as ever, and the Molé cabinet would, in fact, have been a mere stop-gap, while the excitement lasted. In fact, it was notorious in the palace, and I say this deliberately, that Louis Philippe, the moment the *émeute* was over, and Bugeaud

was fairly at the head of the troops and the National Guard, would have recalled Guizot. The King was not to be trusted.

No sooner was Guizot silent, than the sitting was suspended; many of the Conservatives rushed towards Guizot and questioned him, some angrily, some with regret. An effort was then made to withdraw the accusation of Ministers, but the majority refused, the Chamber adjourned at half-past four, amid the utmost clamour. A public sitting was announced for the next day on the question of the Bordeaux Bank.

It will be seen, that this day the fall of Guizot was inevitable. On the Tuesday, at the Tuileries, nothing but confidence was felt. The King in high spirits, spoke with an English gentleman from Brighton, on private business connected with one of his estates; there was an excitement it is true, every five minutes reports were brought to the monarch by aides-de-camp, and by the secret police, many of whom had personal interviews with Louis Philippe. The impression on the minds of both Ministers, Princes and King was, that there was effervescence, but nothing serious. But M. Thiers appa-

rently thought otherwise, having visited the Duchess of Orleans, and had a long interview with her. The desire of this statesman to see the widowed mother of the infant heir to the throne of France appointed Regent was well known, and when the Regency Bill was passed, his wish would in all probability have been accomplished had not the Queen's and Madame Adelaide's Catholic prejudices against a Protestant prevailed. Marshal Bugeaud, and the other Generals who visited the different quarters of Paris on the Tuesday, reported that there was no chance of an insurrection, that none but a few boys and rabble were inclined to move. At the same time, they assured the monarch that the plans arranged to quash any revolutionary movement were such that no fear could be entertained of the result.

The Duke de Nemours and a section of the staff visited various parts of Paris during that day, and seemed to think all looked well; but had they gone among the people as I did, they would on Tuesday night have trembled. On Wednesday, however, it was impossible to conceal from the King, that the movement was general, that the people were flying to arms, that barricades

were rising in every quarter, and worse than all, the Colonels of the National Guard reported, one after another, that their men demanded, nay, insisted on the dismissal of Guizot. The Generals of the line were interrogated. Not one would answer for the troops, if the National Guard sided with the people. The saying of an artillery officer near the Hotel de Ville was reported. "Fire on the people? no! Fire on the people who pay us? we shall do nothing of the kind. If we have to choose between massacring our brothers, and abandoning the monarchy, there can be no hesitation." Louis Philippe saw the critical nature of the position, and hesitated no longer. Guizot and his colleagues were dismissed. I have reason to believe, the good sense of the Duke de Nemours principally brought about this result.

Still the news did not spread with the requisite rapidity; nor, where known, did it always give that satisfaction which was expected, the people demanding guarantees Several *mairos* and *adjoints* went about to the barricades, spreading the news; generally where it was made known the firing ceased.

But in the Rue du Temple, the iron *grilles* were torn down, and two barricades made, which were carried by the line, after a fight. In the Rue Richelieu, and near the *Opéra Comique*, where the National Guard were singing the Marsellaise, there was very nearly being a collision between them and the Cuirassiers, but the officers prevented it.

In the Rue St. Martin, two pieces of cannon were directed against the barricade, when a company of the 3rd Legion stepped before them, and Messieurs Dubochet and Sanché, officers, cried aloud—"Do not fire, unless you fire on us. We are the men to keep order, and will prevent bloodshed."

About two o'clock, a body of Municipal Guards came from the Rue Neuve Bourg l'Abbé, and at once fired on a knot of people in earnest conversation. Three persons fell. In the Rue St. Denis, the same body fired at those who stood at the windows. In this neighbourhood the fighting lasted all day. Every hour the people were becoming very numerous.

In the Rue Maubuée, the post was captured, pulled to pieces, and a barricade made of the remains, while arms were freely thrown to the

people out of the window. Not an instant did the insurgents cease their preparations in this quarter, while scenes of a dramatic and extraordinary nature were occurring in every part of the city. It is impossible to record a tithe of them. There is one which, however, I cannot omit. About six, or half-past six, fifty of the Municipal Guard were shut up in the court yard of a *liquoriste* of the Rue Bourg l'Abbé, in which were the warehouses of Lepage, the armourer. A company of the 6th Legion occupied the doorway, but the population, irritated at the odious and unnecessary brutality of the Municipal Guard, yelled forth cries of a most alarming nature. The National Guard of the 6th Legion ran from all sides to reinforce their comrades, but the people came a hundred times more numerous. Some troops of the 7th regiment of the line were sent to reinforce the civic troops. Loud cries of "let them be disarmed," filled the air, and formed a terrible chorus. A body of the National Guard entered to parley with the prisoners; the *Maire* and the Colonel of the 6th Legion arrived, but the Municipals were still afraid to trust themselves to the

immense crowd who demanded vengeance for the blood of the people which had been shed.

After, however, about an hour spent in parleying and hesitation, the Municipals consented to come out completely disarmed, and one after another. The troops of the line enfiladed the street, and protected by the arms of the National Guard, the wretched prisoners issued forth amid the cries of *"à bas la Garde Municipale!"* Their confident and insolent manner of the morning was gone, and replaced by an air of abject terror. The exasperation of the people was at its height, as the remembrance of the events of the day rose in their minds. The Municipals immediately were ordered to take off their *shakos.* A National Guard—a *décoré* of July—told them they must obey, and they submitted. In this way this strange and wonderful cortège started. The armed police of Paris prisoners of the people, after having all day fired upon them. At the head a squadron of Cuirassiers, the troops of the line were at each side; around, the National Guard, officers and men, and then the real masters and conquerors—the people.

In this way the procession went down the

Rue Bourg l'Abbé, the Rue aux Ours, the Rue Rambuteau, the Marché des Innocens, the Rue St. Denis, the Place du Châtelet, the Quai des Guerres, and everywhere the cortège was joined by masses of people with torches, arms, sticks, and singing the Marseillaise and '*Mourir pour la Patrie.*' About the middle of the quay, the cavalry, by a dexterous manœuvre, stopped the popular *flot* on the pavement, and the procession was able to proceed with less crowding to the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, occupied by artillery and formidable forces. Here the disarmed Municipal Guard were safe, and warmly thanked their preservers.

Towards seven o'clock, the general aspect of Paris was peaceable. On the Petit Bourse, near the Opera, the funds had risen forty centimes on the arrival of the news that the ministry had been dismissed. *Aides-de-camp* and General Officers galloped here and there, proclaiming the intelligence. Everywhere the people delivered the prisoners made during the day, and then they went away rejoicing.

Nevertheless, the barricades were not abandoned. The strongest and most artistically made, were guarded by some hundreds of

young men, between the Rue du Temple and the Rue St. Martin, and about the Rue Transnonain. Though repeatedly told of the dismissal of Guizot, they replied that they must have guarantees, and with this they posted sentries at every issue, and prepared to bivouac for the night, many without food, many without fire. Among these were numbers of the better classes, who had placed *blouses* over their clothes and joined the people, to encourage and direct them.

Between eight and nine o'clock, darkness having completely set in, the streets began to present an unusual aspect—that of an illumination. With rare exceptions, at every window of the lofty houses on the quarter of the Tuileries, candles or lamps were placed, and by their light could be seen ladies and gentlemen looking down upon the dense and happy crowd who filled the streets to overflowing. Loud cheers greeted the presence of the spectators, while groans and threats of demolishing their windows were the punishment of the sulky few who refused to join in the general manifestation. They gained nothing by it, but to let their ill will be seen, for the populace compelled them to follow the

general example. All, however, was gaiety and good humour.

After witnessing the fine *coup-d'œil* presented by the Rue St. Honoré, the longest street in the world, I believe, I attempted to gain the Boulevards by the Place Vendome. I found it, however, occupied by a dense mass of some ten thousand men, who were striving to force the denizens of the Hotel de Justice to light up. As no attention was paid to their demand, and Hébert, the famous inventor of the system of moral *complicité*, was peculiarly hated, they began to break his windows, and even set fire to the planks which shelved off from the door, as well as to the sentry box. A heavy body of Cuirassiers, however, and several detachments of National Guards came down, and using vigorous, but gentle, measures, re-established order. To lessen the crowd, they drew a line across the Rue Castiglione, and allowed no one to pass. Standing in the crowd, I heard many Republicans conversing. Their tone was that of bitter disappointment. They said that the people were deceived, that a Molé ministry was a farce, and that if the populace laid down their arms, it would be but to take them up

again. Still the majority rejoiced. To have carried this point was a great thing, and no greater proof of the patriotism of the working men can be given. They gained nothing by the change but mental satisfaction, with which a vast majority seemed amply satisfied.

But a terrible and bloody tragedy was about to change the aspect of the whole scene.

About a quarter past ten, while on my way, by another *route,* to the Boulevards, I suddenly, with others, was startled by the aspect of a gentleman, who, without his hat, ran madly into the middle of the street, and began to harangue the passers by, "*Aux armes!*" he cried, "we are betrayed. The soldiers have slaughtered a hundred unarmed citizens by the Hôtel des Capucines. Vengeance!" and having given the details of the affair, he hurried to carry the intelligence to other quarters. The effect was electric; each man shook his neighbour by the hand, and far and wide the word was given that the whole system must fall.

As this tragic event sealed the fate of the Orleans dynasty, I have been at some pains to collect a correct version of it, and I have every reason to believe those who were eye-witnesses

will bear me out in my description. I went immediately as near to the spot as possible, I conversed to numerous parties who saw it, and myself saw many of the immediate consequences.

The Boulevards were, like all the other streets, brilliantly illuminated, and everywhere immense numbers of promenaders walked up and down, men, women, and children, enjoying the scene, and rejoicing that the terrific struggle of the day had ceased. The trottoirs were quite covered, while the carriage way, in part occupied by cavalry, was continually filled by processions of students, working men, and others, who sang songs of triumph at their victory. Round the Hôtel des Capucines, where Guizot resided, there was a heavy force of military, of troops of the line, dragoons, and Municipal Guard, who occupied the pavement and forced every one on to the carriage way. A vast crowd, principally of accidental spectators, ladies, gentlemen, English, &c., in fact, curious people in general, were stationed watching a few men and boys who tried to force the inmates to light up.

For some time all was tranquil, but presently a column of students and artisans,

unarmed, but singing *'Mourir pour la patrie,'* came down the Boulevards, at the same instant a gun was heard, and the 14th regiment of line levelled their muskets and fired. The scene which followed was awful. Thousands of men, women, children, shrieking, bawling, raving, were seen flying in all directions, while sixty-two men, women and lads, belonging to every class of society, lay weltering in their blood upon the pavement. Next minute an awful roar, the first breath of the popular indignation was heard, and then away flew the students, artisans, the shopkeepers, all, to carry the news to the most distant parts of the city, and to rouse the population to arms against a Government, whose satellites murdered the people in this atrocious manner.

A squadron of Cuirassiers now charged, sword in hand, over dead and wounded, amid useless cries of "mind the fallen," and drove the people before them. The sight was awful. Husbands were seen dragging their fainting wives from the scene of massacre, fathers snatching up their children, with pale faces and clenched teeth, hurried away to put their young ones in safety, and then to come out in arms against the monarchy. Women

clung to railings, trees, or to the wall, or fell fainting on the stones. More than a hundred persons who saw the soldiers level, fell in time to save their lives, and then rose and hastened to quit the spot. Utter strangers shook hands and congratulated one another on their escape.

In a few minutes, a Deputy of the Opposition, M. Courtais, now commanding the National Guard, was on the spot and making inquiries into the causes of this fearful affair.

"Sir," said he, warmly addressing the Colonel in command, "you have committed an action, unworthy of a French soldier."

The Colonel, overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, replied, that the order to fire was a mistake. It appeared that a ball, from a gun which went off accidentally, had struck his horse's leg, and that thinking he was attacked, he had ordered a discharge.

"Monsieur le Colonel," added the honourable Deputy, "you are a soldier, I believe in your good faith; but remember that an awful responsibility rests on your head."

Tremendous, indeed, for he had sealed the fate of the tottering Monarchy!

A word before we proceed. When the proclamation was made that the Guizot

Ministry had been dismissed, the military were gradually withdrawn, and wherever this occurred, tranquillity followed. No serious attacks were made upon any public building; in fact, the people contented themselves with breaking a few windows; everywhere the cry "*des lampions,*" was not obeyed. M. Guizot, however, conscious of the intense hatred which was felt towards him, kept his house guarded like a fortress. The display of military force was tremendously imposing, both within and without the hotel. Had none been stationed outside, whatever he had in, the causes which kept crowds standing round, would have been removed, and the people would not have been irritated. It was the over care of his own person shown by M. Guizot, which caused this frightful catastrophe. Like every other event of this great week, with all its momentous consequences, this is to be traced to the utter incapacity of Guizot, in politics, *une grande incapacité méconnue,* as was said of Louis Philippe.

Meanwhile, Courtais had hurried to the *National* office, while a body of men, now no longer hindered by the soldiers, proceeded to remove the heaps of dead and dying, whose

groans must have been plainly heard by the ex-minister in his hotel. The wounded, and those bodies which were claimed, were borne to houses in the neighbourhood, while some of the National Guards in uniform were carried to their respective *mairies*, everywhere as the bloody banner of insurrection. Seventeen corpses, however, were retained and placed upon a truck. Ghastly was the spectacle by torch and gas-light, of that heap of dead, a few minutes before alive, merry, anxious, full of hopes, and perhaps, lofty aspirations for their country. Round about were men, no less pale and ghastly, bearing pikes and torches, while others drew the awful cart-load along.

Away they go, big with revolution and vengeance. Everywhere as they move, preceded by a red flag, they cried amid choking sobs, for many wept with grief and rage. "They have been assassinated, but we will avenge them. Give us arms! arms! arms!" Along the Boulevard proceeds this dreadful procession; windows fly up as they go by, and those who expected to see a *feu de joie*, behold a hearse covered with bleeding bodies, that leave red traces as they go. Every-

where on their path men come out of the houses with arms, and join the people, merchants, clerks, artizans, all, for they will now have no Molé Ministry, but will shatter the crown won for the monarch by the blood of his people, who were then slain to preserve him in a position which has long been forfeited in the hearts of all Frenchmen.

They arrive under the windows of the *National,* and with loud cries those men in whom the people have confidence are called out. M. Garnier Pages, Armand Marrast, and others present themselves. They are shown the bodies, those faces on which the expression previous to death still lingers, those pale and still visages, those hearts which have ceased to beat, those beings whose soul is with their Maker; before whom will one day appear their assassins. The editor and his friends are too much moved to speak; a boy puts his fingers on a gaping wound, and holding them up to heaven cries, "See them! I swear to wash away the stain only when they are avenged."

M. Garnier Pages addressed the people, assuring them that justice should be done, and then the men of the *National* retired to

consult. What their decision was may be guessed, for before midnight they were sounding the tocsin from the summit of their house.

Meanwhile, the procession continued on its way to fan the flame of insurrection. Three thousand men, troops of the line, passed them going down to the Tuileries. This added to the exasperation of the people. Everywhere behind the *cortège* rose barricades, even in the Rue Vivienne, on the rich Boulevards, and elsewhere, where the wealthy classes resided, this class freely joining in the movement. On they went towards the *Réforme*, the organ of the ultra Republican party, in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau. The chief editor, M. Ferdinand Flocon, came out, and addressing the people, told them they should have justice. The people replied by the cry: *aux armes!* and the procession pursued its way.

In two hours the terrible news was known over all Paris. Men came down from the faubourgs, during the night three thousand arrived by a monster train from Rouen, with arms and artillery. All thoughts of slumber were abandoned. Groups stood at the corners of the streets. One word alone was heard,

c'est infame! Everywhere barricades arose as if by magic. All night the population laboured, and the number of persons so engaged may be conceived, when I say, that upwards of two thousand barricades of the most formidable character were erected. I mention this, to show how erroneous are the accounts of people, who write about a week afterwards, when for the first time they ventured into the streets, that comparatively few persons joined in the insurrection. Not less than one hundred and fifty thousand men—people, and National Guards—passed that night in fortifying themselves behind almost impregnable ramparts, which would have cost many thousand lives to have carried, had the troops remained faithful to the system. When I say, that across the whole width of the Boulevard St. Denis, a barricade twelve feet high, principally composed of paving-stones, was erected, while another defended the entrance of the street of a similar character, some idea may be formed of the labours of the people. The same took place at intervals to the Place de la Bastille, while tremendous ones were erected round the Porte St. Denis. In the narrow streets they

were often up to the first-floor windows, and defended from the apartments, so that some two thousand combats would have been required to carry them all—if carried they could have been.

While this was going on round the quarters Montmartre and the Marais, the left bank of the Seine, usually so still, began to move. The students returning to the Boulevards, to the haunts of science, aristocracy, literature, and misery, spread the account of the awful catastrophe of the Rue des Capucines. The irritation became extreme. Since morning the attitude of the Faubourg St. Marceau, and the quarter of the schools had been menacing. During the evening, the shops of some of the armourers had been forced, and later in the night, a number of young men, headed by students of the Polytechnic school—who had scaled the walls and joined the rioters to a man—entered the Church of St. Sulpice, and in a minute the sound of the tocsin booming on the night air, still further startled the population.

M. Boulay (de la Meurthe), Colonel of the 11th Legion of National Guard ordered the *rappel* to be sounded, but very few

obeyed the appeal. Some were already at the barricades, others refused to turn out to save the falling dynasty. Those that did, received as usual no ammunition. Still, they formed themselves into an immense patrol, and went about the different quarters of the *arrondissement* which was now quiet, though discharges of musketry were heard in the distance.

In the middle of the night, M. Demonts, *Maire* of the 11th *arrondissement*, came and informed the National Guard bivouacked at the *mairie*, that the Molé Ministry had retired, and that Thiers and Barrot were ordered to form a cabinet. The National Guard received the announcement in dead silence. It was clear they desired more than the retreat of a ministry.

The following, from a graphic actor in the scenes of the Revolution, will show the efforts made by the Republicans.

"One of the Republicans, who from the 22nd, best judged the situation, was Etienne Arago. In the lobby of the Chamber of

Deputies, he said, in talking with Citizen Flocon, that there was nothing less than a Revolution at the bottom of the intended grand Reform demonstration.

"In the evening, at a meeting of some Republicans, which was held in the office of the *Réforme*, he ably sustained the same opinion.

"Towards ten o'clock, he went out accompanied by the citizen Gouache to visit the barricades, which had been thrown up at the top of the Rue Tiquetonne. Some discharges, fired by the Municipal Guards for the purpose of clearing the street, forced them to retire. This, however, did not prevent M. Arago from renewing his walk of observation an hour later in company with Charles Didier. Early next morning, he left his house accompanied by Ribeyrolles, and went dressed as a National Guard to the Place des Petits-Pères, where he endeavoured, by great force of language, to persuade the National Guard that they ought to cry something else than 'Vive la Réforme,' and demand somewhat more than MM. Thiers or Odillon Barrot for Ministers. But M. Arago had only a single gun, and he managed

to procure one also for several of his friends who had sought for arms in vain. For this purpose, he commenced by giving his musket, and immediately after presented himself to several crowds of National Guards as a volunteer, who, seeing that he was unarmed, presented him with a gun. By this means, he succeeded in arming several of his less skilful friends. In thus proceeding, good fortune conducted him to the Rue Tiquetonne, where Captain Jouanne was collecting together his brave fellow citizens.

"Again his plan succeeded, another gun was given him by a National Guard, whom illness hindered from making use of it, M. Arago then placed himself in the ranks, calling out 'Vive la République!' as yet but little heard—but which, by degrees, found an echo amongst the companions whom chance had given him, and which was soon after heard from all parts of the crowd, during a long march through the streets and Boulevards. In the evening, towards seven o'clock, at the moment when the insurrectional movement, a little abated by the announcement of the overthrow of the Guizot Ministry, everywhere recommenced its course, the Rue

Bourg St. Abbé was the theatre of one of the most extraordinary scenes which occurred during our three immortal days. Cooped up, and surrounded on all sides by thousands of armed people, fifty Municipal Guards took refuge in one of the houses of this street. The door, a feeble protection against such outward force, as yet, for a few minutes saved them from the vengeance of the insurgents, who had lately seen their brothers fall from the bayonets and balls of these ferocious defenders of an expiring monarchy. Frenzied and furious, the crowd pressed forward, and being collected in a solid mass in front of of the house, but one dreadful sound was heard resembling the roaring of a tempest, and which sent up to heaven only the echo of the word 'vengeance!'

The tide of popular fury rose at each moment, and the storm became quickly more intense and more terrible. The fatal hour appeared to have arrived, and the escape of the fifty besieged soldiers to be beyond the reach of human power.

In this critical moment, a National Guard arrived at the door of the fatal house. His

name was pronounced by two or three friends as he forced his way through the crowd, who opened their ranks before him—it was Etienne Arago. He entered the court-yard, where were also M. Ségúfas, Captain of the National Guard; Colonel Husson, *Maire* of the sixth *arrondissement*, and a few National Guards.

"'What can be done, to save these unfortunate men?'

"'Let us open a partition wall in the house, so that they may escape by the neighbouring street, after having laid down their arms.'

"'But the people will be furious on hearing of their flight.'

"'Perhaps so; however, we shall have done our duty.'

This advice was not listened to.

"'All is over,' said an officer of the National Guard, who had just arrived with his company at the house where these events were taking place. 'Let us go home—the Guizot Ministry is overthrown.'

"'Nothing is yet finished,' cried out M. Arago; 'we are only beginning!'

"The crowd, animated by his words, pressed round him, knowing well that when the democracy is engaged in a struggle, it lays not down its arms until after victory.

"A long half hour passed away, during which M. Arago, sometimes addressing himself to the National Guards, sometimes to the irritated crowd, endeavoured to make an appeal to those sentiments of generosity which never lie dormant in the hearts of Frenchmen. At length he obtained pardon for the condemned Municipal Guards; but the people, become judge and sovereign master, imperiously demanded that their vanquished adversaries should retire unarmed, and with their heads bare.

"The door having been opened, M. Arago announced to the soldiers the will of the people. The most part hesitated; they thought their death inevitable; they wished to retain their arms, to sell their lives dearly, and to die in combat. Their resistance was at length conquered by a formal engagement given them by M. Arago and some National Guards who were present, who promised to protect them from the vengeance of the

crowd. The detachment was then ranged close by the door of the house.

"'Hats off!' cried the crowd, on seeing them march along, conducted by National Guards.

"'Hats off!' repeated M. Arago, addressing the prisoners. The Municipal Guard seemed to hesitate.

"'Hats off before the people!' again cried M. Arago, in a louder voice. 'To-day it is the people who command.' Officers and soldiers uncovered themselves. A small detachment of Cuirassiers, who happened by chance to arrive, helped to open the passage for them. The Municipal Guards defiled in single order. Lieutenant Bouvier, who was last, took the arm of M. Arago. Several National Guards, and other citizens, marched at the side of the disarmed soldiers. A small number of troops of the line also assisted towards their protection.

However, at the sight of these men, who had scattered so many victims round them, the rage of the people was renewed. In the narrow streets which they traversed, the blouses of the workmen rubbed against the

clothes of those men stained with the blood of the martyrs. The contact revived the hatred against them, and as they passed along, pale and trembling, they received many blows, and thousands of cries were raised both against them and against M. Arago, their deliverer.

"'They have killed our brothers! Let us have vengeance on them!'

"'I have promised to save them,' replied M. Arago, calmly and collectedly; 'and I will save them, or you shall kill me first.'

"'But are you then their friend? Have you, also, shed the blood of the people?'

"The only answer which M. Arago made was to mention his name, and to show his cross of July, on which the people who were near ceased from their menaces; but those who stood at a distance still continued their cries of vengeance, and there was some danger that the gallant defender of the Municipal Guards would be sacrificed without being able to save those for whom he had risked his life.

"The party walked slowly along the Rue Bourg l'Abbé, the Rue aux Ours, a portion of the Rue Rambuteau, le Marché des Innocens,

la Rue St. Denis, until the Place du Châtelet, where they arrived on the quay.

"'Throw the wretches into the water!' cried the crowd, in the most ferocious accents.

"Lieutenant Bouvier drew close to M. Arago, and said to him, in a voice of despair,

"'To die! To die torn to pieces! And my brother has fallen this same year in Africa. I have a wife and children!'

"'Take courage,' answered M. Arago, holding him firmly by the arm. 'Before they can touch you, they first must kill me.'

"An hour passed away, which appeared an age, when, by a clever manœuvre of the cavalry, the crowd was driven off the quai, and the Municipal Guards arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, which was defended by troops of all kind.

"They here pressed round M. Arago, and expressed to him their warmest gratitude for so nobly saving them from the fury of the people.

"'Yes,' exclaimed the brother of the illustrious astronomer, 'I have saved you; but recollect well that you owe your lives to a Republican. To-morrow—perhaps, even

this evening, the combat will continue in the streets. I count on your honour, that you will not again be found in arms against your brothers.'

"This appeal to their honour, was it understood? We would hope so; and the next day, at twelve o'clock, when the balls rained round M. Arago, bravely fighting with his companions on the place of the Palais Royal, it is consoling to believe that not one of the muskets turned against him was in the hands of any of those soldiers whose lives he had preserved the evening before at the risk of his own."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY.

At the Tuileries, meanwhile, where were congregated the monarch and his court, the princes, and all the summer friends that hover about royalty, a very striking series of historical scenes, one day, doubtless, to be recorded fully by eye-witnesses, was taking place. On the Monday, the King had shown considerable anxiety respecting the decision of the Opposition, relative to the forbidding of the Banquet. He feared, doubtless, that they would resist, as Lamartine, de Boissy, Crémieux, d'Alton Shee, and others, wished to have done. When, however, the Minister came to him from the Chamber of Deputies, and related the pacific speech of Barrot, his satisfaction knew no bounds. It is reported that he even joked upon the intended demonstration, inviting his guests to a Banquet, and

playing several times on the word "Reform." He attempted not to disguise his good feeling towards Guizot and Duchâtel during the course of the evening, and even when entering into all the plans for pulling down an *émeute*, seemed too confident in his own power to dread any attempt even at revolution.

What his temper was on the next morning may be gathered from the following narrative, which, as emanating, I have every reason to believe from one of the parties concerned, cannot be misplaced. It is, in fact, a scene which history will adopt and remember.

"Mr. Packham left Brighton on Sunday, the 13th of February, for the purpose of superintending the erection of some works at La Ferté Vidamme—a fine estate which Louis Philippe possesses in Normandy. On Tuesday, the 22nd ultimo, he proceeded to Paris for the purpose of seeing the King and reporting progress. It was the day of the Reform Banquet. Mr. Packham arrived at the Tuileries at nine o'clock in the morning. The King was engaged at the time with M. Guizot and his other Ministers, but sent word to Mr. Packham to wait for him in his breakfast-room, where our countryman saw the Duke

de Nemours and various officers of the Royal Household—among them, M. Fossard, the head of the secret police. Mr. Packham inquired of him if he did not expect a 'row?' M. Fossard said there might be a little one; but it would be easily put down—they had eighty-five thousand troops and eighty-five thousand National Guards. At half-past twelve o'clock the King came down. He was in high spirits and in perfect good humour—observed that he had been busy, and should make a late breakfast, and then exclaimed jocularlyto Mr. Packham, 'What, Packham, are not you afraid to come to Paris in these troublesome times?' Mr. Packham replied that he was not afraid. 'No,' returned the King, 'there is no cause for fear—there may be a little disturbance; but you need not apprehend any thing.' He then inquired after Mr. Packham's wife and family, and hearing that he had had a touch of the gout, told him that he must not drink so much English wine. He then entered with his usual minuteness and interest into affairs of business—inquired about the progress of the water-mills erecting at Aumale, of the works at La Ferté Vidamme, and the biscuit-cutting at Eu—giving directions

to make all possible progress in the improvements going on at those places, which are all Louis Philippe's private property. Officers now entered, and engaged the attention of the King, who, however, desired Mr. Packham to remain in the room. Visitor after visitor arrived, and as there appeared to be no cessation of demand upon the King's attention, Mr. Packham at last said that, unless His Majesty had any further commands for him, he would take his leave. 'No,' replied the King, 'I don't know that I have anything more to say to you; and until I see you again, I wish you well.'"

Mr. Packham left the Tuileries about one o'clock. It was very shortly afterwards that reports were brought to the King of the movements which were going on in Paris, none of which seemed in any way to alarm either the Court or the Monarch. And on that day, no thought was entertained of concession. On the Wednesday, the events which made the King yield are known, and he gave way, laughing inwardly, no doubt, at the *supercherie* he was practising on the people. Still, the mere necessity of giving way, after disregarding the warnings he had

received, evidently preyed much upon his mind.

It is believed in Paris that, some months back, the Prince de Joinville at the dinner-table dropped a glass on the ground, and exclaimed that the Orleans Dynasty would go with as great a smash, if the popular will were resisted to the utmost, and Electoral Reform refused. This is said to have been one of the causes of his frequent absences from court.

It was late on the night of Wednesday that the information was brought to the King that the people and National Guards were all flying to arms, and making the most immense preparations for attack and defence. The first result was the signing of a decree which made Marshal Bugeaud Commander of the National Guard, in the room of Jacquemont. But report upon report came in. Barricades are rising every where; the Municipal Guard are half disarmed; the National Guard have joined the people; and the troops of the line, weary, half-starved—their rations having been half forgotten—are wavering. Eagerly fed by the hands of the people, who, during this eventful night, shared their crusts of bread with the soldiers, while the market-women

were most liberal in their distributions, several officers stated that they could in no manner rely on their men. The King, who now became seriously alarmed, on the earnest representation of his sons, sent for Thiers, and a cabinet was formed, of which Thiers, Barrot, Lamoricière, Duvergier de Hauranne, and Rémusat were members. This was at an advanced hour of the night, or rather about five in the morning, which we suppose was the reason why the *Moniteur* still contained nothing but the two fatal ordonnances appointing Bugeaud, General of the National Guard and troops of the line.

Meanwhile, the people were preparing to render vain all the strivings of ambition, all the desperate efforts of a falling dynasty to cling to a shattered throne. The fighting never ceased. Every minute, in some quarter of the town or other, discharges of musketry were heard, principally between small bodies of Municipals and the people, and soldiers freshly arrived in Paris. The sound but reanimated the vigour of those who laboured. While one or two, in turns, served as sentries, the others piled stones upon stones, and artistically

arranged all the materials of which they were possessed. The best possible understanding prevailed; the doors of half the houses remained open, and many women and children brought down articles of furniture to assist in forming impediments.

In the Faubourg St. Antoine, the people occupied themselves in organizing an immense force. A general officer, in full uniform, commanded them, going about everywhere, rousing them, and bringing order in among his forces. This was General Pyat, an old soldier of the Republic and the Empire, who risked not only the dangers of the *émeute*, but a scaffold if defeated. The column which came down, headed by this gentleman, was of itself ten thousand strong, a number which I have seen stated as the very maximum of the combatants on the side of the people, who were far nearer two hundred thousand.

In addition to these, and a column of three thousand from Rouen, with the students of the Polytechnic School, who were now everywhere in their uniform, the sound of the tocsin brought from all sides the populace of the Faubourgs upon Paris, and no greater proof

of the good will of the military can be given, than the fact of their being able to effect a junction with the rest of the insurgents.

In the quarter of the Place Vendôme, all was still. Now and then a faint sound of musketry would reach our ears, but except that heavy patrols paraded the streets, as they did all others around the Tuileries, nothing seemed to show that we were within twelve hours of a Republic. I believed, personally, that all was over with Louis Philippe, though my predictions at the time obtained no credit. Still I persevered and sustained to many my belief. So anxious was I to know what was going on, that I once or twice tried to start off to penetrate into the scene of the drama, but I could not. Three ladies seemed to consider that the presence of one of the male sex was essential to their safety, and I remained.

Though I could not see, I listened. Nearly the whole night I leaned out of window, my blood boiling with impatience, my heart beating with intense emotion. I had but one hope, one desire—the fall of the Orleans dynasty. I was, when nearly a child, in Paris, three weeks after the days of July, 1830, but even

then I felt indignant that the people of Paris should have shed their blood to cast out one King and set up for themselves another. It was, therefore, with a feeling I can scarcely describe, that I watched those six hours of darkness. Every now and then I could see men gliding along with arms in their hands, hurrying stealthily to barricades. Opposite, I noticed at the summit of a house, a light burning the whole night in a garret window. I learned, two days afterwards, that it was a Republican artisan, running bullets. At length the dawn came, and soon after the *général* beat again for the National Guard, who obeyed the summons almost to a man.

Before, however, I proceed to record the exciting scenes I witnessed during this day, I must bring down my narrative to about ten o'clock.

At break of day, the Municipal Guard, and many of the regiments of the line, proceeded to attack the barricades of the Rues St. Denis, St. Martin, &c., as well as those of the Boulevard Montmartre. Great slaughter occurred. The force of the people was tremendous. The Hôtel de Ville, and its *place*, was captured by the division under General Pyat at an early hour in the morning. The popular force was

still further strengthened by the soldiers in the *caserne* Poissonnière, who gave up their arms to the people.

The newspapers appeared, with few exceptions. The *Débats* expressed its deep regret at the fall of the Cabinet of the 19th. The *Presse* showed how all rested on Guizot's head. The *Siècle* and *Constitutionnel* hardly knew what to say. The *National* and *Réforme* were bold and daring. They seemed to know the issue. In addition to their leading articles, there appeared an address from the democratic electoral committee of the Seine, demanding that the army should be permanently removed from Paris; that every man of the people should be enrolled in the National Guard; that the Municipal Guard should be discharged; and that a law should be passed, reserving to the National Guard the right of putting down civil troubles. Among the signatures to this paper, which, on Monday, would have sent them all to gaol, were Louis Blanc, David (d'Angers), Martin (of Strasbourg), Goudchaux, and other electors and officers of the National Guard.

Few, however, read the journals, though

some sought the *Moniteur* for the expected names of a new ministry, whose first acceptance by the people is thus recorded by a graphic eye-witness, whose words I borrow:—

"At a little before eight o'clock, as a number of people were busily employed in erecting a barricade at the end of the Rue Taitbout, close to the Boulevard, they saw a group of gentlemen approaching from the end nearest to the Rue des Trois Frères. Some of the crowd immediately recognized them, and loud cries of '*Vive M. Thiers!*' "*Vive M. Odillon Barrot!*" burst forth. With these gentlemen were M. Duvergier de Hauranne, M. de Remusat, Prince de la Moscowa and other members belonging to the Opposition. The whole party walked onwards to the Tuileries, followed by cries of '*Vive la Réforme!*' 'Yes, yes,' said M. Thiers, 'you shall have it.' At another point, in the Rue Grammont, the cry arose of '*Empêchez au moins les coups de fusil!*' which was also responded to affirmatively by the group of Deputies. The whole way from the Boulevards to the Rue St. Honoré, was intercepted by immense barricades, some of them considerably higher

than a man's stature. At each of these impediments, M. Thiers, and the other gentlemen, were obliged to pass singly, and as the rumour spread that the honourable gentleman was going to the King, loud cheers continued to greet him.

"About ten o'clock, M. Odillon Barrot passed up the Rue Sainte Anne on foot towards the Boulevards, proclaiming General Lamoricière Commandant of the National Guard of Paris, and accompanied by a numerous escort of National Guards and citizens, intermingled. On arriving at the corner of the Rue Richelieu, M. Odillon Barrot gave orders to a troop of dragoons, and the 21st regiment of the line, to proceed to their barracks. The order was immediately obeyed amidst shouts of '*Vive Lamoricière!*' '*Vive Odillon Barrot!*' '*Vive le Vingt-unième de ligne!*' the soldiers fraternising with the people. The caissons of the regiment were in an instant broken open, and their contents distributed amongst the crowd."

But on arriving subsequently at other barricades, they found a very different reception. Barrot was not listened to. Loud

cries of "*à bas Louis Philippe! Vive la République!*" were heard, and the cry once begun, was taken up everywhere. Still Barrot and Thiers seemed to think reconciliation possible, as will be seen by the following extract:—

"By eleven o'clock, the muster of the National Guards had become very strong, and most of the posts which had been occupied by the infantry of the line were taken possession of by them. A company of the line was seen returning to their barracks, in the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière — many of them were disarmed, having given up their muskets, when demanded by the people, or rather by mere lads who were in the crowd. Those who were not disarmed, had their muskets reversed. Two pieces of cannon and two caissons were seized on the Boulevarde des Italiens by a party of the people, among whom was a number of National Guards. The powder was taken out and distributed to the people, and then the cannon and the caissons were taken to the *mairie* of the second arrondissement.

"The following proclamation was posted posted at the Bourse:—

"'Orders have been given to cease firing everywhere.

"'We have just been charged by the King to form a Ministry.

"'The Chamber will be dissolved, and an appeal be made to the country.

"'General Lamoricière has been appointed Commandant of the National Guards.

"'THIERS,

"'ODILLON BARROT,

"'DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE,

"'LAMORICIERE.'

"At twelve o'clock, M. Odillon Barrot, accompanied by General Lamoricière, repaired from the Chamber of Deputies to the Ministry of the Interior, where he was formally installed, in presence of the National Guard and a multitude of citizens, who filled the court. Shortly afterwards the following proclamation was posted upon the gate, amidst universal acclamations:—

"'My dear comrades,—I have been invested by the new Cabinet with the superior command of the National Guard of the Department of the Seine.

"'By your energetic attitude, you have

asserted the triumph of liberty. You have been, and will ever be defenders of order. I rely upon you, as you may rely upon me,

" ' Your comrade,

(Signed) " ' GENERAL LAMORICIERE.

(Countersigned) " ' ODILLON BARROT.

" ' Paris, Feb. 24, 1848.' "

In most parts of the town, however, proclamations were torn down, amid execrations and cries of vengeance. What was the temper of the people, and what chance the Monarchy had, will be seen, from my personal narrative, which I now give. I shall afterwards return and explain more fully the general course of events.

CHAPTER IX.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

I was busily engaged on Thursday morning, finishing a letter which I hoped to despatch by post before the clock struck ten, when a rumour under my window attracted my attention. I rushed to look out, the least noise exciting deep interest. Mounted on a miserable hack, was a young officer in the dress of the Polytechnic School, who, waving a sword in one hand, and a handkerchief in the other, moved along the street, followed by a crowd. At his horse's head were two men, one in the uniform of the National Guard, the other, one of the people armed with a musket. I rapidly descended, but only in time to see him disappear. It was a student of the Polytechnic School, rushing to call the people everywhere to arms. To the cries of women and others that he would be shot,

he replied, "I am doing my duty," and went on his way to spread the insurrectionary movement into the faubourgs, and, as I afterwards learned, brought down a force of two thousand men.

It was clear, that events were complicating, and I at once determined not to lose any time, but to see all that could be seen. Taking my way towards the Palais Royal, I was stopped near St. Roch by two barricades. They were being erected by about thirty or forty men and lads. The first was across the whole of the Rue St. Honoré, the other protected the Rue Neuve St. Roch. The red flag waved over both. Gradually a few armed men came up, and then a republican friend of mine, with whom I walked back to the corner of the Rue 29 Juillet, to where a commissary of police was addressing a few scattered National Guards.

"Gentlemen!" he cried, "you have all you want."

"And pray, what is all we want?" replied my friend—an ex-officer in the Lancers—warmly.

"*La Réforme.* Thiers and Barrot are ministers," said the official.

"*Canaille!*" replied my companion, hotly. "Thiers, the man of the fortifications, of the September laws; Barrot, a dynastic Liberal, who, once in office, will lick Louis Philippe's shoes."

"Well," said the commissary of police, in a mild and conciliatory tone, which two days before was insolent in the extreme, while the knot of shopkeepers, several of whom were *fournisseurs* to the *château*, listened with charmed ears, "what is it you do want?"

"The deposition of the King!" thundered my friend, "*à bas Louis Philippe! Vive la République!*"

And he quitted the stupified group to go elsewhere, and stir the masses to accept nothing short of a Republic. It was the similar conduct of a few resolute men, like my friend, and E. Arago, that decided the fortune of the day.

I left him, however, and returned for a moment to the barricade, which was now nearly completed. Scarcely had I taken up my post beside it, when I saw a forest of bayonets coming from the Palais Royal. Not exactly aware of the disposition

of affairs, I awaited their advent with some little anxiety. It was a regiment of National Guards, escorting a regiment of the line to their barracks. They were received with loud cries of *Vive la Réforme!* to which they warmly responded, while the soldiers reversed their muskets in sign of fraternity. No sooner had they passed, by climbing over the barricade, than the work proceeded. Several armed men continued to arrive, and there was a talk of organizing a column to aid in an attack on the Tuileries, when a body of troops of the line came up. They were fifty in number, and like the rest, had their muskets reversed. Their arms were demanded by the unarmed populace, they hesitated and objected that they had no orders. The people listened to reason, and contented themselves with taking every particle of ammunition from them, after which they were allowed to proceed, amid cries of *Vive la ligne!*

Another regiment of National Guards now appeared coming from the Place Vendôme, who halted before the barricade, and after a parley, were assisted in passing over what was now a formidable impediment. They cried aloud *Vive la Réforme!* and intimated

that they were going to the Tuileries to wring concessions from the monarch.

I now descended the Rue St. Honoré, with an Englishman who had joined me at the barricade, and found the people occupied everywhere in blockading all the avenues which led to the Palace of the Tuileries. At every step I met men hurrying to the scene of action, armed with swords, pikes, sticks, guns, anything, in fact, they could find. Loud cries assailed the passers-by who paused not to assist in making barricades; one was in course of erection under the very windows of the Tuileries, in presence of the post that occupied the vaulted entrance to the court-yard of the palace.

In the Rue Richelieu, I came upon a body of about two thousand strong, National Guards and people, in about equal quantities, who were preparing to march. They had a black and red flag, and presented a rare aspect of determination. Presently they started, drums beating and colours flying, down the Rue St. Honoré, to assist in investing the Tuileries. Their adventures I shall record in a subsequent part of my volume.

After conversing with several of the groups who were stationed around, and who lingered at the corners of the streets, we advanced towards the Place du Palais Royal. One side of this is occupied by the *façade* of the palace, opposite which is a large oblong building of stone. In the centre is a large fountain, known as the Château d'Eau, while the building itself, one of the strongest posts in Paris, was occupied by one hundred and thirty-eight soldiers of the 14th regiment of the line, and some Municipals. It is entered by a double flight of steps.

To the right and left, on the side of the Palais Royal, the place is crossed by the Rue St. Honoré, while, on the same side of the way, the Rue de Valois forms a junction with the same street. Two thoroughfares, the narrow dirty Rue du Musée and the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, start from beside the *corps-de-garde*, the one leading to the Louvre, the other to the Place du Carrousel.

When I came out on the Place, affairs were peaceable. The soldiers were in part on the summit of the steps, while about five hundred of the people were scattered here and

there, mingled with the National Guard. The post of the Palais Royal itself had surrendered, and given their arms to the people.

A vast barricade was rising at the corners of the Rue de Valois, surmounted by a banner. All was comparatively still. The people were parleying with the soldiers, and entreating them to disarm themselves. I was informed, that Etienne Arago, the brother of the astronomer, had endeavoured to persuade the soldiers to give up their arms, and the immense stock of ammunition which they possessed; other efforts were made several times in vain.

This episode is thus described: "About eleven o'clock, after having raised barricades, all round the *Réforme* office, Etienne arrived on the Place du Palais Royal. Some citizens, amongst whom were Tisserandot, Baune, Caussanel, Bossens, Lagrange, Jeanty, Sarre, Fayolle, (well-known Republicans), collected before the post of the Château d'Eau, and parleying with the troops, entreated them to retire. Etienne addressed the officer of the 14th who commanded; he was a small man, with very marked features, and sturdy make.

"'Retire,' said Etienne, 'spare your

soldiers and the people a useless sacrifice of blood. We are few before you now, in a quarter of an hour we shall be hundreds; in an hour tens of thousands! Resistance is impossible. It would be criminal.'

"Vain efforts! The Captain, the officers who surrounded him, the soldiers even fell back upon their duty and military honour. Their refusal was invincible. With his heart swelling with regret at the thought of the awful butchery which must ensue, our friend, says the writer, went away to the Rue de Richelieu. Between the barricade of the Théâtre Français and the Fontaine Molière, he met M. Moriceau, officer of the staff of the National Guard, who preceded by a few yards the General Lamoricière, and another officer of the National Guard of the *état-major*.

"'Use your influence,' said M. Moriceau, 'to have the General recognized.'

"And he named M. Arago to the General, who advanced to meet them.

"'General,' said Etienne, warmly, 'there is no longer, to-day, any one, talking of Reform or Regency; this time we will have the Republic, and keep it.'

"To an incredulous shake of the head of General Lamoricière, his reply was full of fire.

"'Yes! the Republic is ours, and no one shall tear it from our hands. You are a *brave*, General, and soon you shall have your place at the frontier as a soldier of the Republic; at this moment you would uselessly seek to be heard; go no further—your efforts are futile.'"

After a few more words, the General and his officers turned round, and went back to the Tuileries.

The officer in command absolutely refused to listen, though assured that everywhere the people were gaining the day, and that he would thus lessen the shedding of blood.

I was standing in the middle of the Place, looking round me. The soldiers had withdrawn inside the door, and were stationed at the windows and on the terrace. A general move took place to the different corners of the square. A few lads made a rush at the Palais Royal gates—still closed. The garrison of the post of the Château d'Eau at once levelled their guns, and fired a murderous volley on armed and unarmed. I saw

one fall within two yards of me. While those who had muskets replied to their fire; I, and many others who were unarmed, retreated to the corner of the Rue du Musée, anywhere, in fact, where a little shelter could be found.

The scene, from this forward, was of the most terrible description. As soon as I could look around me, I saw that the whole Place was empty, while at the corners, behind, before the barricades, kneeling down, standing up, at windows, on the house-tops, were the people. Volley after volley was discharged. The garrison fired several times with the utmost military precision. The people answered. Every now and then, a small party having loaded, would rush out in the middle of the Place, and fire at the windows of the post, never failing to leave dead and wounded on the square. Those who think there was not much fighting or much blood in this Revolution, should have witnessed this scene.

Fresh crowds arrived every minute. I could see the combatants rushing down the Rue de Valois, reinforcing the people, or filling the place left vacant by the dead. Amongst others, Count d'Alton Shee, Etienne, Arago, and Ferdinand Flocon, editor of the *Réforme*.

The arrival of Arago is thus described by his friend and companion, Arthus Dangeliers:—

"Some minutes after the above scene, Etienne was pressing the hands of his friends of *la Réforme*, the citizens Caussidière, Chancel, Vigne, and the author, collected on the Place des Victoires. At the end of a quarter of an hour, we heard firing in the direction of the Tuileries; there was then a pause, when the discharges became again more rapid. It was the combat on the Palais Royal which commenced. Etienne rushed the first. The Rue Croix des Petits Champs, which we traversed to arrive at the scene of conflict, was encumbered by National Guards and men of the people, armed. The drums were beating a charge. In the midst of this compact mass of citizens, we were separated, and I saw him no more until the last act of the drama. When Etienne arrived at the theatre of the struggle, the Place was empty. The greater part of the combatants were behind the barricade, which closed up the ends of the Rues de Valois and St. Honoré. Other insurgents were behind the barricade towards the Rue de Richelieu; others occupied the two angles of the Place, on the side of the Rue du Musée

and the Rue de Chartres. On both sides, the firing was terrible."

At the corner of the Rue du Musée, we were about twenty. Already one dead body lay at our feet; it was carried into a baker's shop and deposited on chairs. Another and another fell, and the *boulangerie* became an *ambulance*. In half-an-hour, four were lying dangerously wounded beside the one dead man, while three others were shot through the arm. Never do I wish again to see so murderous a fight. Not an instant did the firing cease. Each moment, the people, more furious as they saw so many victims fall, redoubled in boldness. Etienne Arago advanced into the middle of the Place, and fired at the post; he then moved down to encourage those at the corner where I was, and then returned to the Rue de Valois to join Flocon, who commanded that position. An episode, which I saw, but scarce noticed, is thus vividly described:— "A child, one of these admirable *enfans de Paris*, of which this capital alone supplies a type, and which the people have baptized by the name of *titis*, flew about the Place, animating the people and provoking the soldiers. Etienne saw him alternately to his right, to

his left, opposite him, and, despite the gravity of his personal situation, he admired, from the bottom of his heart, the careless courage, the bold heart of the heroic child, whose shoulder had been cut by a bayonet or a ball, whose shirt was all bloody, and who in the van, in the most perilous post, armed only with a sabre, and in a shower of balls, came to brave new wounds, or an almost certain death; and all this because he had heart; because the smell of powder was as a loadstone; because, in fine, he was an *enfant de Paris!*"

Another anecdote is worthy of being recorded. At the commencement of the attack, and shortly after the interview of Lamoricière with Arago, the company of grenadiers of the 2nd Legion of the National Guard, commanded by Captain Barrère, endeavoured to to take possession of the post amicably, with Lamoricière at their head. The company was without ammunition, while on both sides a heavy fire was kept up. The Captain hesitated to advance, when a young *enfant de Paris*, aged twelve or thirteen, presented himself to the Captain, and said, "I will stay the

fire of the insurgents, or be killed." He immediately rushed into the Place, and called on the insurgents to cease firing. At the end of a moment, they acquiesced, and the lad came back, saying, "I have kept my promise," and at the same time he showed his shoulder shattered by a ball. The effort was, however, vain.

Meanwhile, by the Café de la Régence, a dense crowd, utterly heedless of the proximity of the balls, which seldom wounded, save mortally, poured an unceasing fire, so loud, continued, so frequent, as to be absolutely stunning.

To add to the confusion, a number of royal carriages, taken from the stables of the Tuileries, were dragged out on the Place, and, by aid of mattrasses thrown out to the people from the windows, were fired. The example was most contagious. The group amongst whom I was, knocked at once at the door of a small house which was occupied in the building of the post by a water-carrier. He came out with his wife and daughter, trembling and terrified. The people assisted them into the baker's shop, and then, having brought

out his principal valuables, piled faggots from the baker's upon the straw mattrasses, and fired it all.

Up rose a hot flame, and a loud cry from the people for the soldiers to surrender, for that resistance was now madness. The garrison replied by a still more murderous discharge, which added to the exasperation of the multitude, who, from behind the blazing carriages, from barricade and window, from the Palais Royal, now captured, poured volley for volley. Here might be seen a boy of twelve, with a musket too heavy for him to carry, kneeling down and firing from a cart; here Peer, peasant, Deputy, National Guard, journeyman and master, English, French, Poles, hustled together, all with one object—that of ensuring a popular victory.

Among the most daring of the combatants was a young man, respectably dressed, who, with a musket, advanced continually to the middle of the Place, and endeavoured to lead a charge against the post at the point of the bayonet. Presently, during one of these attempts, he fell, shot through the breast. I and others assisted, in removing him senseless, into the

baker's shop, where he was laid down by the side of his other companions in misfortune. On washing his wound, it was found that he had been shot through and through the right breast.

He soon came to himself, and the first words he uttered were in English.

"Mr. St. John, I believe?" he said, with a clearness and distinctness which to me seemed a good sign.

"Yes," I replied, perhaps more astonished than I ever was before during my whole life; "but how do you know me?"

"I am a printer, I worked for M——, in London, where you often called to correct proofs of your writings."

I now had some slight recollection of his face, and asked him how he came to be concerned in the revolution. He told me that he had turned out with others during the night, and had fought hitherto without hurt, and hoped that he was not very badly wounded. I begged him to be of good cheer, and then went out again amongst the combatants.*

* I never saw him again. His wound was mortal. I

The scene was tremendous. The carriages had made a vast burning barricade, from behind which hundreds of men poured their volleys on the post, which, though the soldiers must now have been half choked with smoke, replied with even more fury than ever. The Place was obscured by dense clouds of vapour. Where I stood, within four feet of the post, the heat was awful. I could scarcely stand. The air was hot, like the blast of a furnace; while a smell of gunpowder filled the nostrils.

From the carriages rose up numerous columns of flame, ardent and red, like the blood which ran upon the pavement beneath; while several heaps of straw and wood were burning against the post itself, which had caught fire in two places. In the dim light which prevailed, the day being closed, the smoke of fire and gunpowder, the ten thousand heads of the people might be seen crowding the Place, in blouses, uniforms, coats, armed and unarmed, while

made continual inquiries for him, and only found out, when too late to see him, that he had been removed to the Hospital of Charity, where he died on Saturday, the 26th. His name was George Good, and he was buried with the other victims.

swords, bayonets and guns flashed in the lurid glare; the ears were deafened by the tremendous discharges from both sides; from the Valois barricade, from the Rohen barricade, from the Rue de Chartres, from where I stood, from the windows, from the Place, from the Palais Royal, from the Corps de Garde, where still the already burning soldiers kept up a discharge—all were firing!

Still the parleyers tried to make the fighting cease:—all in vain! In vain, M. de Girardin came down with the proclamation of the King's Abdication; in vain General Lamoricière advanced, sword in hand, and commanded the soldiers to desist; they fired on him and wounded him in the hand. In vain the son of Admiral Baudin rushed among the combatants, crying, "Louis Philippe has Abdicated!"—mistaken for the Duc de Nemours, he was only saved by three National Guards from instant death. The soldiers and Municipals held out. Their obstinacy was now increased by the fear of revenge. Not one expected to leave the post alive if they surrendered — a fatal error, for almost to the last, the people said they were of course

acting from a mistaken sense of duty, and should be forgiven.

A short silence took place. The post was said to be empty, or the soldiers were burnt. During this pause, the people crowded densely on the Place. A column of National Guards, headed by Captain Jouanne, and followed by Leperé, of the "Réforme," afterwards killed, scaled a barricade, and with Etienne Arago, rushed to capture the post and save the wretched beings within, with the nineteen prisoners of the people in the *violon*, where cries of despair were clearly heard. The fire had completely wrapped the *corps de garde*, the cistern of the fountain had given way and flooded the Place with water, and the awful confusion increased every minute.

The capture of the Tuileries, of the Hôtel de Ville, was reported, and everybody believed the revolution was accomplished, when a furious discharge from every part of the post again renewed the bloody struggle. From this moment the scene was dreadful. The garrison finding the *corps-de-garde* too hot to hold them, tried to rush out at the gate, but were shot as they appeared. The

blood of the people was up, the last discharge changed their sentiments, and not one was allowed to escape. Every instant the flames increased in violence; floors, roofs, furniture, everything was on fire, and at length an awful stillness prevailed. The firing ceased, for the garrison had perished; victims of their own obstinacy. The rigid disciplinarian who commanded them was killed with a bayonet while attempting to escape.

A moment of profound silence followed. Each man held his breath, and asked his neighbour if it could be true, that more than a hundred of their fellow-creatures had perished in the flames, victims of a mistaken sense of duty. A feeling of horror pervaded the crowd, and then the cry arose, "To the Tuileries!" Away rushed thousands of combatants. I accompanied them.

On arriving at the Place du Carrousel, the first thing I saw was the people tearing the royal flag to atoms.

The Monarchy had ceased to exist, and from the crowd arose in the air, one stupendous shout:—

"Vive la République!"

Before I proceed to narrate what I saw, I must go back and bring events down to three o'clock in the afternoon.*

* I am aware various versions have been given of the Château d'Eau affair. I write what I saw. Many, assert that the soldiers escaped, some by a back way, which does not exist, others, that the post was only fired after the troops had evacuated it and fraternized with the people. The post was in flames more than an hour before the fight was over, and to say nothing of those wholly consumed, fifty-three bodies were taken out by firemen.

CHAPTER X.

FALL OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

WHILE I was at the Palais Royal, events of a momentous character were taking place in other quarters.

Everywhere the troops had withdrawn on the Boulevards, before the orders of Barrot and Thiers, who, as they returned to the palace, were able to judge of the real character of the insurrection. Cries of *vive la République!* and *à bas Louis Philippe!* greeted them, too, at every step. The fighting still went on in many quarters between the people and the Municipal Guards, and the *tirailleurs* of Vincennes; but every hour the strength of the populace increased. The barricades of the quartiers Montmartre, and Poissonnière, were alone guarded by thirty or forty thousand people; the Hôtel de Ville was occupied by thousands.

A novel feature in Parisian *émeutes*, was the appearance of barricades in the Quartier des Ecoles and the Faubourg St. Germain. Here, too, every moment new combatants appeared in the streets. The post of the *Hôtel des Conseils de Guerre* was captured after a brief resistance, while the people attacked the military prison of the Abbaye. The troops of the line were unable to resist the furious onset of the insurgents. The Abbaye was captured, and the prisoners liberated. Amongst them were three soldiers condemned to death. One of them was to have been shot in the course of the morning. It is needless to allude to the joy with which he greeted the arrival of his liberators. His emotion was so violent as to cause him to faint. The victors then scattered the records of the prison to the winds.

At the same time, several National Guards, followed by numerous groups, armed with pikes and guns, made towards the Palace of the Luxembourg. There was no resistance, except from a solitary guardian, who, having fired on the people, was instantly killed. While a group took possession of the palace, a Polytechnic student led another party to the *grille*

of the garden facing the Rue de Féron. After vainly trying to force the *grille*, a workman clambered up in search of the keys. Suddenly four soldiers of the line, shut up in the post of the prison, came out in arms; the corporal fired his musket, which hurt no one, and then, throwing down his gun, ran away, and was soon out of sight. The three soldiers, thus abandoned and surrounded, gave up their arms, and the victorious people entered the posts and barracks of the veterans, who also gave up their ammunition, guns, and swords.

Meanwhile, the aids-de-camp, scattered over the town to proclaim the Barrot Ministry, returned with the news of its rejection by the people. Alarm began to be felt. Several regiments of cavalry and infantry joined the little army which had bivouacked on the Place du Carrousel all night. Some battalions of the National Guard ranged themselves in battle array, and were received by the troops with cries of *vive la Garde Nationale!* responded to by cries of *vive la ligne! vive la Réforme!*

Shortly after this, Marshal Bugeaud rode along the National Guard, to sound their dis-

position, and to discover if they were willing to receive him as a commander. He was, however, coldly welcomed, amid loud cries of *vive la Réforme!* As a last resource, Louis Philippe himself came out on horseback, accompanied by the Ducs de Nemours and Montpensier, and rode along the legions. He seemed uncertain, anxious, half alarmed. Many cries were heard; a few men cried *vive le Roi!* but the chief shouting which greeted the monarch was *vive la Réforme!* The King saw that there was little to be done. He afterwards rode along the troops of the line, and a private, who was among the combatants of the Palais Royal, assured me that his reception was cold in the extreme.

He returned to the palace to hear that the whole of the Tuileries was surrounded with barricades, that the people unanimously rejected the Thiers-Barrot administration, that *à bas Louis Philippe!* was now the cry on all sides, and that the attack of the Tuileries was expected every minute. General Lamoricière rushed out to pass the troops and the National Guard in review, and then entered the streets, to seek to calm the agitation which prevailed. He brought back no

satisfactory news, while the tremendous combat of the Palais Royal sent its stunning uproar into the very apartments of the palace.

A column of insurgents suddenly debouched by the Rue de Rohan, on the Carrousel, covered with troops, and put themselves in communication with the *état-major*. M. Thiers, informed of their presence, came out with the two Princes to meet them, but before he entered the Place, they had returned to the Palais Royal combat.

A few minutes later, the palace of the Tuileries presented a remarkable aspect. The Duc de Nemours, pale and fatigued, was turning over, without reading, an evening paper; the sister of the Queen of Spain, very terrified, questioned every speaker with her eye; the King, very red and flushed, was surrounded by Thiers, Remusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, de Malleville, Lacrosse, Jules de Lasteyrie, and Emile de Girardin, and listened anxiously to the sounds from without. The Duc de Montpensier stood apart, conversing with M. Quinet. The saloons were filled with Generals—the mass of courtiers, without any of that chivalry which relieves the ab-

surdities of royalism, had vanished—they did nothing but ask questions, without proposing any remedy. Presently, the word abdication was whispered, and the Deputies present told the King it was the only chance to save the dynasty. The King hesitated; there was no paper—it was provided—there was no ink, it was found—no pens—they were brought, and then he prepared to write. The Queen fell upon his neck, and implored him to be firm, and resist. But Louis Philippe heard the firing at the Palais Royal, and knew the Tuileries would be next attacked. He gently pushed her away, and wrote:—

"I lay down the crown which the will of the nation bestowed on me in July, 1830. I abdicate in favour of my well-beloved grandson, the Count of Paris."

These words being written, the King rose, read it out, and giving the paper to one of those present, said: "Let it be taken to the Chamber of Deputies."

"Sire!" exclaimed the Queen, "you give way to an *émeute;* you are allowing yourself to be frightened."

And Marie Amélie clenched her hands with anger. This feeling is easily understood in an

aged Queen, who could not know the extent of the evil, and who saw the whole future of her family failing her on this memorable day.

"Madam," said M. Lacrosse, to the Duchess of Orleans, who had expressed her desire of going to the Chambers, "if you persist in your design, I am sure you will find the people ready to let you pass. You wear the robe of the widow."

The little Count of Paris listened with an anxiety which seemed beyond his years, while his brother, the Duke de Chartres, wept bitterly. Faithful to the Court there now remained but one man, the General de Rumigny; the rest rushed to the Chambers, or sought safety in flight.

It was in the interval of the King's having signed the abdication, and of the Duc de Nemours' departure, that occurred the first advance of the National Guard on the Tuileries. It will show that not the mere workmen wished the fall of the monarch. Early in the morning, the 6th Legion, with its *Maire*, Lieutenant-Colonel, two chiefs of batallions, and several officers, marched on the Tuileries. They had reached the Rue de l'Echelle, when

the firing began at the Palais Royal. The whole Legion rushed to the combat just as Marshal Gérard, having a green bough in his hand, endeavoured to stay the combatants. As I have before narrated, this was in vain; but I may mention, what I omitted to do in the right place, that much of this obstinacy arose from the body of Municipals who occupied the terrace on the roof.

This body, fearing that they might be taken by the troops guarding the Tuileries, made a reconnoissance. There were, within the court, 3000 infantry, six pieces of cannon in a battery, two squadrons of dragoons, without counting the armed guardians, or the Municipals. Besides, the whole interior was full of soldiers. This force, protected by the *grille*, and by the artillery, if it had been attacked, could have fought a bloody battle, and would have been forced to do so, could those within have relied on them. But, as on the famous 10th of August, not one half were staunch. Their sympathies were with the people, and the Municipals were not numerous enough to do the work of Charles the Tenth's Swiss. A profound silence reigned, interrupted only by the *fusillade* of the Palais

Royal, or by a stray shot fired at the soldiers.

Still no fighting commenced; when the news came, that the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 10th Legions were all advancing to the attack of the Tuileries, with some thousands of people. A battle was imminent. At this moment, Lieutenant Aubert Roche, advanced to the *grille*, near the Rue de Rivoli, and demanded the Governor of the Tuileries, who, in great trepidation, obeyed the summons. "You are lost," cried the Lieutenant, "you are surrounded, and the combat will commence, if you do not evacuate the Tuileries, and give it up to the National Guard." The commander, understanding the situation, drew the soldiers off to the castle, without sending them away. Seeing that they did not retreat, M. Aubert Roche, accompanied by Lesnear, chief of a batallion of Gagne-Renez, ran again to the Rue de Rivoli gate. They knocked, and announced themselves as bringing a parley. The *grille* opened, and they entered alone, with their drawn swords, the court full of soldiers. The commanders hurried to meet them, saying that they had withdrawn the troops within.

"That is of no use," said the Lieutenant "you must dislodge from the château, or misfortunes will arise."

The commander of the Tuileries, like many others on this memorable day, appeared scarcely to know what to do; he, therefore, made no reply, but led the two officers before the Pavilion of the Horloge, where stood the Duc de Nemours and several Generals, their faces the very image of consternation. "Monseigneur," said the commander of the Tuileries, "here is a worthy citizen, who will show you how to spare a great effusion of blood." "What is to be done?" said the Duc de Nemours, in a voice trembling with emotion, the once proud future Regent of mighty France. "Monsieur, you must evacuate the Tuileries instantly. You have not a moment to lose. You must give it up to the National Guards, or you are lost. The combat will be bloody, the Tuileries is completely surrounded; the 5th Legion, of which I am a member, is now fighting at the Palais Royal, with its *Maire* and superior officers at its head. Let that combat not cease before the troops have left the château, or there will be an assault, despite our utmost efforts." "Do you think

so?" said the Duke, "I will then withdraw the troops." And instantly, before the National Guard, he gave the order for a retreat. The artillery went out by the *grille* of the Palais Royal, the Duc de Nemours and the *état-major* went through the pavilion to the garden, making their horses descend the stairs, and the cavalry and infantry followed.

The National Guard now began to occupy the Place, and when the combatants came, they found the Tuileries taken.

In a few minutes the preparations for departure were made. The Duchess of Orleans took her two children by the hand, and walked across the Tuileries, accompanied by the Ducs de Nemours and Montpensier. Louis Philippe, dressed in black, and giving his arm to the Queen, went out of the château by the subterraneous passage, formerly constructed for the walks of the King of Rome. The details of his flight have been correctly given but by one writer, M. Meurice, of the *Courrier des Spectacles*.

"This last scene of a reign is not exactly rendered," he remarks, "and the reason will be readily understood. It passed before the

eyes of very few persons, the troops excepted, and when everywhere an agitation fermented, and when all the masses of the people were round the Palais Royal and the *façade* of the Tuileries. Probabilities have taken the place of fact. No one could foresee what was passing at the Pont Tournant, where were but about one hundred and fifty of unarmed citizens. I was present. About one o'clock, while conversing with the Colonel of the 21st regiment of the line, who manifested aloud the most patriotic opinions, of which he gave proof, by sheathing the bayonets of all his men, a young man on horseback came galloping along, shouting that *Louis Philippe* had abdicated. This was the son of Admiral Baudin. At the moment afterwards, at the Pont-Tournant, we saw coming out from the garden of the Tuileries, some National Guards on horseback, going slowly, as if at the head of a procession, and inviting the citizens to make no unfavourable demonstration. The words *une grande infortune* were cried on all sides. I then saw coming out of the Tuileries, on foot, and surrounded by about thirty persons in different uniforms, Louis Philippe, his right arm passed through the left of the Queen, on

whom he leaned rather heavily; she walked along with a firm step, casting around an assured, and even angry glance. Louis Philippe was dressed in black, with a round hat, and without any distinctive mark. The Queen wore deep mourning. It was said, that they were going to the Chamber of Deputies to deposit the act of abdication.

Despite the advice given, several cries were heard; amongst others, *Vive la Réforme! Vive la France!* and once or twice, there was a faint cry of *Vive le Roi!* As soon as they had crossed the causeway, fronting the Pont Tournant, and before they reached the asphalte which surrounds the Luxor obelisk, Louis Philippe, the Queen, and the group paused, without any apparent reason. In an instant, they were so closely surrounded by persons on horseback and on foot, as to be unable to advance freely. Louis Philippe appeared somewhat frightened at this sudden movement.

"Chance had brought them to a strange spot, that on which, when Louis Philippe was almost a lad, Louis XVI. had died upon the scaffold, condemned, amongst others, by his father. It was a singular fact, and to many must have caused tremendous reflection. Louis Phi-

lippe turned round quickly, quitting the Queen's arm, took his hat, raised it in the air, and said some words which no one could catch; the bawling, screaming and shouting, the prancing of horses, drowned every word. The Queen seemed alarmed not to have in her's the arm she had been supporting, and turning round with extreme vivacity, uttered some few words. I then said to her, 'Madame, fear nothing; continue on your way, the ranks will open before you.' I suppose the trouble she was in made her misunderstand my action, for, pushing me back, she said, 'Leave me!' in a most irritated accent. She then took Louis Philippe's arm, and they turned back to where two little dark low carriages stood, each with a single horse. Two young children were in the first, Louis Philippe took the left seat, the Queen the right; the children stood up, their faces against the glass, looking at the people with curious attention. The coachman whipped his horse, and they started."

Their subsequent adventures are better known in England than here.

Meanwhile, the news of the King' abdica-

cation had got over all Paris. But with it came the tidings that the Duchess of Orleans was *Régente,* and that the Chambers were to be dissolved. The people felt that this was but half a victory, and that they could dictate, not accept, terms.

Besides, it was a determined thing to have a Republic. It is fitting that I should here state a fact, the knowledge of which, many months back, made me continually foretell the fall of Louis Philippe. Despite the police, despite all its secret agents, large bodies of the working classes were organized. Secret societies, committees had long been prepared. Paris had been mapped out, and the places of the barricades laid down, after deep reflection, and the examination of this was during the insurrection. A vast Republican conspiracy had been long on foot. Its members were not strong enough alone to effect the Revolution, but they had, for years, been waiting the opportunity now offered them. The follies of power, the reform agitation, the doctrines of Socialism, the recent writings of Lemartine, Louis Blanc, Esquiros, Michelet, had also moved the public spirit into

a revolutionary focus. Besides, the Socialist sects were vast secret societies, and here I must distinguish between the Socialists who simply demand an organization of labour, by which the workman is to have a larger share than formerly of the profits, and those Utopian theorists, or worse, known as Communists, a small and uninfluential class. When the Reform Banquet was forbidden, these men saw that the day had arrived, and the heads gave the signal. The conspirators rushed into the streets, animated the people, selected places for barricades, provoked them to resistance, stifled all half-demands, and when needed, led the masses to the combat. Not less than twenty thousand thus understood one another, and in this way it was that everywhere the people found ready and fitting leaders.

To overthrow Louis Philippe was nothing, if the same electoral laws were to prevail under a *Régente*. The Republic and universal suffrage, would alone give the working classes a chance of re-constituting society, and it was a settled thing to reject every concession.

No sooner was the proclamation of the King's abdication known, than the cry was

to take the Tuileries and the Chamber of Deputies. How this was effected is matter of deep interest. My peculiar position prevented my seeing these two events, but I must record them.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TAKING OF THE TUILERIES.

An Italian, who took part in the events of the three days, gives some details, which are of sufficient interest to render his adventures worth recording. I give his narrative, but in my own words, his account being somewhat confused. I add many details which he had omitted to notice.

On the morning of the 24th, towards eleven o'clock, a vast crowd of armed people, mixed with a number of National Guards, drew up in front of the French Theatre. I have alluded to this movement above. Throughout all parts of the column, the drums beat a march, and cries of "down with Guizot!" "Vive la Réforme!" were heard from all quarters.

Several officers of the Citizen Guard conducted the armed crowd. As the flag under

which they marched, bore the words "down with Guizot!" one of the multitude remarked, that this now had become useless, as that detested minister had been replaced by MM. Thiers and Odillon Barrot. This remark only excited general indignation, and cries were heard from all parts, of "No Thiers!—no fortifications!" This was one of the best organized bands of the Republicans. However, the flag bearing the inscription of "down with Guizot!" was torn to pieces, while, at the same time, several persons cried out "to the Tuileries!—to the Tuileries!" On these words, the drums, which had ceased, re-commenced beating the march, and the column started. The vanguard, which was composed of citizens, all well armed with swords, muskets, &c., advanced boldly towards the Carrousel. Arrived at the Rue St. Honoré, it was arrested by cries of "To the Château d'Eau!" After taking part for some time in the attack on this post, the cries of "to the Tuileries!—to the Tuileries!" were redoubled, and the crowd proceeded in that direction with the greatest animation.

The Place du Carrousel, which previous to the combat at the Château d'Eau had been

covered with troops, was now nearly deserted, and the crowd entered at the moment, when several detachments of cavalry were proceeding through the gate-way to take up their ground in the Court of the Tuileries. Here, in effect, a vast number of troops, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were ranged in order of battle in front of the Arc de Triomphe. All the gates were shut to protect the retreat of the troops, when attacked by the people who now arrived on the Place du Carrousel, by the Rue Rohan, and the gateway opposite to the Bridge du Carrousel. At this moment, the great door, situated in the middle of the Tuileries, was opened to afford a passage for an outrider belonging to the King's household, who had come from the stables of the Louvre. But the people having perceived him enter, a volley was discharged, and his horse fell pierced by many balls; the rider, however, who appeared unhurt, immediately rose, and was running for his life, when he fell, under the Arc de Triomphe, never to rise again. One may say, with truth, that the death of the unfortunate outrider was a manifestation of the irritation of the people, and of their aversion towards the

King, who had just abdicated. It was, nevertheless, an unnecessary and brutal act. Two columns of the people, instead of advancing immediately on the Place, kept at a sufficient distance to avoid the risk of an unforeseen attack from the vast number of troops who guarded the Palace of the Tuileries.

The appearance of the armed people on the Place du Carrousel, and the hostile and menacing attitude which they displayed, had caused serious fears to the Royal Family for their personal safety, and they prepared to quit for ever the dwelling of the Kings of France. The Governor of the Palace, who had probably related to the King the history of the death of his outrider, ran up to the gate, where was collected a group of ten or twelve persons, amongst whom were several members of the staff of the National Guard.

"Gentlemen!" cried he, on arriving, "make them cease firing; tell the people to cease firing. The King has abdicated in favour of his grandson, with the Duchess of Orleans as Regent."

He was answered, "Sir, you say that the King has abdicated, and yet orders have not been given to evacuate the Poste of the Château d'Eau; for the last hour it has never ceased

firing on the people. This indeed resembles treason."

"But, Gentlemen," answered the Governor, the same alluded to above at a later period, "the order ought to have been sent, and if any one of you will accompany me to the post, I will go and execute whatever you desire."

Before going to the post, he was answered, "Send out the troops from the Court of the Tuileries, as the irritable people seeing all these soldiers drawn up in battle array, may even yet engage with them—order the cavalry and artillery to retire, and command that the infantry march out, having their muskets reversed." The Governor went back, and the scene recorded above having occurred—these commands became orders from the Governor, and in a few minutes the court-yard was empty. Afterwards, the Governor, accompanied by two officers of the National Guard, proceeded to the post of the Château d'Eau, and on his orders, the fire temporarily ceased; however, the captain commanding the post, still being determined not to yield, was run through the body with a bayonet while en-

deavouring to cut his way out, and the fighting went on.

On the departure of the Governor, the people demanded that the gates might be opened to them, and a general cry of "to the Tuileries," having gathered together, a large number of the armed populace, the crowd rushed in without the least resistance being offered to them. Within, several superior officers of the National Guards were gathered together for the purpose of taking resolutions as to what was to be done.

It was, however, perceived on looking at the windows of the palace, that it was filled with soldiers, and the Colonel of the National Guard immediately prepared the means for their retreat, so as to prevent a collision on the arrival of the people. Scarcely had he succeeded when the crowd reached the spot, and the Tuileries was in their possession. The grand staircase was thrown open, and thousands rushed up. On beholding the magnificence of the apartments, a workman, but little accustomed to such grandeur, could not refrain from calling out, "Well! indeed this is a better house than mine."

On traversing the principal apartments, it was remarked that all the hearths were laid so that the fires might be immediately lighted, which was also the case in the Hall of the Marshals, and in the throne room. Here an officer of the King's household, asked the favour of a few minutes' halt, and the promise not to sacrifice the troops which were in the Palace, as they were on the point of retiring. Acceding to his desire, an instant after, a hundred Municipal Guards, completely armed, were about to be sent away from the Palace. However, the people observing them, immediately called out, "First lay down your arms!" and the soldiers at once complied with the demand.

After this disarming, the people laid hold of the flags which surmounted the throne, at the same time calling out, in alluding to Louis Philippe, "Go, brigand; now you have neither flags nor throne!" In passing through the several apartments, and on arriving at the Council Hall of the Ministers, the fire there was ready lighted, and the tables arranged as if a council was about to be held. Everything was disposed with the utmost regularity and order. In the card-room, where the Royal

Family usually gathered, a large round table, covered with green cloth, was placed near the fire, which was scarcely half burned away, while several arm-chairs were ranged round it.

The other tables were covered with books, and a pen was even found still wet with ink. In the billiard-room, the table appeared to have been recently used, as the balls and cues were still lying on it.

All these circumstances rendered it evident that the Palace of the Tuileries had been quitted in the most precipitate manner, and without the late inhabitants at all prepared for it.

There is, indeed, not the slightest doubt that that morning, not one of the Royal Family had any fear of further results than a change of Ministry and dissolution of the Chambers. Singular delusion! when all Paris was in arms and the army was fraternizing with the people. The rest of this narrative I give in the actors own words. "I shortly after returned to the throne room, and having tried the arm-chair, joined a group and started for the Chamber of Deputies, going down the little stairs which leads to the Pont Royal. Crossing the bridge, every one spoke of the impression made upon

him by the sight of the royal apartments, yet warm with the presence of those who had abandoned them. Others spoke of what was to be done at the Chamber of Deputies. Some said that the Regency must be rejected; another demanded universal suffrage; another the Republic. As they went along, and had arrived near the Palace of the Legion of Honour, we met a grenadier of the National Guard, who begged us to go back, showing us the proclamation of General Lamoricière as General of the National Guard. A gentleman, after reading the proclamation, exclaimed,—'Let us listen to nothing! we are sought to be deceived! they have no right to make any nomination.' I added, 'All power has fallen with the vanquished King who constituted it. Let us go to the Chamber and declare all power illegal; observing the flag, which we have taken from the Tuileries, by this you will declare that royalty has fallen beneath you.' Cries of 'Let us go! let us make haste!'

"Having reached the great *grille* of the Chamber of Deputies, the body of people, who before were standing silent, began to cry 'bravo!' The sentinels who guarded the railing leading to the entrance by which the

public were usually admitted, opened to us, and we were able to ascend the stairs; but on reaching the door, a General, whom I had seen on horseback on arriving, presented himself to us and said, in an imperious tone, 'Gentlemen, do not *souiller* the Chamber.' At this word *souiller*, I turned round to the pupils of the Polytechnic School and said, 'Do you accept this word *souiller*?' Their reply was energetically in the negative, and addressing the General I said, 'Monsieur, it is not the place of the vanquished to give laws to the conquerors.' My words were followed by loud cries from the group.

"The General now spoke in a calm and persuasive tone to the party, who, however, were not to be kept back. An effort was made to induce them to be satisfied with the Regency of the Duchess of Orleans and the Thiers-Barrot Ministry. But the Republicans and students of the Polytechnic School were here the masters, and loud cries of 'No Ministry! no Regency! We have the flags of the Tuileries, and will allow no abdication, but a deposition.' M. Marie came out and told the people he was entirely of their opinion, and sought to make it prevail. But the people

feared the majority, and one of them cried, 'If we do not enter the Chamber in time to prevent a deliberation, and vote on the Regency question, our victory is useless.' With these words a column was formed, who rushed forward, with the flags of the royal throne at their head. They entered the Chamber, waving their banners and shouting victory."

Having thus brought the people to the Chamber of Deputies, let us describe in detail one of the most extraordinary scenes recorded in any history.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST SITTING OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

WHILE all these momentous events are occurring, let us enter the Chamber of Deputies, and minutely trace the last scene of the Parliament of the French monarchy. It is worthy of being made an historical picture.

The Chamber had been convoked for one o'clock; but the general excitement was such, that by twelve many Deputies had arrived, and in half-an-hour afterwards the President took his seat amidst general acclamations. The persons present were far differently agitated from what they had been previously, while not one of the ex-ministers was to be seen.

By one o'clock, about three hundred Deputies were present, and the *séance* at once promised to be of a stormy character.

M. Charles Lafitte, who, with difficulty

obtained a hearing, addressing himself to the Chamber, said: "Gentlemen, I shall not detain your long; but I speak to all parts of the Chamber, to the right, to the centre, to the left, and more particularly to the extremities, praying them to sink all angry passions. I shall not enter into useless explanations, because you know what is going on. I shall simply propose to the Chamber to declare itself in permanence."

Numerous voices.—Yes, yes; in permanence.

M. Dutier.—I demand to have the proposition postponed, and that, at present, the Chamber be simply constituted with the right of acting as future circumstances may demand. (Yes, yes).

M. de Cambacerès.—I demand that the Chamber remain in abeyance till the end of the present crisis. (Yes, yes).

The President.—There cannot be any other question of permanence than this; the Chamber has commenced its sitting, and will remain open as long as no motion be made to adjourn it. The Chamber has only been opened in public sitting at the hour when it

ought to have done so in the Bureaux. The sitting is for a moment suspended.

The most violent agitation reigned in the Assembly, and every one seemed greatly excited by the unwonted nature of the proceedings. A report was soon afloat, that M. Odillon Barrot had been named President of the Council; and much surprise was manifested at his absence. This, however, soon gave way to that of the abdication of the King, in favour of the Comte de Paris, under the Regency of the Duchess of Orleans.

The latter was soon rendered certain, by the arrival of the Duchess herself, accompanied by her two sons, which event took place about half-past one o'clock.

The Duchess was preceded by M. Lacrosse, Secretary to the Chamber, and walked over the Bridge de la Révolution, surrounded by an immense number of National Guards. On her entrance, three chairs were placed at the foot of the tribune. The Duchess seated herself in one, and the other two were occupied by the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres. At this moment cries were heard from all parts of the Chamber

of "Vive la Duchesse d'Orleans!" "Vive le Comte de Paris!" "Vive le Roi!" "Vive la Régente!"

The Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier, who had accompanied the Duchess, took their places close to her, the party being surrounded by a number of National Guards. The Chamber at this moment was in the utmost disorder, both the body of the house and the several galleries being crowded by National Guards and workmen in blouses, all armed. No one was seated, but all were pushing forward with the view of obtaining a hearing of what was going on, and of defeating any attempt at accepting anything but a Republican form of government; cries were heard from all parts, of "you cannot enter," "you have no right to enter."

Amidst this scene of disorder and confusion, M. Lacrosse requested that M. Dupin might be allowed to speak.

This favour having been obtained, M. Dupin ascended the tribune, and said: "Gentlemen, you know the situation of the capital, and the manifestations which have taken place; they have had for result the abdication of Louis Philippe, who has

disposed of his Crown in favour of his grandson, the Comte de Paris, the Duchess of Orleans being constituted Regent."

These words were received with much applause, and cries of *Vive la Roi! Vive le Comte de Paris! Vive la Régente!*

M. Dupin continued: "Gentlemen, your acclamations, so precious for the new King and for the Regent, are not the first with which they have been saluted. They have crossed, on foot, the Tuileries, and the Place de la Concorde, escorted by the people and the National Guards. The Regent has but one wish, that of supporting the national interests, and administering to the glory and prosperity of France." These words were received with new bravos. This applause was, however, of the most partial nature, as the assembly seemed not in the least inclined to accept the propositions offered them. A voice from one of the tribunes, called out, "It is too late!" and an agitation, impossible to describe, arose in all parts of the Chamber. A number of Deputies collected round the Duchess of Orleans and the Royal party; but they were pushed violently about by throngs of National Guards, and all order seemed at

an end. A general call was now made for M. Odillon Barrot, but it was found that he was absent.

Numerous voices from the left, and the extreme left, called out for a Provisional Government.

M. Dupin now asked, that the acclamations with which the Regent and the Comte de Paris had been received might be inscribed on the register of the day's proceeding.

This demand was received with a mingled storm of applause and disapprobation.

M. Marie now ascended the tribune, and endeavoured for some time in vain to obtain a hearing.

M. de Lamartine (*speaking from his seat*). —I demand that the President suspend the sitting, both on account of the respect which national representation ought to inspire in us, and from the presence of the august Princess who is now before us.

Here the Duc de Nemours and several Deputies advanced towards the Duchess of Orleans, and appeared to endeavour to prevail on her to retire. The Duchess seemed firmly to refuse, and still continued to keep her place.

The excitement now increased; and the President in vain tried to impress upon the assembly the respect which they ought to observe in presence of the Regent and her son. Something else, however, besides empty courtesy for a woman and child, agitated the *gauche* and the victorious people. One false step, and the whole victory of the day was lost.

M. Oudinot.—I ask of the Chamber an instant of attention, and I appeal to its generous sentiments. The Princess has walked alone and on foot, accompanied by her children, from the Tuileries to the Chamber of Deputies, amidst public acclamations. If she wishes to retire, she shall receive the same attention from us which she has lately had from the inhabitants of Paris. We will accompany her back; or, should she wish to remain, she shall run no manner of danger.

The President.—I desire that all strangers may immediately withdraw, without which no business can be proceeded with.

This demand was met with a storm of disapprobation.

Here the Duchess, already half aware the Republic, and not a Regent, was required by

the people, seemed to cede to the entreaties for her retirement. Preceded by the Duc de Nemours, and followed by her sons, she ascended the steps of the Chamber by the centre passage, which leads to the door placed under the clock. Arrived at the last seats of the left centre, she then made a halt, surrounded by the same parties who had accompanied her, and sat still to see the great stake played between Monarchy and the Republic. The Dynastic Opposition looked now more anxious than even the Conservatives, so recently driven from power. The position they had struggled for for seven years was now failing them in one hour.

The Deputies of the extreme left remained unmoveable in their places, and the crowd in the Chamber continued to increase. At this moment, M. Odillon Barrot entered the hall, and was immediately surrounded by a large number of Deputies.

M. Osmont.—Allow M. Barrot to speak.

M. Marie, who had all along kept possession of the tribune, now endeavoured to obtain a hearing.

Many voices.—M. Odillon Barrot! M. Odillon Barrot!

M. Crémieux.—Allow M. Marie to speak. M. Odillon Barrot will follow.

M. Marie.—Gentlemen, in the situation in which Paris is at present, you have not a moment to lose in taking measures which may have some authority with the population. Since this morning, the evil has made great progress; and if you waste time in useless deliberations, there is no telling to what point the disorder may proceed. It is, therefore, necessary to take a bold step. Just now, the Duchess of Orleans was announced as Regent; but a law exists which has appointed the Duke of Nemours as Regent, and which you cannot, at the present moment, revoke. You must obey the law. However, the kingdom must be provided with a powerful executive; and, at present, I demand that a Provisional Government be instituted—(loud cries of bravo! bravo! from the tribunes)—not to make laws, but to consult with the two Chambers on the necessity of satisfying the wishes of the country. This is the only means of establishing tranquillity, and time must not at present be lost in vain discourse. I propose, therefore, a Provisional Government.

M. de Génoude tried to obtain a hearing, but his friends prevented him.

M. Crémieux.—In such a moment, it is impossible that every one can be agreed as to the propriety of proclaiming the Duchess of Orleans as Regent, and the Comte de Paris as King. The people will not accept this proposition. In 1830, we were in too great a hurry, and we are now obliged to go over the same ground. At present, we are determined to take things leisurely, regularly, legally, determinedly. The Provisional Government, (bravo! bravo!) which you shall name, will not solely be charged to maintain order, but to form institutions, which shall protect all parts of the population—that which was promised ever since 1830, but which we have never been able to obtain. I have the greatest respect for the Duchess of Orleans—(cries of bravo! from the centre, which elicited tumultuous disapprobation from the tribunes); and I have just now conducted the royal family to their carriages. (A voice, a good journey to them!) The population of Paris has shewn the greatest respect for the misfortunes of the King and his family; but we, who are sent here to make laws, ought not

to violate them. A law already agreed to has disposed of the Regency, which cannot be annulled at present. Let us name a Provisional Government, which shall be just, firm vigorous, a friend of the country, to which it can speak, and which will make it understand that, if we give it rights, there are also duties which it ought to fulfil in return. Believe me, we are to-day arrived at what we ought to have had in July, 1830. We do not want only the changing of a few men. Now let us learn to profit by events, and let us not leave the task of renewing this Revolution to our sons. I propose a Provisional Government of five members. (Loud applause.)

The Abbé Génoude.—You cannot form either a Provisional Government or a Regency. The people must be convoked if anything is to be done—(interruption)—their consent must be obtained. In 1830, you did not appeal to them. You see what has arrived in consequence of this error. The same will happen again, and you will see the greatest evils arise out of your proceedings of this day. (Agitation.)

M. Odillon Barrot.—Never had we need of

more coolness and prudence. Let us all be united in the sentiment of saving the country from the dreadful evils of a civil war. (Applause.) Nations do not die, but they may become enfeebled by intestine dissentions; and France never required all her grandeur and force more than at present. Our duty is traced out for us. It has that simplicity which impresses a whole nation when it addresses itself to the most generous passions —to courage and honour. The crown of July rests on the head of a child and of a woman. (Applause from the centre.)

The Duchess of Orleans here rose, and bowed to the Assembly, as did also the young Comte de Paris, on whose little head rested the dim shadow of a crown.

M. Odillon Barrot.—I make a solemn appeal.

M. de la Rochejaquelin.—You are not aware what you are doing.

The Duchess of Orleans a second time rose, as if about to speak.

Many voices.—Hear! hear,! Allow the Duchess to be heard.

Others.—Go on M. Barrot.

M. Barrot.—It is in the name of the political liberty of our country, and, above all,

in the name of public order, and union in circumstances so difficult, that I demand the nation to rally round these representatives of the Revolution of July. The more grandeur and generosity there is to be maintained, and the more purity and innocence is to be supported, the more my country will devote itself to the task. On my part, I shall be happy to devote my existence, and all my abilities to forward the success of this cause, which is that of the true liberty of my country. (Applause from the Centre.)

M. de la Rochejaquelin.—I demand a hearing.

M. Odillon Barrot.—Perhaps it is to discuss the question which was decided by the revolution of July. I acknowledge, gentlemen, that the circumstances are difficult, but there is, in this country, such elements of grandeur, generosity, and good sense, that it is only necessary to make an appeal to the population for them to rally round this standard. (Yes, yes.) Here we have the means of obtaining all the liberties which a nation has any right to pretend to, combined with that public order so necessary under all circumstances. Our duty is simple; it is traced out to us by honour,

and by the true interests of our country.—If we do not follow it with prudence, perseverance, and courage, I know not what may be the consequences; but be convinced, that he who has the courage to undertake the responsibility of a civil war, raised up in the bosom of our noble France, is highly blameable towards his country, towards the liberties of France, and towards the entire world. For my own part, gentlemen, I cannot undertake this responsibility. The Regency of the Duchess of Orleans, and a Minister approved of by the people, will be the surest guarantees; and, afterwards, an appeal to the country in all its liberty. By these means, the evils attendant on civil war may be avoided.

M. Ledru-Rollin.—I demand a hearing.

M. Barrot, continued.—This is my opinion, and I will not undertake the responsibility of any other arrangement.

M. de la Rochejaquelin.—I feel the utmost respect for what is painful in the situations of other persons. I am, perhaps, more than any other called on to defend to interests of the people and of liberty. But I must reply to M. Odillon Barrot, that I have not the intention of supporting a particular opinion; but I think

he has not forwarded the interests he wishes to serve by what he has just now said. However, it perhaps belongs to them who have in some time past served Kings, now to talk about them to the country and the people. (Several voices—Very well, very well.) To-day you are nothing, you have no power. (From the Centre—How so?—how so?)

M de Mornay.—We cannot accept that. (Loud cries from all sides, of Order, Order.)

The President.—M. de la Rochejaquelin, you forget the respect due to the Chamber; I call you to order.

M. de la Rochejaquelin.—Allow me to speak. When I say that you are nothing—I do not mean that the Chamber is annulled—I say that it does not exist. (Interruptions.) I say, gentlemen, that we must convoke the nation, and then—

At this moment, a vast crowd of armed men, National Guards, students, workmen, &c., broke into the Chamber; they were dressed in the most fantastical manner; some in blouses, with red sashes round their waists and dragoons' helmets on their heads, others with cross belts over their shoulders, and wearing infantry caps, and long red streamers

waving from the barrels of their muskets; others again, in their ordinary clothes, but armed with a sword, a pike, a lance, or even a large heavy bar of wood, or iron. The aspect of some was most ferocious and animated, and to all appearance there were some who only wanted a pretext to commence a general slaughter, but the great majority were earnest Republicans, bent on assuring their hard-earned victory. Hundreds of tri-coloured flags were waving about the Chamber, which heightened the interest of the scene.

A number of these persons at once seized on such of the Deputies' seats as remained unoccupied, several ascended the tribune, and fixed themselves firmly there. The Chamber was filled with cries from all sides, of: We wish for no King! Vive la République! and an awful scene of confusion followed.

The President, perceiving what had happened, and in order to express his disapprobation, as well as to show that it was impossible that the Sitting could be continued under such circumstances, put on his hat. This caused a dreadful tumult, and numerous cries of "Off with your hat, President!" were heard from the crowd. Several muskets

were even pointed at him, and the agitation and violence seemed to increase ten-fold.

M. de Mornay.—Mr. President—suspend, but do not raise the Sitting at the present moment.

The President.—There is no Sitting at present.

A person not belonging to the Chamber, M. Chevallier, late editor of the "Bibliothèque Historique," here ascended the tribune. (Great confusion.)

M. Chevallier.—Gentlemen, I shall speak with the utmost moderation. (You have no right to speak.) I come to propose the sole expedient, by means of which peace may be restored. If you wish to save yourselves, listen to me. Beware of proclaiming the Comte de Paris without being authorized to do so; but if the Duchess of Orleans and the Comte de Paris have sufficient courage to proceed to the Boulevards, in the midst of the National Guards and the people, I will be responsible for their safety, if the people will not consent to receive him as King.

Numerous voices.—Vive la République!—enough, enough!

M. Chevallier.—All that you have to do

at present is to give us a Government, and to give it immediately. You cannot leave a whole nation without directing heads—without magistrates, this is the first duty you have to satisfy. (The tumult prevented the speaker from being heard.) The Comte de Paris must be carried by the people to the Chamber.

A Member.—He is here, and if you hesitate ——

All eyes turned to the place lately occupied by the Duchess of Orleans and her sons, but at the time when the crowd broke into the chamber, the Duchess and her attendants had gone out by the door opposite to the tribune.

M. Chevallier.—It is certain the Republic will be proclaimed—(renewed confusion).

A Citizen, dressed as an officer, and who was said to be M. Dumoulin, Commander of the Hôtel-de-Ville in 1830, ascended the tribune, and there planted the tri-coloured flag.

"Gentlemen," cried M. Dumoulin, "the people have to-day, as in 1830, re-conquered their independence and their liberty. You know that the throne has just been broken to pieces in the Tuileries and thrown out at the window."

M. Crémieux, Ledru-Rollin, and Lamartine, appeared at the same moment at the tribune.

Voices from the crowd.—No more Bourbons! Down with the traitors! A Provisional Government immediately!

Increased confusion, during which many Deputies retired by the door at the bottom of the hall, as their situation at the present moment became rather perilous. Their places were immediately occupied by the crowd.

M. Ledru-Rollin (addressing himself to the audience).—In the name of the people whom you represent, I demand an instant of silence.

A voice.—In the name of Ledru-Rollin, silence!

A voice.—A Provisional Government.

M. Mauguin.—Only be quiet, and you will have a Provisional Government!

M. Ledru-Rollin (overpowering the tumult with his voice).—In the name of the armed people, masters of Paris, I protest against the kind of government which has just been proposed to you. (Cries of "Bravo! bravo!" and immense applause from the men in blouses, and their comrades in the public tribunes.

The shouts were most thrilling and enthusiastic.) I do not say anything new, as already, in 1842, when the law of the Regency was discussed in this same Chamber, I declared that it could not pass without an appeal to the country. You have just heard of the glorious Revolution of 1789. Take care that the men who now speak of it know its true spirit. In 1789, in the text of the Constitution, it was declared that the constituted Assembly, with special powers, had not the right to proclaim a Regency, without making an appeal to the country. It is the text itself of the Constitution of 1791. Now, Gentlemen, these last two days we have fought for our rights, and we are now prepared to fight for the Constitution of 1791, which now hovers over the country, and which declares that, without an appeal to the people, a Regency is impossible. (Cries of "Yes, yes! It is not otherwise possible. No Regency!" &c. &c., accompanied with loud cheers, brandishing of swords, raising of muskets, and a din and tumult beyond description.) How does it come that the majority now wishes to change a law, without deliberation, already made by them against our efforts in 1842? The

country is not prepared for it. In the name of justice, which, even in revolutions, ought to be respected because justice alone gives strength, I protest against this new usurpation. (Applause.) You have talked of order, and the loss of life consequent from the present circumstances. Well, I declare that bloodshed cannot cease till justice has been satisfied, and those who have already fought, will again fight this evening, if their rights be not acknowledged. In the name of the people, who are all-powerful, I ask what guarantees the Government, which you wish to introduce, will give us? (Here a person endeavoured to interrupt the speaker, but he was immediately turned out.)

M. Berryer (addressing himself to M. Ledru-Rollin.)—Put the question of a Provisional Government.

M. Ledru-Rollin.—In thus speaking in the name of the people, I declare I only want justice, and I invoke two *souvenirs*. In 1815, Napoleon wished to abdicate in favour of the King of Rome. The country was in arms, and it refused. In 1830, Charles X. wished to abdicate in favour of his grandson, the country was in arms, and it refused.

M. Berryer. — Conclude. We know our history.

M. Ledru-Rollin.—To-day the country is in arms, and you can do nothing without its consent. I demand then a Provisional Government—not named by the Chamber, but by the people. A Provisional Government, and an appeal to a Convention, which will regulate their rights.

M. de Lamartine, who was at the tribune, advanced to speak.

Many voices. — Lamartine! — Lamartine! (Loud cries of "Hear, hear," and much applause.)

M. de Lamartine.—Gentlemen, I shared most deeply in the sentiments of sorrow which have just now agitated this Assembly, on seeing one of the most touching spectacles which human annals can present, that of an august Princess coming forward, with her innocent son, after having left her deserted Palace to place herself under the protection of the people. ("Very good! Very good!" "Hear, hear!" and "silence!" while Lamartine continued.) I repeat my phrase. I was saying, gentlemen, that I partake as deeply as any one the sentiments which must have agitated

many. And here I make no distinction, for the moment allows of none, between the national representation and the representation by citizens of the whole people. But if I shared in that testimony of respect for a great human misfortune, I also share in the solicitude, in the admiration which the people should inspire now for three days' fighting against a perfidious Government, and to re-establish on an immoveable basis the empire of order and liberty. But, Gentlemen, let us not deceive ourselves, let us not suppose that a spontaneous acclamation of this Chamber, drawn from us by emotion and public sentiment, can replace the co-operation of 35,000,000 of men. I know, that which one acclamation proclaims, another acclamation may undo; but whatever Government may be given to the country in the crisis at which we are arrived, it is necessary, for the people's sake, who have shed their blood in the struggle, that they have a popular Government cemented by solid definitive guarantees. Well, gentlemen, how shall we find the conditions necessary for such a Government in the midst of the floating elements of this tempest by which we are carried along, and where one mighty

billow comes to o'ertop that wave by which you have been brought into this Chamber? By descending into the very depth of the country itself, boldly sounding the great mystery of the right of nations, from which proceed all order, all truth, all liberty. (Great applause in the tribunes). Instead of having recourse to these subterfuges—to these surprises—to these emotions, of which a country, as you perceive, sooner or later repents, in order to maintain one of those fictions which have no stability, and which leave no solid traces behind them. I propose to you a form of Government, which I would have first indicated had I been allowed to speak; a Government which will re-establish public order, which will put a stop to the present bloodshed, and the civil war which now rages amongst the citizens. (Applause, during which many of the new comers sheathed their swords). A Government which will suspend the misunderstandings which have existed for several years past amongst the different classes of citizens, which prevents us from acting as one people, and from loving each other as a nation ought. I demand,

therefore, for the sake of public peace, and to put an end to all further bloodshed, that a Provisional Government be instituted, (applause), a Government which will pre-judge nothing, neither our resentments, nor our sympathies towards the definitive Government which shall be established when the nation has been consulted, and in the constituting of which, every one will possess in his title of man, the right of citizen. (Tremendous applause from the people in the tribunes).

From all parts.—Name the members of the Provisional Government.

M. de Lamartine.—Listen. The duties of the Provisional Government will be, first to establish the necessary peace between the citizens; secondly, to take immediate measures to call together the whole country—to consult with the National Guard, and to afford a voice to every man as a citizen.

(At this moment a loud and imperative knocking was heard at the door of one of the upper tribunes, which was soon driven in by continued strokes from the butt-ends of muskets, and a band of armed men rushed

in, apparently newly arrived from a combat. Several of them forced their way to the front seats, and directed their muskets at the Deputies below. These demonstrations were accompanied by cries of "down with the Chamber!—down with the Deputies!" One of these men pointed his gun in the direction of the tribune. This was met with cries of "Do not fire! it is M. de Lamartine who speaks," on which the man lowered his musket. The tumult here became inexpressible.

The President.—Since I cannot obtain silence, I declare the sitting raised, (and on uttering these words, M. Sauzet withdrew, accompanied by many of the Members.)

Here the Assembly of Deputies ceased, but the people, armed with muskets, swords, &c., together with National Guards, and a few Deputies belonging to the left, remained in the Chamber.

After some moments of tumult, M. Dupont de l'Eure, took the President's chair, M. de Lamartine being still in the tribune.

Many voices.—Name the members of the Provisional Government.

M. de Lamartine strove to overtop the tumult by his voice, but in vain.

Some voices.—Dupont de l'Eure! Dupont de l'Eure!

Other voices.—He is in the chair; silence! Listen to him. Yes, yes!

M. de Lamartine (in the midst of clamour)—I will read the names.

Numerous voices.—Silence! Silence!

M. de Lamartine.—Gentlemen, I will read the names. (Increased clamour.) Arago, Carnot—(the clamour continues.)

A voice.—Gentlemen, M. Dupont de l'Eure presides over us!

Numerous voices.—A Provisional Government.

M——.—M. Dupont de l'Eure will name the Provisional Government. (Loud applause.)

M. Chevallier.—If you wish anything to be done, let the orator speak.

M. Marion, Deputy, to M. de Lamartine.—Do not quit the tribune.

A voice.—Listen to the proclamation of names!

An armed man.—All we wish is a moment of silence; all we wish is to hear the names of the persons who are to compose the Prosional Government.

Another person.—On silence depends our salvation. I call for it, that M. Dupont de l'Eure may be heard.

A voice.—M. Dupont de l'Eure before all!

Another voice.—*Vive la République!*

Many persons here pressed round M. de Lamartine, and engaged him to re-establish silence, that he might then speak.

M. de Lamartine.—A moment's silence, gentlemen. (Silence was obtained for an instant.) Gentlemen, the proposition which has been made is accomplished. The Provisional Government will now be named. (Bravo! bravo! Vive Lamartine!) Now, gentlemen—

Numerous voices.—Name! name!

M. de Lamartine.—They shall be named.

M. de Lamartine, after waiting in vain for some time, until calmness was established, retired behind the tribune.

M. Dumoulin then ascended the tribune, and sought to make himself heard, but a continual noise prevented him.

M. Dumoulin, (standing on the bureaux of the Secretaries of the Chamber).—Gentlemen, silence is requested of you, that we may mention the names of the Provisional Government. (Yes! silence!)

M. Dupont de l'Eure.—A Provisional Government is proposed to you. (Yes! yes! Silence.)

The reporters.—Silence while the names are being read!

M. Dupont de l'Eure.—These are the names. (Silence!)

Numerous voices.—Name them! Name them!

M. Dupont de l'Eure.—Arago, Lamartine, Dupont de l'Eure, Crémieux—(noise and agitation.)

M. de Lamartine.—Silence, gentlemen. If you wish the members of the Provisional Government to accept the mission which you have confided to them, at all events they must be proclaimed. Our honourable friend cannot be heard amidst this noise.

A voice.—Let it be known that the people will not have any royalty. They must have the Republic.

Several voices.—Let us deliberate immediately.

A voice.—Be seated, be seated! let us sit down. Let us take the place of the purchased Deputies.

Another voice.—No more Bourbons! a Provisional Government, and then the Republic!

M. de la Rochejaquelin.—They will not have stolen it. It will be *un prête rendu.*

A voice.—One moment of silence, or we shall do nothing.

Another voice.—We demand the proclamation of the Republic!

M. Dupont de l'Eure then read the following names, which the reporters, of whom scarce any but those of the *Moniteur* now remained, repeated loudly:—

M. Lamartine. (Yes! yes!)

M. Ledu-Rollin. (Yes! yes!)

M. Arago. (Yes! yes,!)

M. Dupont. (Yes! yes!)

A voice.—M. Bureaux de Pusy! (M. Bureaux de Pusy made signs of denial.)

M. Dupont de l'Eure.—M. Marie. (Yes! yes! No!)

Some voices.—George Lafayette! (Yes!) But the remembrance of the way in which a Lafayette had brought about Louis Philippe, overpowered the ayes, and the noes prevailed.

Numerous voices.—La République! La République!

A voice.—The members of the Provisional Government, must cry *vive la République!* before they are accepted.

Another voice.—I demand the dismissal of every absent Deputy.

One of the people.—We must take the Provisional Government to the Hôtel de Ville. We ask for a wise and moderate Government, without blood; but we must have the Republic.

M. Bocage.—To the Hôtel de Ville! with Lamartine at our head. (M. Lamartine here went out, followed by a large body of citizens.)

After their departure, the tumult continued in the crowd, which remained dispersed over the seats of the Chamber, in the *hémicycle*, &c.

M. Ledru-Rollin.—Citizens, you understand that you are doing a very grave act in naming a Provisional Government.

Numerous voices.—We want none. Yes! yes! we do!

M. Ledru-Rollin.—In the circumstances in which we are placed, that which the citizens should do is to grant silence, and listen to the men who will undertake the office of representatives. In consequence, listen to me. We are about to do a grave thing. There were *réclamations* just now. A Provisional Government cannot be lightly formed. Will

you allow me to read to you the names which are proclaimed by the majority? (Listen! Hear, hear.) As I read the names, so do you, as you agree to them, say yes or no. (Very good! hear, hear!) And that there may be something official, I beg Messieurs, the reporters of the *Moniteur*, to take notice of the names as I pronounce them, because we cannot give to France names that have not been approved. (Go on! go on!) I read,

Dupont de l'Eure. (Yes! yes!)

Arago. (Yes! yes!)

Lamartine. (Yes! yes!)

Garnier Pages. (Yes! yes!)

Marie. (Yes! yes!)

Crémieux. (Yes! yes!)

A voice in the crowd.—Crémieux, bravo!

Other voices.—Be quiet! Order!

M. Ledru-Rollin.—Those who are against, let them hold up their hands. (No! no! Yes! yes!) If you will allow me, gentlemen, I will add another word. The Provisional Government which has just been named has great and immense duties to fulfil. We must close this sitting, to go to the seat of Government, and there take the necessary measures to stop the effusion of blood,

and secure the consecration of the people's rights.

Numerous voices.—Yes, yes! to the Hôtel de Ville!

A scholar of the Polytechnic School.—You see that none of the members of the Provisional Government want the Republic. We shall be deceived, as in 1830.

Many voices.—Vive la République!

Other voices.—Vive la République! Vive Ledru-Rollin! To the Hôtel de Ville! To the Hôtel de Ville!

A young man.—The seat of the Government is not at the Hôtel de Ville; it is here.

M. Ledru-Rollin here retired, followed by a large body of citizens.

The crowd, which had invaded the Chamber, here began to diminish. A young man, who appeared to be a student, ascended the tribune, and tried to make himself heard. A citizen mounted on the marble of the tribune, waving a sword. There was a cry of *vive la République!* Let us go to the Hôtel de Ville!

A young man at the tribune.—No more civil list!

Another.—No more royalty!

Some one here called attention to the great *tableau* place above the *bureau* and behind the arm-chair of the President, which represented Louis Philippe, swearing to the Charter, and cries of "Down with it! destroy it!" were immediately heard. Several men, mounted on the tribune endeavoured to cut at it with their swords. A workman, armed with a double-barrelled gun, who was in the *hémicycle*, cried, "Stop! Let me have a shot at Louis Philippe!" And his two barrels were discharged at the picture, amid divers cries.

A workman (rushing to the tribune).—Respect the monuments of art! Why destroy? Why fire at these pictures? We have shown that the people are not to be deceived: let us show that the people know how to respect monuments, and thus honour our victory.

These words, which were pronounced in the most energetic and eloquent manner, and with a sincerity and conviction of truth which left no doubt in any mind, were enthusiastically applauded. Several persons crowded round him, and asked him his name. He replied, Théodore Six, carpet-maker.

After this, the crowd dispersed, and soon

the hall was empty. At four o'clock, there remained no one in the Chamber.

Thus ended this scene, unparalleled in the history of any revolution. The Legislature of a powerful nation meet in the morning as the advisers of a monarch; he abdicates, and sends them a King and Regent; the people interfere, and the Republic is decreed!

CHAPTER XIII.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

I NOW return to the narrative of my personal observation during the day of the 24th. I arrived, I said, on the Place du Carrousel, and after having looked about me awhile, moved with a column of the people to enter the Tuileries, which not many weeks before, I had examined at my leisure, and when silence reigned—for even its temporary master was absent. Now, a far different spectacle presented itself. The nation had driven the race of Kings from their palaces, and were rushing in to claim the rights of conquerors. Entering by the gate beneath the Hall of Marshals, I found myself hustled amid a dense mass of people upon the great staircase. Men in blouses, workmen, women, artizans, National Guards, were there, all armed, thronging, one column up, the other

down. So terrific was the pushing, that I more than once half lost my breath, and was carried up several steps of the magnificent staircase without touching them with my feet. All, however, was friendly and good-humoured in the acts of the people, who cried out every now and then to be more cautious. Some mischievous boys, who were breaking the superb lamps over our heads, were instantly prevented, and in a moment more we could breathe in the ample galleries of this splendid historic residence.

The apartment, or rather gallery, into which I first entered, presented a sad spectacle. All the windows were broken, the curtains torn down, the lamps smashed, while on the mirrors were written with chalk. *A bas Louis Philippe! Vive la République!* Nothing indecent, gross, or in bad taste. Wonder was the prevailing feature on every face. Moving along the gallery, I reached the elegant and well-appointed theatre, crowds filled the boxes and pit, while others danced upon the stage. Everywhere devastation, destruction; principally effected by boys and young men.

In one instance, where the bearer of an

immense iron bar was knocking up the floor with it, the populace interfered and made him desist. The chief occupation of the armed mob, who had been fighting, was firing guns out of window, while others paused to examine the pictures on the walls, everywhere destroying every portrait, statue, and effigy of Louis Philippe. Turning back, I passed the chapel, into which few entered, and those took off their hats, and found several persons trying the pianos in the gallery. A little farther, I saw a dense crowd occupying the Hall of Marshals, where none of the pictures had been touched. I could not help smiling, on noticing among the crowd of begrimed, wearied, and excited faces of the people, National Guards, students, &c., a gentleman, dressed as for a ball, with patent-leather boots, freshly shaven, seated on a couch, with a pair of pistols negligently thrown upon his knees, as if he had been fighting.

From the busy din of this, I passed into the Salle Blanche, where formerly, met that great convention which has left so mighty a name behind it, and found it filled with a rejoicing crowd from the faubourgs. Nothing was being touched; but blacksmiths, lock-

smiths, smiths, masons, water-carriers, were lolling in the arm-chairs of royalty, and seeming not a little to enjoy the treat.

Beyond this was the throne room, where an excited party were pulling down the awning, flags, &c., that waved over the throne, which was itself preserved to be borne in triumph along the Boulevards, and after an hour's procession, to be burnt on the side of the ancient Bastille, in the presence of a prodigious crowd, who hailed with enthusiastic shouts, the departure of royalty in smoke. Loud cries and hallooing greeted the fall of each of the insignia of royalty in this apartment. Having watched awhile the disposition of the mighty populace, who had trampled under foot, army, monarchy, legislature, all; I traversed rapidly the other apartments, and entered the gallery of the Louvre, comparatively empty, save where a few Polytechnic scholars moved about as guardians of the nation's property.

And the nation's property was respected! The King's apartments, once crossed, all was quiet, order and stillness. Here and there was written up, or chalked upon the floor. "*Propriété Nationale.*" This was enough.

Leaving the Louvre, I crossed the Place, and once more entered the narrow Rue du Musée. Arriving at the end, where for so many hours, I had witnessed the attack on the Château d'Eau, I found it flooded with water. Firemen and people were both equally anxious to put out the flames. The place was densely crowded. Crossing it, I entered the Cour d'Honneur of the Palais Royal, with the intention of visiting my wounded countryman. But a sentry, in a blouse, prevented me, and I turned away to gaze at the scene around.

At all the windows of the Palais Royal were masses of people pitching out furniture, books, maps, planks, everything they could find, to make immense bonfires. Out of the same window, where Louis Philippe had, in 1830, scattered with his own hand his proclamation to the people—the people were scattering the leaves of his library, and all the other papers and documents which they could find.

It was a singular spectacle. At every avenue sentries of the people. Above, muskets going off in all directions, out of the windows broken utensils of all kinds, chairs, tables, &c.,

flying over our heads; on the Place, a busy animated people; opposite, the vast *corps-de-garde*, a funeral pile smouldering over its victims, a barricade still guarded with the red flag flying. The doors of the staircase were guarded by National Guards, who sought to prevent the people from going up. In most cases they succeeded.

Traversing the perystyle, I entered the great Court of the Palais Royal, which I with difficulty crossed from the mass of blazing fires. I must not forget to mention, that under the perystyle, I had to drink the health of the Republic in a wine-glass of some syrup from the royal case, which was anything but pleasant. My intention was to cross the Galérie d'Orleans, but I found the whole length turned into a hospital for the wounded, and a refuge for the dead.

I retraced my steps, passed through the covered way leading to the Rue de Valois, and proceeding between burning piles, entered the Rue Montesquieu. After pausing to admire a splendid barricade at the corner of the Rue de Boulor, I entered the Passage Vero-Dodat, and thence gained the Rue Jean

Jacques Rousseau, one mass of barricades, erected under the guidance of the editors of the *Réforme.*

On the door of this office, I paused to read. There was written up:

"PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT."

But the list was not the same as that published at the Chamber of Deputies. It was composed of Arago, Flocon, Louis Blanc, Recurt, Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Albert, Marrast.

While I was reading, a friend tapped me on the shoulder. I turned round. It was a joyous Republican, who dragged me up the dark stairs of the house, and into the office of the *Réforme.* At a table sat six persons writing. They were surrounded by armed men, who cried aloud for copies of the list. The six men were writing, as fast as they could, the list, and handing it to anxious friends, who took copies, and hurried away to proclaim the names on the barricades. I asked for a copy.

"One for the Place Vendôme!" cried one.

"One for the Hôtel de Ville!" cried another.

"Leave out that Marrast!" said a third, a short thick-set man, with a musket in his hand, "I know him. *Il a perdu la Tribune.*"

The men continued copying in the most imperturbable manner.

"A Deputation from the Section of ——," said the doorkeeper, and one of the six men rose to greet it.

"Have you no printed copies?" exclaimed many.

"They are all exhausted;" said another, "they were printed in the night. We did not expect such a demand."

"Will the *Réforme* appear to-morrow?"

"I know not. I believe the writers will be too much engaged."

I believe them, for from the lead of a journal with scarce enough *abonnés* to keep it alive, they have, by a bold stroke, attained to the lead of a nation. Ferdinand Flocon is one of the Provisional Government.

I demanded a copy of the proclamation. It was given me; and then I left that small

dark room, filled with bustle and excitement, where, surrounded by the victorious combatants of the day, six unknown men were sending forth to the millions of France the names of their rulers for the nonce. And all because they had much faith, much courage, much patience. Putting up my precious copy of the document, which would soon be rare, I moved up the street, and to my astonishment, found the Post-Office in full activity. Protected by an imposing force of National Guards, the letter-carriers were coming and going as if there had been no fighting all day. How this came about, one of the actors in the scene, a writer in the *Réforme* shall tell.

"After the struggle at the Palais Royal, and after a visit, by way of politeness, to the Tuileries, those of the combatants connected with the *Réforme*, either in the character of writers, or as particular friends of the Journal, collected in its bureau, and at once occupied themselves with the formation of a Provisional Government. Four names were at first chosen, F. Arago, Ferd. Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert (ouvrier), and then they occupied themselves in mastering the

two administrations, where importance was so immense,—the Post-Office and the Prefecture of Police." The citizens present unanimously selected Etienne Arago to fill the office of Director of the Post-Office, and Marc Coussidière, to fill that of the ex-prefect, Delessert. Three citizens joined themselves with Etienne to serve him, not as an escort, but as a committee of installation. He wanted but one more to make the four men, and a corporal.

Many National Guards were collected in the court of the Hotel, the ranks opened before Etienne Arago, when he announced the mission with which he was invested. A few minutes after, he entered the private cabinet of the Count Dejean, Director-General of the Post-Office.

"In the name of the Republic," he said, "Citoyen Dejean, you are dismissed. In the name of the Republic, I come to replace you in the functions of Director-General of the Post-Office."

"But, Monsieur!" said M. Dejean, standing up, "have you a commission—a title?"

"I have nothing but my word."

"But, Monsieur, I—"

"I have my word, and my name is Etienne Arago."

"But," said M. Dejean, after a moment of silence and hesitation, "before I quit the Direction of the Post-Office, I must request that you will give me your signature, and that some document may remain in the Archives."

"Willingly," replied Etienne, seating himself in the arm-chair of M. Dejean.

And he wrote his name at the bottom of a few lines, containing the dismissal of M. Dejean, and his own appointment.

"I have made a fault in grammar, I see, in reading over the few hurried lines, rather a grave fault for a literary man; but," he added, smiling, "one may be excused writing bad French, when one has just been fighting like a good Frenchman."

"Now, Monsieur," said the Ex-Director, before retiring, "I have a request to make; one of my relations, an elderly lady is alone in the neighbouring apartment. May I hope—"

"Sir," said Etienne, rising, and speaking in the tone of the most exquisite politeness, "Madame your relation, is under my *sauve-*

garde, I answer for her safety, and that of all in the Hotel, with my head."

M. Dejean made a low bow, by way of thanks, and retired from his cabinet.

Upon the order of the new Director, all the superior clerks in the office were summoned before him.

"Gentlemen," said Etienne Arago, "every one of the mails must start this evening."

The employées looked at one another with an air of perfect stupefaction.

"But, sir—the mails would start this evening. But M. Dejean announced himself in the Chamber, that no letters would go."

"That was said during the existence of the Monarchy, and we are now under the Republican *régime.*"

"But there are more than two hundred barricades between them, and each barrier—Monsieur, what you wish is impossible."

"We have proved to-day that nothing is impossible," said Etienne Arago, warmly. "The three days of February have changed affairs. If to-morrow, at the accustomed hour, newspapers, letters, and despatches do not arrive in the departments, there will be oceans of bloodshed all over France, and the

responsibility of this blood would rest on my head. Every mail must then go to-night. The packages must be carried on men's backs over the barricades to the barriers, and if it be necessary, I will myself carry the first packet."

And taking up a pen, he wrote to the Provisional Government, without being quite sure that this government had been recognized and accepted or not.

"*Citoyens Gouvernants,* the service of the Post-office will take place this evening as usual."

At seven o'clock, all the *malles-postes* were dashing along the roads, with tricoloured flags waving at their summits, and bearing the despatches which were to announce to all France the glorious victory of the people, and the Constitution of a Republican Government.

I inquired, as I went along, of several armed men, where they were hurrying to? "To our sections," was the invariable answer, a word full of meaning, as showing to what an extent the organization of the people had been carried, a fact which everybody knew, except Louis Philippe and the secret police. If that

body did know anything, they knew too much, and took care not to denounce a conspiracy they were aware was too powerful to be resisted, which may be readily understood, when I say that the whole collection of the line were affiliated to secret societies.

Arriving across numerous barricades at the Boulevards, I found, fighting not having been over two hours, large quantities of promenaders of the middle classes. Ladies and gentlemen, extremely well dressed, were moving up and down, and the difference of this day, from ordinary ones, was remarkable only from these things. The shops were closed, the barricades prevented all movement of vehicles, and armed men were scattered about among the walkers in all directions. A few wine shops were opened, but though immense crowds of armed men were hanging about, no one entered to take any refreshment without paying for it.

From the Boulevards I went round by the Madeleine to the Place de la Concorde. Everywhere I found public order being organized. As I passed the Madeleine, I saw that the post was being burnt to the ground. Elsewhere, however, the posts were occupied by

the National Guard and the people. In fact, the masses filled every place, streets, *corps de gardes*, palaces, everything! A magnificently displayed effigy of the British Royal Arms, which the owner had not had the good sense to remove, was destroyed in the Rue de Paix, but from enmity to Royalty, not to England. No demonstration of any kind took place at the Hotel of the British Embassy. The Place de la Concorde, or rather de la Révolution, presented a dismal aspect. It was quite bare of troops and people, but the fountains had ceased to play, blood stained the pavement, the corps-de-garde in the corner was burning; all was still, but still desolation. I turned back to where the victorious people gave life to the scene.

Meanwhile the Duchess of Orleans, the most courageous of her family, had taken refuge in the Hôtel des Invalides. She was accompanied by General Gourgaud, and had with her her eldest son, the Count of Paris. The Duc de Chartres had remained in the charge of a Deputy. The Duchess, who had still hopes, and who even fancied that the Provisional Government might come to her, wished to remain at the Hôtel des Invalides,

and expressed this desire to the Marshal who commanded. This latter, however, gave her distinctly to understand the nature of the Revolution, told her that there was no security for her in France; that a terrible reaction was more than probable, and ordered her to seek safety by flight.

The Duchess of Orleans, with that clearness of intellect which made her long foresee the events which snatched a throne from her son, now saw that all was last. She thanked Marshal Oudinot, and at six o'clock left the Hôtel de Ville. The Ducs de Nemours and Montpensier, dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, mounted a carriage with her.

That evening they were all scattered fugitives.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE two rival Provisional Governments have met, and are closeted in the Hôtel de Ville, that of the *Réforme* and that of the Chamber of Deputies. No doubt but, in the eyes of the people, the former is the most popular, because with, and of, the masses. But if there be discussion, there will be *émeutes* again this night in the streets of Paris, and solemn is the responsibility which will hang on those who shall set class against class, where all are armed or arming. Already two parties are seen, one waving the tricolour, the other the red or bloody flag, which streams over the Tuileries, Hôtel de Ville, Column of Vendôme, &c.

Fifty thousand armed men are round the Hôtel de Ville, they have invaded the passages,

they have cannon pointed against its gates; they have flags waving, drums beating; and these fifty thousand throats send up one voice of warning and command to those who deliberate within. But one cry is heard from those thousands and thousands, while all the faces, begrimed with smoke, dirt, and gunpowder, red with heat or pale with hunger, are turned to the Pharos which is to guide them to liberty and happiness, peace and prosperity!

"Vive la République!" was the stunning cry. "No more Kings! no Bourbons! no branch cadets!" while a few vainly muttered "Vive Henry V!"

Presently, the impatience of the crowd grew prodigious. To them the sitting of the Provisional Government seemed interminable. They thundered at the gates, they roared, for many suggested in the crowd, that, perhaps, they were making terms with the Regency.

"*Pas de Régence!* No boy Kings! None of the 'race maudite!' 'Mort aux rois!' Vive la République! la République! la République!" and then a thousand throats cried aloud:—

Apôtres pur de montagne
Que tout citoyen soit soldat,
Il est temps d'entrer en campagne,
Aux despotes livrons combats.
Vive la république ! Vive la république !
Debout, peuple Français ! debout, peuple héroïque !
Debout, peuple Français ! Vive la république !

And the terrific chorus, as shouted by ten thousand voices, more melodious to the ears of the true friends of the people and of liberty, than all the drawing-room roulades of ten thousand Jenny Linds, Albonis, and Grisis; more sweet to the heart of the thinker than any music of Rossini or Haydn; the doors of the Hôtel de Ville flew open, and Louis Blanc came forth upon the steps. Never stood forth so small a man to perform so mighty an office; but loudly was he greeted by the thousands who awaited the fiat of the Provisional Government, to disperse to their homes, or fly to arms against men who betrayed them.

In another minute all doubt was at an end, for the Republic was proclaimed by Louis Blanc amid profound silence.

No one can imagine the scene which followed. After a terrific shout, that shook the very welkin, the delighted masses began to dance from very joy; they waved their arms,

they embraced perfect strangers, they shook hands with one another, exclaiming, in an ecstacy of delight, "La République! nous l'avons la République!"

Now began one of the most astounding councils ever held by any government. For sixty hours the Provisional Executive of the nation sat without abandoning their post, now writing decrees, debating them, and sending them forth to the nation by the voice of the printing machine; now rushing out to do battle for their very existence, as new columns upon columns of people thronged to demand new concessions. Several times the Government was on the eve of dissolution. One party demanded the red flag. The majority knew that this was to sanctify the triumph of anarchy. They resisted. The people threatened to rush in and destroy the Provisional Government. Lamartine, hastening out, stands on the stairs of the Hôtel de Ville; but the excited people brandishing arms, refuse to hear him. He persists, and his voice at length drowns the tumult. He is heard, and his effective eloquence brings the people at once back to their senses.

They then return to their duties, and before

night, the following proclamations were posted up in Paris, while rough proof copies are flying to every part of the country through the post. Though they have appeared largely in the press, it is impossible to avoid giving here these first acts of the Government of the Revolution.

PROCLAMATION OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

"To the French People.

"A retrogade and oligarchical Government has been overthrown by the heroism of the people of Paris. This Government has fled, leaving behind it a track of blood which forbids its ever retracing its steps. The blood of the people has been shed, as it was in July; but this time that generous blood shall not be shed in vain. It has won a national and popular Government in accord with the rights, the progress, and the will of this great and noble people. A Provisional Government, arising from the urgent acclamations of the voices of the people and the Deputies from the departments in the sitting of February 24, is momentarily invested with the charge

of organizing and securing the national victory.

"It is composed of Messrs. Dupont (de l'Eure), Lamartine, Crémieux, Arago (of the Institute), Ledru-Rollin, Garnier Pages, and Marie.

"The Government has for its secretaries Messrs. Armand-Marrast, Ferdinand Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert.

"The citizens have not hesitated an instant to accept the patriotic mission which was imposed by the urgency of the case.

"When blood has flowed, when the capital of France is in flames, the mission of the Provisional Government is public safety. All France will listen to it, and lend it a patriotic concurrence. Under the popular Government which the Provisional Government proclaims, every citizen is a magistrate.

"Frenchmen! give to the world the example which Paris has given to France! Prepare yourselves, by order and by confidence in one another, for those strong institutions which you are called upon to form!

"The Provisional Government desires a Republic, but subject to the ratification of the French people, who shall be immediately consulted.

"Unity of the nation! formed henceforth of the classes of which the nation is composed; the government of the nation by itself; liberty, equality, and fraternity for principles; the people for motto, and the password of order!—Such is the democratic Government which France owes to herself, and which shall have all our efforts for its establishment.

"The members of the Provisional Government,

"DUPONT (de l'Eure), "GARNIER PAGES,
"LAMARTINE, "MARIE,
"CREMIEUX, "ARAGO,
"LEDRU-ROLLIN,
"ARMAND-MARRAST, } Secretaries."
"LOUIS BLANC, }

IN THE NAME OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

"The Provisional Government decrees:—

"M. Dupont (de l'Eure) is named provisional President of the Council without portfolio.

"M. de Lamartine, provisional Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"M. Crémieux, provisional Minister of Justice.

"M. Ledru-Rollin, provisional Minister of the Interior.

"M. Michel Goudchaux, provisional Minister of Marine.

"General Bedeau, provisional Minister of War.

"M. Carnot, provisional Minister of Public Instruction (Public Worship will form a division of this Ministry).

"M. Bethmont, provisional Minister of Commerce.

"M. Marie, provisional Minister of Public Works.

"General Cavaignac, Governor-General of Algeria.

"The Municipal Guard is dissolved.

"M. Garnier Pages is named Mayor of Paris.

"MM. Guinart and Recurt are appointed Deputies to the Mayor of Paris.

"M. Flotard is named Secretary-General.

"All the other mayors of Paris, as also the deputy-mayors, are maintained as mayors and deputy-mayors of arrondissements.

"The prefecture of police is placed under the dependence of the Mayor of Paris.

"The maintenance of the security of the

city of Paris is confided to the patriotism of the National Guard, under the chief command given to Colonel de Courtais.

"The troops of the first military division will unite with the National Guard.

"A. CREMIEUX, "DUPONT (de l'Eure),
"LAMARTINE, "LEDRU-ROLLIN,
"MARIE, "ARAGO,
"GARNIER PAGES,
"Members of the Provisional Government."

TO THE CITIZENS OF PARIS.

"A great revolution has been accomplished. In two days public opinion has pronounced itself with an energy and unanimity which, we do not hesitate to say it, has been without precedent in our history.

"Eighty thousand National Guards are under their colours, and more than one hundred thousand citizens have taken up arms!

"You provide for the wants of liberty;—you must also think of the wants of order!

"Organize yourselves; form patrols; mingle among the National Guard; keep

open the communication between the different points of the capital. Until the public powers are re-constituted on their natural basis, and until the men who are about to charge themselves with the conduct of your affairs have commenced fulfilling their duties toward you, it is you who are the guards of Paris! Paris has confidence in your patriotism and devotion!

"Above all things, no divisions.

"Signed, the Provisional Government,—

"ARAGO, "MARAST,
"DUPONT (de l'Eure), "LOUIS BLANC,
"LAMARTINE, "FERDINAND FLOCON,
"LEDRU-ROLLIN, "ALBERT (Artizan).
"MARIE.

"THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT TO THE NATIONAL GUARD.

"Citizens!—Your attitude in these late and glorious days has been such as was to be expected from men long accustomed to struggles for liberty. Thanks to your fraternal union with the people and the schools, the Revolution is accomplished. The country will be grateful to you for it. At the present hour,

all the citizens form part of the National Guard; all are bound to co-operate actively with the Provisional Government, for the regular triumph of public liberties. The Provisional Government reckons on your zeal and your devotedness to second its efforts in the difficult mission which the people have conferred upon it.

"The members of the Provisional Government.

"DUPONT (de l'Eure)	"CREMIEUX,
"E. ARAGO,	"LEDRU-ROLLIN,
"MARIE,	"GARNIER PAGES,
"LAMARTINE,	
"LOUIS BLANC,	"FLOCON, } Secs.
"ARMAND-MARRAST,	"ALBERT, } Secs.

"In the name of the French people,

"It is interdicted to the members of the ex-Chamber of Peers to meet.

"DUPONT (de l'Eure),	"CREMIEUX,
"LAMARTINE,	"MARIE,
"LEDRU-ROLLIN,	"ARAGO.

"Paris, Feb. 24."

"THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"LIBERTY! EQUALITY! AND FRATERNITY!

"PROCLAMATION OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

"In the name of the French People.

"Citizens!—

"Royalty, under whatever form it assumes, is abolished.

"No more legitimacy—no more Bonapartism—no regency!

"The Provisional Government has taken all the necessary measures to render impossible the return of the ancient dynasty, or the advent of a new one.

"The Republic is proclaimed.

"The people are united.

"All the forts in the vicinity of the capital are ours.

"The brave garrison of Vincennes is a garrison of brothers.

"Let us preserve with respect this old Republican flag, whose three colours have gone the round of the world with our fathers! Let us show that this symbol of equality, liberty, and fraternity is, at the same time, the emblem of order—of order the most real and durable,

since justice is its basis, and the people its instrument! The people have already comprehended that the supply of Paris calls for a freer traffic in the streets, and the hands which erected the barricades have, in several places, made openings large enough to admit the free passage of carriages laden with provisions.

"Let this example be followed everywhere. Let Paris resume its usual aspect; commerce its activity and confidence. Let the people watch, at the same time, over the maintenance of their rights, and continue to assure, as they have always done, the tranquillity and security of the public.

"DUPONT (de l'Eure); "A. CREMIEUX,
"LAMARTINE, "LOUIS BLANC,
"GARNIER PAGES "ARMAND MARRAST,
"ARAGO, "FLOCON,
"MARIE, "ALBERT(Operative)."
"LEDRU-ROLLIN,

"ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS."

"THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"LIBERTY! EQUALITY! FRATERNITY!

"The Provisional Government, convinced that greatness of mind is the supreme policy,

and that each revolution effected by the French people owes to the world the consecration of an additional philosophical truth—

"Whereas there is not a more sublime principle than the inviolability of human life—

"Whereas in those memorable days the Provisional Government has ascertained with pride that not a cry of vengeance or death has escaped the mouth of the people—

"Declares that, in its opinion, the penalty of death is abolished for political offences, and that it will submit that wish to the definite ratification of the National Assembly.

"The Provisional Government is so firmly convinced of the truth which it proclaims in the name of the French people, that if the guilty men who have shed the blood of France were in the hands of the people, their degradation would, in its eyes, be a more exemplary chastisement than their execution."

Proclamation to the Army.

"Generals, Officers, and Soldiers!—The Government, by its attempts against liberty, and the people of Paris by their victory, have led to the downfal of the Government to which

you swore allegiance. A fatal collision has deluged the capital with blood. The blood shed by civil war is that which is most repugnant to France. The people forget all while shaking hands with their brethren who carry the sword of France. A Provisional Government has been formed, founded upon the imperious necessity of preserving the capital, establishing order, and of preparing for France popular institutions analagous to those under which the French Republic so greatly ennobled France and its army. We do not doubt that you will salute this flag of the country, replaced in the hands of the same power which first sheltered it.

"You will feel that the new and strong popular institutions which are about to emanate from the National Assembly, will open to the army a career of devotedness and service which the national freedom will appreciate and recompence better than kings. The unity of the army and of the people, for a moment impaired, must be re-established. Swear love to the people, among whom are your fathers and brothers! Swear fidelity to these new institutions, and everything will be forgotten, save your courage and discipline.

Liberty will ask no other services from you than those before which you will have to rejoice and glorify yourselves before its enemies.

"The members of the Provisional Government.

"GARNIER PAGES,
"LAMARTINE."

"THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"LIBERTY! EQUALITY! FRATERNITY!

Paris, Feb. 26, 1848.

"The Minister of Justice, Member of the Provisional Government of the Republic, to M. Faustin Helie, Director of Criminal Affairs.

"Despatch immediately to the Attorney-Generals the order to suspend all capital executions which were to have taken place in virtue of Sovereign decrees and the definite order which authorised those executions.

"You will present to me the documents relative thereto, and annex a new report to the reports already made by your predecessor. If, after examining them, I can commute the penalty, I will propose the modification to the Provisional Government. As respects the con-

victs in whose case no change appears possible, I will suspend all decision until the day when the National Assembly shall have pronounced on the question relative to the penalty of death.

"CREMIEUX."

All night, vast crowds remained at the Hôtel de Ville, in a hall of which was gradually deposited all the dead bodies which could be collected. By degrees order was restored. Sentries were posted at every issue. The cannon were placed in the best possible position for defence, and the Republican Government deliberated under the guardianship and a little under the pressure from without.

Meanwhile, throughout Paris the news spread like lightning that the Republic was proclaimed. In all quarters save one, nothing but rejoicing was felt.

I returned to my residence situated in the very centre of the 1st arrondissement and among the Orleanists. As it had been all day, I found the *porte cochère* shut, and within, in the court-yard assembled, all the male and female inhabitants of a house which contained some thirty families, as is the case everywhere in Paris.

"Eh bien?" they cried, for scarce one had stirred out all day, while they stared at my torn clothes, face covered with blood and gunpowder, and other signs of the hot quarters I had been in.

"Vive la République!" cried I with a laugh.

"Comment!" they cried in chorus.

"Yes, Louis Philippe has fled, and here is the government of France."

They begged me to read it out. I read, and I here repeat the list as I had it from the "Réforme."

"Albert, an operative."

"Mon dieu! it is awful!" cried a Countess.

"Arago."

"An astronomer," said another.

"Dupont de l'Eure."

"An old fool!"

"Lamartine."

"A poet, the panegyrist of Robespierre!"

"Louis Blanc."

"A communist."

"Ferdinand Flocon."

"A Jacobin."

"Marie."

"A deputy."

"Marrast."

"The National."

"Ledru-Rollin."

"*Un ecervelé.*"

"But who is to be king?" asked the husband of the Countess.

"No one!" I replied almost indignantly, "the Republic is proclaimed."

"La République!" said a lugubrious chorus of counts, marquises, servants, couturières and English.

"Oh, Madame!" said one addressing the landlady, "we shall all be assassinated."

"Madame!" cried another, "*nous sommes en pleine république.* Hide your silver spoons. *Nous serons pillés!*"

And away the terrified group scattered to conceal money, jewels, valuables, and, in many instances, themselves. My landlady, despite all I could say, believed the assertion of the old count who spoke of hiding her spoons, and actually sent up into every apartment to get back the plate with which she furnished her lodgers.

Such was the general state of feeling I am assured in all the fashionable and rich quarters of Paris. The English were terrified beyond

measure. I can say this in many instances from personal knowledge; but the rush for passports will prove the assertion to be correct.

About dark, however, the houses began to be illuminated. In every window candles, lamps and torches were placed, while bands of armed people paraded the streets shouting "Vive la Républiquc!" and singing the "Marscillaise." Very great crowds moved about until ten o'clock, when the streets began to thin.

Never were so many rumours set afloat in a town as upon this evening. Paris was surrounded by soldiers — Marshal Bugeaud and the King were encamped under the walls—the forts were about to bombard us —the people were about to burn, destroy and pillage. A few mischievous lads it is true, came knocking along the streets at the shutters, and outside Paris ruffians, *forçats*, galley-slaves whose time was up, pillaged, burned and destroyed, while persons interested in waggon companies pushed the ignorant peasantry to break up the railways; but here, in Paris, where reigned none save the shopkeepers and operatives, all was orderly, still, quiet, safe.

Numerous patrols of National Guard and workmen paraded every street, tired as they were, while not a barricade was abandoned; behind them slept their faithful guardians, while sentries, relieved every two hours, mounted true and faithful guard. Three times throughout the great city was the watchword changed that night. The Nation Française and Liberty, the choice of the people themselves. There were no thieves abroad that night, for quick justice is done by the people.

In the Rue de Richelieu, two men, caught in the act of robbing, are shot and a great placard placed over their bodies exposed to the passers-by—*Voleurs.*

A lady walking along the streets is robbed of a valuable jewel, by an ill-looking woman of a disorderly character. Two artizans passing by, members of the sovereign power, in whose hands is all law and justice, call her back, make her restore the valuable, and then shoot her!

Stern, tremendous measures these; but in such a time necessary. But for such awful examples, all the thieves, convicts, all the hordes of ruffians who hide in the lanes,

alleys, and backslums of the metropolis of France would have been out at their unholy and wretched work, doing good service to the cause of despotism, by frightening the friends of liberty, and that vast mass who have no other politics but their pockets.

Miserable was this night to many. The timid, the rich, the families of men peculiarly obnoxious to public opinion were in the utmost terror and alarm. Old men and women whispered in chimney corners tales about the reign of terror, of Marat, Danton, Desmoulins, and the terrible Robespierre, to mention whom was forbidden in that Assembly known as the French House of Peers. Those who had seen these days shook as if with palsy, while the young listened half convinced. Many spent the still hours of the night in putting away their money in remote corners, where popular ingenuity might not find it, while others shaved their whiskers, and many a man vowed to let beard and moustachios grow, and be as ferocious as possible.

For myself, I put my head out of window, to listen to the drums beating, to the guns firing, and the patrols passing, and when I had satisfied myself, went to rest, and slept

for the first time since I was a child within the confines of an European Republic, and confess, I found no sensible difference, save that the fatigue of the Revolution made my slumbers remarkably heavy.

My waking made me find Paris in a state which perfectly justified the following words of *La Réforme!* "When we spoke of a Republic, some days ago, we were told by very friendly persons: 'You are mad! The middle classes fear this terrible solution. They are afraid of robbery, of pillage, of burning, of all those scourges, which, during fifty years, have smoked under the head of aristocracies, to be lit up at the given word of the felon!' We now ask these honest citizens, if order was better kept under the Monarchy, if properties were more safe, if the *ateliers* of luxurious trades were better respected? We will simply add, that the people, who have kept this town in calmness and security, which twenty consuls and their cohorts could not rule, this admirable and proud people are without bread!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE 25TH OF FEBRUARY.

EVERYWHERE on the walls appear startling words, "*République Française*," words which, five days before, would have sent a printer to gaol. In the streets, are bodies of men armed with guns, pikes, sticks, who stop at bakers' shops, and are supplied with bread, which the nation for whom they have fought pays for. To draw them, however, to a focus, and to prevent their remaining scattered about the town in disorderly bodies, as well as to insure a firm Republican body-guard for the Provisional Government, the *Garde Nationale mobile* is at once organized, and twenty-four thousand of the more needy combatants are thus provided for at the rate of fifteen-pence a day.

The thousands and tens of thousands who fought, and then returned to their work—

to their homes—to their garrets, and of whom nothing more was heard, was prodigious. Aristocrats, bankers, counts, dukes, Jews, Gentiles, Poles, artizans, all classes had fought, or tried to fight. Their number was vast. And now, what chance has despotism or treachery, or royalty, where two hundred thousand National Guards are distributed over the town, armed, disciplined, well supplied with ammunition, all of whom will turn out at the first call?

But great emotion is felt about Vincennes. This immense and powerful fortress is garrisoned by a tremendous force, with artillery, ammunition in waggon-loads, and provisions for months. The Duc de Montpensier is wrongly said to command, while he is flying in hot haste for safety, never having drawn one sword for the patrimony of his family.

Presently, however, a vast column with artillery is on the way to Vincennes, headed by students of the Polytechnic School. Several of these hurry forward on horseback, and holding parley with the garrison, prevent a collision. Before the immense popular army is up, the gates are opened, and the soldiers are ready to fraternize with the people, part

of whom, with the Polytechnics, share the garrison with the troops.

"But at the Hôtel de Ville all is not roses for the new Government. The scenes of the night are again renewed, and we find the following recorded in the *Presse*:—

Five times during the day, M. de Lamartine addressed the people assembled under the windows of the Hôtel de Ville:—

"It is thus you are led from calumny to calumny against the men who have devoted themselves, head, heart, and breast, to give you a real Republic—the Republic of all classes, all interests, and all the legitimate rights of the people. Yesterday you asked us to usurp, in the name of the people of Paris, the rights of thirty-five million of men, to vote them an absolute Republic, instead of a Republic invested with the strength of their consent; that is to say, to make of that Republic, imposed and not consented, the will of a part of the people, instead of the will of the whole nation! To-day you demand from us the red flag instead of the tri-coloured one. Citizens! for my part, I will never adopt the red flag; and I will explain in a word why I will oppose it with all the strength of my patriotism. It

is, citizens, because the tri-coloured flag has made the tour of the world, under the Republic and the Empire, with our liberties and our glories, and that the red flag has only made the tour of the Champ de Mars, trailed through torrents of the blood of the people!"

At this part of the speech of M. de Lamartine, in that astonishing sitting of sixty hours, in the midst of an irritated crowd, every one was suddenly affected by his words; hands were clapped, and tears shed, and they finished by embracing him, shaking his hands, and bearing him in triumph. In a moment after, fresh masses of people arrived, armed with sabres and bayonets. They knocked at the doors; they filled the *salles*. The cry was, that all was lost; that the people were about to fire on, or stifle the members of the Provisional Government. M. de Lamartine was called for. He was supplicated to go once more, for the last time, to address the people. He was raised on a step of the staircase; the crowd remained for half-an-hour without consenting to listen to him, vociferating, brandishing arms of all kinds over his head. M. de Lamartine folded his arms, re-commenced his address, and finished by softening, ap-

peasing, and caressing the intelligent and sensible people, and determining them either to withdraw, or to become themselves the safeguard of the Provisional Government.

Still, from all quarters, many-tongued rumour brings news of an exciting character. All this Friday we are startled with cries of "Death of Louis Philippe!" "Arrest of Guizot!" "Revolution in England!" Revolution in Belgium!" &c. But the night having really passed without any very shocking event in Paris, though sad havoc was done by gangs of malefactors, the shops begin to open, ladies begin to move about, the business absolutely necessary to existence is renewed, and men and women look a little less pale and care-worn.

But the Government proceeds: decree upon decree comes forth. All political prisoners are released, small pledges are returned to the owners, the Tuileries is turned into the Invalides du Travail, all functionaries are released from their oaths to the monarchy, care is taken to keep the town amply supplied with provisions, labour is guaranteed, or rather promised to all citizens, the children of those killed during the three days, are adopted by

the Republic, the Municipal Guard is dissolved, the million of the Civil List just due is devoted to the working classes—but these decrees belong to subsequent history.

During the day, many alarmist rumours prevailed. A regular system of pillage for the night was being organized; the Ex-Palais Royal was on fire; the aristocrats had organized a rising in favour of Henry V. All this, however, was moonshine; and night came, with its illuminations, its patrols, its theatres, its thronged *cafés* and *restaurateurs*, its promenaders, and, no doubt, its fears.

One feature of this day was the newspapers: most of them were on single sheets, printed on only one side. By evening, however, new journals had started into existence, and were crying in every corner of Paris.

Thousands of English, meanwhile, were making preparations to fly. The Marquis of Normanby's Hotel was thronged by one mass of British subjects seeking passports. But there was no means of getting them countersigned by the police. I went up for the purpose of observing the general tone. Most were saying, with a positiveness that was quite amazing: "The British Government can never recognize

that batch of *canaille!*" and other such recondité and cogent observations.

But my narrative of the three days is over. Imperfect as it is, it is finished. I have now to complete it by a sketch of those men who brought about the Revolution, and who hitherto have benefited by it, and been carried to power. This, with a few words, will conclude my volume.

I may as well here remark, that I do not pretend to give a complete and perfect history of the Revolution. This is not to be done at present, only fifteen days after the events of the week which thus changed the face of Europe. I have, however, as far as I have been able, recorded what I saw, heard, and read. The secret history of the Revolution remains to be written. It cannot be here, in the midst of the daily turmoil of events, and with the firing yet fresh in our ears, and the word "French Republic," scarce tutored to be pronounced by our lips.

CHAPTER XVI.

LOUIS PHILIPPE—GUIZOT—MOLE—THIERS—BARROT.

It would be idle here to record the history of Louis Philippe, or, indeed, to trace the complete tale of any one man's existence who has played a part in the recent Revolution. But still it is impossible not to give some account of the persons who, in various ways, brought about the events which have startled the whole civilized world.

Louis Philippe is a man who has, I conceive, been prodigiously overrated. Belonging to any other than a royal family, I imagine he would have made very little figure in the world, except, perhaps, as a clever banker, merchant, or some other position in which shrewdness and prudence in money matters are requisite. He was always notorious for playing that part which suited

best his own private interests, or at all events were supposed to do so.

We find him, in the early revolution, acting the part of a commissary of the Jacobin Club, with the *bonnet rouge* upon his head, and outvying all who spoke in his democratic tendencies; and in 1830 we saw him again, hat in hand, and his umbrella under his arm, courting the popular voice to snatch the crown, yet warm, from the head of his relatives. In both instances, we find him guilty of hypocrisy. In 1792 he was not any more a republican than in 1830, when he accepted the Crown with affected regret. Both were but means to the great end of satisfying his ambition, his love of power, wealth, and adulation :—a vice never more practised than at the court of Louis Philippe.

That Louis Philippe conspired against the Bourbons, I am quite convinced, because I know that in 1830 the whole scenes of the drama which preceded his acceptance of the throne, were prepared beforehand. Louis Philippe and his mass of adherents, many purchased, many believing him actuated by a sincere desire to unite monarchy with democratic institutions, did not cause the revolu-

tion of 1830, for no set of men can rouse a nation to arms. A revolution is the spontaneous rush of the populace to fight against oppression. But like the republicans in 1848, he was ready to avail himself of the national movement, and even, as did the leaders of the democrats in February, guided and led by agents the movement of the people. Still, the crimes of which he is accused have never been proved. No man knows what secrets history may be big with, but I feel satisfied, that however ambitious, however greedy of power the late monarch of France has always been, the accusations which for thirty years have been current in Europe, are without foundation. Tyrant, Louis Philippe was, but of the acts now publicly charged against him I, for one, conceive him incapable.*

* As an instance of the way Louis-Philippe was spoken of in France four days after his departure, I subjoin the words of Alexis Dumesnil, a writer whose work has been greeted with applause, particularly by the Carlists, the party which chiefly seeks to profit by these calumnies. I give in French, for obvious reasons, a passage of his work. "Deux grands attentats, également précédés de violences et de cruautés, dominent tous les autres complots de cette faction, qui depuis si long-temps aspirait au pou-

But enough remains to be brought against Louis Philippe. This monarch will go down

voir. C'est d'abord le meurtre du duc de Berry, dernier acte de l'épouvantable tragédie des piqueurs ; puis c'est, à quelques années de là, cette malheureuse révolution de Juillet, couronnant l'œuvre homicide des incendiaires de Normandie. Or, on distingue aisément à travers un léger nuage le parricide auteur de tant de crimes et de forfaits, celui qui en a tenu dans sa main tous les fils et fait jouer tous les ressorts. Je le vois marcher d'un pas lent mais toujours égal à l'accomplissement de ses projets ; je le reconnais aux piéges dont il environne la cour, au poignard dont il arme le bras des assassins, au propre choix de ses victimes, toutes immolées à l'ambition d'une dynastie nouvelle.

" C'est, il faut le dire, cette rare habileté de d'Orléans à préparer les crimes les plus atroces, qui fait que tout d'abord la France et l'Europe l'accusent lui-même du meurtre de l'infortuné duc de Bourbon. Le bruit d'un suicide ne trompe personne, et l'on sent bien que le prince qui a pu monter sur le trône par tous les degrés de l'infamie n'est pas homme à dédaigner le riche héritage que lui procure un crime de plus.

" N'a-t-il pas d'ailleurs à ses ordres toutes les ressources de la corruption ? Manquera-t-il de zélés soutiens de son innocence ? Manquera-t-il de magistrats dociles, de juges complaisants pour attester qu'un Condé, le dernier de sa race, vient par un lâche suicide de mettre fin à ses jours ? Non sans doute. Il connaît trop bien la facilité de son siècle, et il a tout prévu, tout calculé, jusqu'à l'avilissement de la justice.

" Ce ne sont de tous côtés que trahisons et guet-apens,

to posterity as a tyrant, but without any of that glorious audacity which relieves the odium of

et la propre nièce du monarque, la duchesse de Berry, tombe à son tour dans un de ces piéges affreux que tend secrètement la main de son oncle. Mais il a trouvé le moyen de se surpasser lui-même; c'est par la honte, c'est par le déshonneur qu'il assassine cette fois sa victime. Il fait entrer les ministres dans sa confidence, et avec un sourire moqueur il désigne le misérable qui doit abuser des tendres sentiments de la princesse, et laisser dans son sein le témoignage vivant d'une malheureuse faiblesse. Dans l'esprit de Louis-Philippe, l'éclat d'un accouchement, combiné avec la captivité de sa nièce, ne pouvait manquer de servir la cause de l'usurpation en portant le dernier coup à la branche aînée, à cette famille royale sa bienfaitrice, dont il tenait son rang et sa fortune. Voilà le but de tant de scandale, voilà le secret de l'odieuse comédie qui s'est dénouée au château de Blaye; et l'on peut dire avec vérité que jamais ambition de prince ne descendit à de pareilles turpitudes.

" Le mensonge n'a-t-il pas continuellement été depuis quinze ans l'âme de sa politique; et n'est-ce pas encore au nom de la cause sacrée de l'humanité, au nom de la paix et de la prospérité publique qu'il s'efforce de nous imposer la plus lâche des tyrannies? Comme il mettait, sous la restauration, ses espérances dans les fautes et dans l'aveuglement de la cour, il ne cherche présentement qu'à tirer parti de la sottise des factions et des téméraires entreprises d'une multitude furieuse. Il traite la France comme nous l'avons vu traiter le faible et crédule Charles X., que l'on renfermait hypocritement dans le double cercle des lois et de la Charte, et qu'on se flattait d'avoir réduit à l'impossible. C'est en usant des mêmes

Napoleon's crushing attacks on liberty., Louis Philippe sought to reign for himself or his

artifices de légalité, de la même fascination constitutionnelle, que l'on est parvenu à envelopper Paris de murailles et de forteresses, et de tous ces corps de garde crénelés, savantes barricades d'une royauté factieuse; et les mêmes hommes qui renversèrent le trône légitime sont encore ceux qui tiennent la première place dans la confiance de Louis-Philippe, et dont il met plus volontiers à profit la funeste expérience.

" Comme un chef de brigands qui se serait emparé du pouvoir, il n'a eu que l'embarras de travestir en fonctionnaires publics, en magistrats et en ministres, sa bande infâme, devenue tout à coup l'arbitre de notre sort, la gardienne et l'interprète de l'honneur national. Tous portent aujourd'hui la livrée de l'homme d'Etat, tous vantent leur zèle et leur dévouement, et certes ils ont raison, s'ils entendent par là ce que leur âme peut enfanter de crimes et de bassesses.

" Et cependant je n'ai pas encore tout dit sur cette politique si chère aux héros de l'usurpation. Non-seulement la France subit leur honteux pouvoir, mais elle est à la merci des plus vils faiseurs d'élections et de tous les privilégiés du scrutin, à quelque degré que ce soit. La main avidément tendue vers l'urne constitutionnelle, ils ne s'en approchent que pour nous assassiner de leurs votes, et nous enlever ces millions opimes qu'ils courent ensuite partager aux Tuileries avec l'auguste monarque de leur choix. O honte ! ô infamie ! que de fois, hélas ! le petit-fils de Charles X., en tombant au pied de la croix, n'a-t-il pas dû s'écrier avec le Sauveur des hommes: 'La maison de mon père était une maison de prière, ils en ont fait une caverne de brigands.'

family, not for France. But to secure himself firmly on his throne it was necessary to have a large body of supporters, to keep France at peace, to have an outlet for restless spirits, to form powerful alliances, and to fix himself in the very soil. We have seen him first doing his utmost to court the middle classes, by giving them wealth, credit, and prosperity; then when he thought himself secure, crushing them with taxation to carry out his favourite plans, fortifications, immense armies, &c. Having thus lost favour, he still further drains the nation's purse to purchase that support which he can no longer legitimately claim. We have seen him after having wisely preserved peace during many years, entering upon an insensate war policy, increasing his army, his navy, and sinking, in useless fortifications, sums of a nature to leave behind the most lasting relics of his reign. We have

"Voilà sans doute un éprouvantable règne. Mais ce qui le rend encore plus horrible, c'est que la nation elle-même n'est pointe exempte de reproches. Ne savait-elle pas depuis longtemps ce que valait la maison d'Orléans! Pouvions-nous donc moins attendre de celui qui pendant quinze ans avait tramé toutes les conspirations, ouvert la porte à tous les complots!"

seen him keeping Algiers as the outpost for all the restless spirits that filled his army, but doing nothing to add to the greatness and power of France by means of what might have been a splendid colony. After a long peace and friendly intercourse with England, which rendered none but small armies necessary and might have led to vastly diminished taxation, we find him risking war, breaking up the *entente cordiale,* and entering, upon the skirts of despotism, into an alliance with northern powers, in the vain hope of securing to one of his sons a crown, on which no wise insurance office would grant a life policy under fifty per cent. annual premium.

Ambitious without grandeur, loving wealth and aggrandizement for its own sake, perpetually tortured by a desire to see his own family rich and powerful; selfish, avaricious, without one atom of sympathy for the masses —by which fatal error will fall every crown in the universe, if they be not warned—Louis Philippe fell without leaving behind him any but interested regrets. No man could put faith in his word. Of that chivalrous honour which has distinguished many a worse man, he had none. He could smooth, and flatter

and deceive, and promise, with an air too often irresistible. He had none of that love of display and magnificence which, as one receiving a vast sum from the nation for no earthly use that has yet been discovered, was a duty. It was notorious, that the vast revenues he received from the nation were not spent in those ways which would have given employment, vivified commerce, and kept in action large bodies of the artizans of his splendid capital. His civil list, his state domains, his large over-cuttings in the national forests, brought in an income, which spent royally, would have spread around his palace a halo of magnificence that would have had its use, and which, when such incomes are taken from the profits of labour and capital, cannot be otherwise expended without crime. But either to corrupt, to buy support at home and abroad, or to hoard up in secret places, Louis Philippe took millions upon millions, but gave not back. With such incalculable resources he was always in debt; and many a tradesman will tell of the years they have waited for little accounts to be settled. His meannesses are so notorious that I may be permitted to allude to them.

That much may be traced to his education, I believe. It has been the habit to praise the system under which he was brought up, but the notorious mistress of Philippe Egalité, no matter what her talents, could not have fitly brought up the children torn from an insulted and ill-treated mother. Son of one whose character history will hesitate to judge, as not knowing whether he were greater fool or villain, the Voltairien education of the Duc de Chartres has much to answer for. There has been through life no guiding principle in this man, no faith in the holiness of Providence, no trust in man.

Had he been a good King, Louis Philippe would have died on the throne. It cannot be denied that he made republicanism in France. With light taxation, with an ambition extending not beyond the limits of his country, without an annual decreasing loan and deficit, with a manifest desire to progress with the age, and gradually to extend the circle of reform, with a determination to rule by ministers only who possessed the confidence and love of the middle classes and people, with a careful attention to the wants and desires of the masses, Louis Philippe would

have reigned in the hearts of France, and republicanism would have waited half a century, and not received perhaps premature development. In a word, had Louis Philippe not broken every one of the solemn pledges made when he became King, he would not have fallen. King of the Barricades, he turned to the system of Legitimacy. He sought to rule by right and force, not love, and he fell.

All this shows him to have been, after all, but a very mediocre man, very cunning; but like all cunning men, over-reaching himself.

With this hurried sketch, I pass to his principle agent, after quoting the following somewhat highly-coloured passage from Dumesnil.

"This man, Providence gave us for our punishment, as our devouring wound; and not only has she allowed him to oppress France within, but to betray her without, by fatal alliances. It is true that, deceiving the foreigners, as he daily deceived the nation, they reproached him with all his perfidy; and if they forgave him the abominable practice by which he sought to overreach them, it was because he had taken a pledge to reduce

France from her proper rank and power!' To sacrifice the State to the house of Orleans, and to increase the authority of his family in the same proportion with our miseries and humiliation, such was the policy of Louis Philippe; and it is because England would not accept such odious tactics, that the monarch of the Barricades of July turned towards Austria, to conclude with her cabinet a new pact of treason. 'Disposing of us at his will, of our honour and his alliances, he used it as vile lucre, to pay the debts of his *honteux* dynasty. Doubtless we must be most guilty, for God to allow such a scourge; but let us hope that Providence, in dashing him from the throne, will destroy the evil with its cause; let us hope that it will break our other chains, and bring back to virtue a people bowed down beneath a weight of iniquity."

M. Guizot, the late Minister of Foreign Affairs, and who may be said, in some measure, to have been the second cause of the late French Revolution, seems doomed both to begin and end his life amidst political storms. On the 8th of April, 1794, three days after the sanguniary victory which Robespierre

gained over Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and the members of the "Comité de Clémence," and before the victory had its full effect, the father of the subject of the present notice, who was a distinguished advocate at Nîmes, and descended from an honourable family, perished on the scaffold, his political opinions being supposed to be in opposition to those of the terrible triumvirate. The grief of his widow was increased by the fact of her being left alone to form the education of her two little children, the eldest of whom was hardly seven years of age. François-Pierre Guizot was born on the 14th of October, 1787; and while yet a boy, his serious and meditative countenance already gave evidence of his precocious temperament. Born a Protestant, under laws which refused a legal union to his parents, to himself a name and the rights of a citizen, he saw the Revolution restore him all those privileges, although at the expence of his father's life.

Soon after the melancholy catastrophe to which we have alluded, Madame Guizot left Nîmes, and went to reside at Geneva, both for the purpose of being near her family and for the education of her children. The young

Guizot was placed at the Gymnase, and pursued his studies with such avidity, that at the end of four years, he read Thucydides, Demosthenes, Cicero, Tacitus, Dante, Alfieri, Schiller, Goëthe, Gibbon and Shakespeare in the original.

The last years which he spent at college were specially dedicated to historical and philosophical studies, which have since always had peculiar attractions for him.

After achieving a brilliant success at college, M. Guizot left Geneva for Paris, in order to commence the study of law. Poor and proud, austere and ambitious, the young student here found himself thrown amidst a world of intrigues, of licentiousness, and frivolity; however, his rigid and serious disposition was sufficient to protect him against the contagion of the most dangerous city in the world.

A year after his arrival in Paris, he was received as tutor into the house of M. Stapfer, late Minister from Switzerland, where he was treated with the utmost hospitality, and where every opportunity was afforded him of continuing his studies. Here he met many of the cleverest men of the day, as also the wife who afterwards exercised over him such a happy influence.

The romantic circumstance which led to M. Guizot's marriage is pretty generally known; but, as a pleasing contrast to the events we have been narrating, I repeat it.

Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, born of a dintinguished family, but ruined by the Revolution, found in her talents sufficient resources to make them available. She became editor of the "Publiciste," which she continued to write for until illness, caused by excess of labour, compelled her to interrupt her occupations. She found herself in a most critical position, when one day she received an anonymous letter, begging her to keep her mind easy, and in which the writer offered to fulfil her duties during the time of her illness.

The letter was accompanied by a well-written article, in which the style and manner so much resembled her own, that she at once assigned it as her own production. This was continued during the whole time of her indisposition.

Both astonished and grateful at this proceeding, Mademoiselle de Meulan related her adventure at the house of M. Suerd, forming all manner of conjectures, and but little thinking of the pale and serious young man whom she hardly knew, and who listened gravely to

all that was said. After having been requested by means of the journal to make himself known, the author decided on going personally to receive his well deserved thanks, and five years after Mademoiselle de Meulan became Madame Guizot. During these five years the life of M. Guizot was filled with literary labours. In 1809 he published his first work, the "Dictionnaire des Synonymes," of which the introduction, devoted to the philosophical appreciation of the French language, reveals the precision and method which always distinguish M. Guizot. This publication was followed by "Les Vies des Poètes Français," by a translation of Gibbon, enriched with historical notes of the greatest interest, and lastly, by the translation of a work of Relifus, called "L'Espagne en 1808." Although these works have been since followed by others from the pen of the same author, which have caused them in a manner to be forgotten: still we may judge of his ability, when we say that they were executed by him before he reached the age of twenty-five.

His talents were already considerably known, as in 1812 M. de Fontanes attached

him to the University, in naming him Assistant Professor to the Chair of History in the Faculty of Letters. Soon after he was appointed to the Chair of Modern History, which he filled with the utmost credit.

The first part of the life of M. Guizot was strictly literary, and it was not until 1814 that he was chosen by the Abbé de Montesquieu, then Minister of the Interior, to fulfil the duties of his secretary. And this is the first step which he took in the career of politics. In this situation, although it appears of a secondary character, M. Guizot by his great talents exercised a considerable influence over the measures of the liberal cause, conjointly with M. Royer-Collard, in having prepared that severe law against the press which was presented to the chambers in 1814 by M. de Montesquieu. On the other side, he was followed by the jealousy of the ultra-royalists, who were indignant to see a *bourgeois*, a professor and a protestant, take his place beside an abbé of the court.

On the return of Napoleon from Elba, M. Guizot again undertook his duties as professor, and two months later, on the fall of the Emperor becoming evident, he was appointed

by the constitutional royalists to proceed to Ghent to plead for the Charter before Louis XVIII, and to insist on the dismission of M. de Blacas, then considered as chief of the party which supported the *ancien régime*. This mission had its effect, as in a month after Louis XVIII complied with the conditions proposed. In 1815 M. Guizot occupied the place of Secretary to the Minister of Justice under M. de Barbé-Maubois.

On the assassination of the Duc de Berri the Décazes ministry fell, and from this epoch until the coming into power of Martinac in 1828, the political life of M. Guizot was a perpetual combat against the principles of the Villèlé Ministry. Although too young to be allowed to speak in the Chamber, M. Guizot sustained his opinions by numerous political writings, the success of which was universal.

As professor of modern history, M. Guizot continued his attacks on the Ministry, which revenged itself by having his lectures prohibited in 1825, as Guizot was, at a later period, compelled to act towards his ex-colleagues, on which he again entered the literary career, and published several important works, amongst the most celebrated of which, may be ranked the "Essais sur l'histoire de France."

On the fall of the Villèle Ministry, and the return of the Martinac to office, M. Guizot was reinstated in his chair, and some time afterwards, on the assumption of power by Polignac, he entered the Chamber, elected by the College of Lisieux.

In 1830, after the Revolution, M. Guizot was chosen Minister of the Interior, and headed the party of Constitutional Monarchists. On the death of Casimer Périer, a coalition took place between M.M. Thiers and Guizot, and the Ministry of the 12th of October, 1832, was founded, in which M. Guizot occupied the post of Minister of Public Instruction. Here he conceived and prepared the excellent law of the 28th of June, 1833, on primary instruction, on the principles of popular education, adopted and proclaimed by the Revolution of 1798, but arrested in its course by the social disturbances of the last fifty years. Eleven thousand communes, or a fourth of France, till then deprived of this great benefit, at once saw public schools erected, where the children of the poorest might receive that instruction so necessary for their future welfare. After four years of existence, the Cabinet of the 11th of October was

dissolved, on which M. Guizot retired, and did not enter the ranks of the Opposition till the arrival of the Molé Administration into power. He was appointed by the Ministry of the 12th of May, to replace the Marshal Sébastiani as Ambassador at London, and being continued in his post by the Ministry of the 1st of March, he was charged to defend the interests of France in the stormy question of the East. The éclat of his name, the austere dignity of his character, and his perfect acquaintance with English habits and literature, rendered him very acceptable to the nation.

On the breaking out of the insurrection in Syria, the position of M. Guizot was changed, and he returned to Paris to form the Ministry of the 29th of October, 1840. A declared advocate of peace, the new Ministry saw no legitimate cause for a war arising out of this question, and through his concessions the difficulties which had been raised up between France and England, under the Thiers Administration, were adjusted. The fortifications of Paris already commenced, were actively continued by him, as personal rivalry with the late Minister did not prevent him

from executing those parts of the late policy of which he approved.

Soon after, various important affairs were discussed in the Chamber, and adjusted under his authority, amongst which may be cited the Regency Bill in favour of the Duc de Nemours on the death of the Duc d'Orleans, and the Taïtian Question, the latter of which, also, at one time, seemed to be about to produce a rupture with England. Although in several of these question, sustained but by a small majority, still his tact and perseverance managed to retain him in office.

The subsequent career of Guizot is too well known to require much notice. His triumphant victory in the elections of 1846 was fatal, for thus it was that he was confirmed in reactionary politics by the belief in impunity.

As a man, Guizot was well known to be pure in life, a good husband and a good son; as a writer, though sometimes obscure, he is brilliant and correct; as an historian, he is one of the first in modern times; as an orator, he is great. In politics, Guizot never was a liberal, nor was he ever great. He was powerful to attack with his pen and his voice, but once in office, he was deficient in every one of

the great qualities of a statesman. He had neither the boldness or originality of genius, The creative power of legislating, or the administrative ideas of a reformer. Guizot, free to act according to his own fancy, might have been less mild as a politician, but he was but an exemplification of how few, mere literary men and theorists, ever succeed in action. He could defend power, he could consolidate by strong measures, but he could not make it impregnable by good laws. But the great fault of Guizot was his servile obedience to the Monarch, from the mere love of place and power. To cling to office, he bore with all the odium which an indignant public opinion poured upon him. So that the Monarch was pleased and he kept office, he cared not for the masses, and of late years never introduced a law which could in any way be said to bear on their condition.

Beyond a fault, and verging on crime, was his connivance at the foul corruption which ate into the vitals of the land. As Louis Philippe sought to make a France without honour or virtue, and sacrificing all to money, would have made it after his own image, so did Guizot connive at all. An open hand was held

held out to all the rogues, the profligates, the schemers, who, for pay, were ready to do the dirty work of the Administration. Under this system, crime and infamy were everywhere. A King and Ministers, supported by brute force and by corruption; a Senate, whose road to favour, was their servility and baseness; a legislature degraded by the notorious and odious traffic in their votes going on every day; Ministers, making their hotels asylums for pilfering and simony; corruption in every order of state; such was the system aided and abetted by Guizot.

For the infamies of the Regency and the reign of Louis XV. had this King and councillor substituted more despicable, mean and petty vices. To pilfer in the service of the State had become a mode of revenue. Every day exposures blasted the system, and this feeling was fast spreading throughout every portion of the body politic. That virtue is not the soul of monarchy, was never better exemplified than during the reign of Louis Philippe and his satellite; and for the sake of honour, virtue, and every noble and generous feeling, it was high time the whole fabric fell to the dust; they built their house on sand,

and had with them neither the blessing of God, nor the love of man. Unhonoured, hated, they reigned, until despised they fell. None regretted them; though many feared the Republic, not a man in France but breathed more freely when Louis Philippe and Guizot were no longer in the land. A weight of iniquity was off when the tyrant and his accomplice fled.

History will deal hardly with both, but not more so than they deserve. Nothing can be said too severe for men who ruled the nation by its vices instead of its virtues, and sought not to try what they could do for France, but what it would fetch; who never advocated a noble and a generous part, but always sided with despotism, iniquity, and the principles of tyranny.

So much for Guizot!

M. Thiers, who has been completely, at all events temporarily, extinguished by the Revolution, must not, however, be omitted from this chapter of sketches. Though less prominent in his recent opposition to the Government than Barrot, from the fact that he did not attend the Banquets, Thiers was only the more pungent, acrid, and bitter in his journal and at the tribune. A politician scarcely more

honest than Guizot, following out the track of place, Theirs has been Republican, Radical, Whig, Conservative, according as it served his purpose. Before the Revolution of 1830, nothing could be more democratic. His History of the French Revolution was favourable to that great event; but when Louis Philippe ascended the throne, and the charms of office held out their tempting baits, Thiers became a Girondin of the new Revolution, held the populace in abhorrence, and made himself the subservient tool of the middle classes. The later editions of the work of Thiers were modified to suit his new views, and he became a confirmed Moderate.

Theirs' personal appearance is thus described by a clever writer. It is exaggerated, like most French productions, but is nearly true:—"Enter the Chamber on the occasion of any parliamentary tournament; direct your eyes towards that narrow cage, bordered with marble, which serves as a tribune to the haranguers, and gaze at what there is agitated. It is a little man, whose head alone is visible, so small is his stature. This head is adorned with a face passably ugly, rather full of grimaces, but lively, expressive, speaking,

original, and, as it were, hung to a pair of enormous spectacles."

Louis Adolphe Thiers, like most men of talent, is the child of his own work. Born at Marseilles on the 16th of April, 1797, his father was a working man, his mother a poor descendant of a wealthy merchant's family. By the interest of maternal relations, he entered the Imperial Lyceum at Marseilles, where he studied until 1815, when at eighteen years of age, he began the study of law at Aix. Here he learned in common with another son of the people, M. Mignet.

At Aix, Thiers had the character of a Revolutionist. He spoke on all occasions against the Government of the Restoration, lauded that of the Republic and the Empire, and despite the enmity of the professor, carried off by a little *supercherie* the first and second prize of oratory. Everything showed the coming man. No sooner was he received an *avocat*, than he came with Mignet to Paris; and taking up their quarters in a garret of a gloomy hotel, in the dirty passage of Montesquieu, looked about him. Fortune was soon favourable to him. In 1823, Manuel, the great liberal orator, was violently expelled

the Chamber. Thiers saw the chance, went to him, was well received and introduced to Lafitte, who opened for him the bureau of the *Constitutionnel.* His articles were at once remarked, and the young journalist well received in the saloons of Lafitte, Casimer Prerier, Flahaut, Baron Louis, and even Talleyrand.

In these places he met all the men who still remained of the great revolutionary epochs. He talked, questioned, listened, and, on going home, wrote. In a few years, from these original resources, and from other materials, he produced the only complete history of the French Revolution which had yet appeared. The very democratic and republican character of this first edition was its success, and the old revolutionary feelings of 1783 came into fashion.

His book made a noise. An obscure German bookseller, Schubart, like a good angel, introduced him to Baron Cotta, an ex-publisher and *millionaire,* who, in admiration of his talents, gave him a share in the *Constitutionnel.* M. Thiers now descended from his garret, became a dandy, frequented Tortoni's, and mounted on horseback, while Schubart returned to die of hunger in his own country.

But the *Constitutionnel* is not democratic enough for M. Thiers, who, had he been consistent, would now be the great statesman of the Revolution. In 1828, with Armand Carrel, and the more enthusiastic of the revolutionary party, he founded the *National*. M. Thiers is now playing a deep game. To overthrow the system of the Restoration the co-operation of the masses is required, and he makes himself popular with the masses. He begins a war to the knife against the Government of the Bourbons, he never lets them have any rest, he closes round the Polignacs, he harasses them, he quotes the Charter, and mainly contributes to the convulsion of 1830.

It came, 1830. On the morning of the 26th, all the journalists were at the *National* office. M. Thiers was at his post. A collective protestation is drawn up, and Thiers signs it the first, thus risking his head. Like the forbidding of the Banquet, it was the signal of revolution. The people ratified it in the streets by flying to arms. Thiers declares he will confine himself to legal means, and goes to Montmorency. On the 29th, after the battle, he returns to Paris. The next day, he went to Nieully, from Lafitte, to call on the

Duke of Orleans, to undertake the Lieutenant-Generalship of the kingdom.

As Under-Secretary of State, under Lafitte, he battled against the great commercial crisis. Elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, his democratic ideas, his wish to revolutionize the world, his à-la-Danton speeches made him scarcely tolerated. But Thiers soon saw that this tack would not do, and it cost him nothing to veer round. When the Lafitte Ministry fell, and the young orator was counted on by the Opposition, his first speech showed his utter disregard of political principle, and his ingratitude to Lafitte. He became as Conservative as he had been Democratic, as peaceful as he had been warlike, as anti-propagandist as he had been hotly the contrary. He even went so far as to defend the hereditary peerage, one of the most senseless notions ever conceived in a country which had once abolished such a relic of the dark ages. But Casimir Perrier, whose ministry he supported, died on October 11, 1832, and Soult became Prime Minister, with Thiers as Minister of the Interior. The situation was bad, Vendée in civil war, Belgium menaced, irritation everywhere. Thiers bought a traitor, and

the Duchess de Berri was arrested. He then attacked Antwerp, and the liberty of Belgium was assured.

Become Minister of Commerce and Public Works, he, by his activity, restored France to prosperity, started canals and roads everywhere, and encouraged commerce and trade hitherto languishing. But, in 1834, the Republicans were so extensively organized, and so powerful, that the Orleans dynasty tottered. Thiers has used this party, and sacrificed them without mercy. He proposes a law against associations, which is carried, and breaks up the extensive conspiracy which was fourteen years in re-organizing itself. When the insurrection of April arose, simultaneous with that of Lyons, he saved the monarchy, crushed the rising, disguised its true force and danger, and saw Captain Rey and Armand de Vereilles killed by his side at a barricade.

But Soult and Thiers quarrel, and the former retires, a rough and intemperate soldier, to be followed by Marshal Gerard, who, however cannot agree with the young Minister. Unable yet to aspire to the Presidency, Thiers resigns, and for three days, the comedy of a Bassano Ministry is played. At

the end of that period, Marshal Mortier devoted himself, and Thiers was again Minister. But again, on the question of an amnesty, they quarrelled. Thiers was against the measure, and Mortier retired, to be followed, after a little more of comedy, by the Presidency of Broglie.

Then came the affair of Fieschi, which had the grave result of bringing about the laws of September, which gagged the press and limited the trial by jury. These measures were the most fatal acts of conservatism which Thiers ever committed, and have never been forgotten by the radicals and republicans. Soon after, Broglie and Guizot retired, leaving Thiers as President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs; not long, however, since on the question of intervention in Spain, Thiers' partisans differed from the opinion of the King, and resigned. A Molé Ministry and a coalition opposition followed; which monstrous combination having been successful, there was a battle for the vacant offices, which ended in Thiers becoming a simple deputy, the events of the 12th of May having decided the ministerial crisis.

The Eastern question and other complica-

tions, brought back M. Thiers to power on the 1st of March, 1840. It is not here the place to discuss his conduct in these affairs; suffice it that he shortly afterwards fell, and was followed by the cabinet of the 29th of October, the longest, most powerful and most unpopular administration which ever held the reigns of office in France.

From this day Thiers devoted himself to literature and opposition, until at last having raised, by means of a coalition of whigs, radicals, republicans, carlists and socialists, a storm before which Guizot must have fallen, Thiers saw himself on the very pinnacle of power again, when the people stepped in and swept away throne, monarchy, institutions, all; and the celebrated historian and journalist, the ex-Minister, ex-Deputy, ex-President of the Council, member of the French Academy, became a private individual. It is yet to be seen if elected to the coming Chamber, he will play a part in the immense legislative drama which is preparing in France.

Talented as a writer and an orator, Thiers is a placeman but not a statesman. He wants not genius, but a guiding and leading principle. He has no faith in any institutions or in any

men. He joins that party which is most likely to serve his own interests, and if he serves his country, it is for his own sake. It is impossible to respect the politician, though we admire the genius, industry and perseverance of the man. In fact between the editor of the "National" and "Constitutionnel," between the revolutionist of 1828 and 1829 and the conservative of 1834. between the Doctrinaire of one date and the Liberal of another, between the bold writer and the enemy of all liberty of the press, there is too wide a difference to make us do other than despise the politician. There is a giving way, a change in public men, which we understand, but one may cede to public opinion, without being a weathercock, tossed about by the wind, not of opinion but interest. It is to me perfectly clear why the people of Paris, on the morning of the 24th, refused to accept Thiers, and thought him a Minister no better or more liberally disposed than Guizot.

The stormy events of the late Revolution having called M. Molé into power for a few hours, it is absolutely necessary to give a slight sketch of him.

Louis Mathieu Molé was born in 1780

and early in life felt the effects of Revolutions. In 1794, during the Reign of Terror, his family hid themselves in a garret in the Rue du Bac. Here, deprived of the necessaries of life, and in momentary fear of apprehension, the young Louis, then fourteen years of age, with a precocity of mind, produced by misfortune, went out secretly at nightfall, and by his youthful appearance, escaped the suspicions of the police. By this means, he had an opportunity both of procuring intelligence of passing events, and of affording succour and hope to his confined relations. Soon after, the family succeeded in leaving Paris; but his father, the President Molé de Champlatreux, who had emigrated, being determined to return to France, and imprudently taking his son with him, both were soon discovered and thrown into prison. The President was soon after executed, and the extreme youth of Louis with difficulty succeeded in saving him. He was threatened with the most horrible menaces to discover the hiding-place of the Marchioness of Samoignon, his grandmother, of his mother and sister, but all in vain; and after a considerable detention, he was liberated. However, it was necessary that he should quit

France; and one of the old servants of the family having obtained power in the revolutionary Government, notice was sent them so that they were enabled to escape pursuit. The young Molé went into Switzerland, and afterwards into England; but, after a thousand difficulties, he was again enabled to enter France on the fall of Robespierre. Without fortune or prospects, on arriving in Paris he entered the Polytechnic School, and prepared to acquire for himself the splendid position which he afterwards occupied.

On the establishment of the Consulate, the young Molé demanded an audience from Bonaparte to claim the restitution of his estates which were not sold; and the fine property of Champlatreux was restored to him. Shortly after, he was made auditor of the Council of State, in consequence of a book of his which the Emperor approved of. This was an apology for despotism, which was of course perfectly suitable to Napoleon. His fortunes proceeded rapidly and too numerous to be mentioned. He became a Councillor of State attached to the person of Napoleon, and worked with him, always supporting him, even in his most arbitrary measures. At the

Restoration he was continued in his direction of roads and bridges, and distinguished himself by not, though a noble, mixing up in the rancorous hatreds of the returned emigrants. Though he voted the death of Marshal Ney, he tried hard afterwards to save him.

In August, 1817, he became Minister of Marine. In 1820 he separated himself from the ultra-royalists; in 1822 he went into opposition against the Villèle Administration, and systematically, up to the Polignac cabinet, remained separated from the party in power, more paricularly so from the latter. In 1830 he decided at once for the peace party, while many were craving a return to the territories of the empire. Soon after, he went into opposition against Lafitte; while under Casimir Perrier, he defended the hereditary peerage. Until the 15th of April, 1837, he, with a brief interval, remained out of office. His administration, which lasted two years, was really one of the most liberal under Louis Philippe. It fell from excess of honesty and want of oratorical talent to defend itself at the tribune, attacked as it was by a mass of ambitious placemen.

M. Molé is the beau-ideal of an honest,

sincere Conservative, dreaming of bringing about the old régime, with an aristocracy and hereditary House of Lords. He cannot see that the day for baubles is past, and that society now requires realities. No empire or monarcy is safe which rests on other foundations than the love of the people, brought about by sincere attention to their interests.

Odillon Barrot was born at Villefort, on the 19th of July, 1790. His father was a member of the Convention, of the Council of Five Hundred, and of the Legislative body. Educated at Paris, at the Lycée Napoléon, he did not distinguish himself very highly. Of a calm and temperate character, he differed much from that fiery youth, who from the colleges fed the armies of Napoleon. At twenty-three he was an advocate of the Cour de Cassation. On the day Napoleon returned from Elba to Paris, Barrot, as a National Guard, mounted sentry at the Tuileries. Several most brilliant oratorical displays connected with political questions, brought Barrot into notice under the Restoration. At the Revolution of July, he formed part of the committees which guided the movement, and more than any one decided Lafayette against

accepting the Presidency of a Republic which was offered him. Every one knows, that on the 30th July, France had a narrow escape from a Republic, and that the scheming of a few men, gave her up, bound hand and foot, once more to monarchy. As Prefect of the Seine, he distinguished himself in the early days of the Monarchy of July by his independence. Having resigned, he began that career of opposition which he has never since ceased. An Utopian, striving all his life to form in France, a Government which should have all the advantages of a Republic, without the terrors which timid people see in the name, Barrot could never be popular or influential except with the middle classes; who asked for reform and progression for themselves, but would have started back horrified at the idea of admitting the people within the pale of the constitution. Eloquent, sarcastic, and lively, he is most effective as an orator, though withal, there is a ponderosity peeping out, which is not always so well concealed as he generally manages to keep it. Highly honourable in public and private life, he would, as Minister, have, in all probability, carried the Monarchy of July over all

the storms of 1848. But his warnings were despised, and he and monarchy fell together. Still, his fall was noble, for though full of indecision, his conduct of late has been highly creditable to his patriotism and good name.

Of Bugeaud I shall not say much, as his part in the Revolution was incidental. Thomas Robert Bugeaud de la Piconnerie, was born in 1786, at Limoges. Of a noble family, that remained in France during the Revolution, he entered the army in 1804 as a private. He, however, rapidly distinguished himself, and the Restoration found him a Colonel. He saluted the restored dynasty with rapturous loyalty; so he did the return of Napoleon from Elba, for which he was punished, by being sent to the country on half-pay, under Louis XVIII. Cultivating cabbages, the Colonel Bugeaud remained until 1830, when he was elected a Deputy, on the ground of his popularity as an able and talented agriculturist. In the Chamber, his politics was rabid Conservatism; everything which smelt of the people, Thomas de la Piconnerie treated with profound contempt. The sword was his only mode of reasoning

with Republicans. His tremendous battle with them, or rather massacre of them in the Rue Transnonian is sufficient proof of this.

Sent to Algiers, the rough, insolent, and jack-booted politician, proved an excellent soldier, but a wretched, even contemptible diplomatist, as may be seen by the ridiculous treaty of Tana, where he was completely over-reached by Abd-el-Kader. But war once re-commenced, the military man re-appeared, and the war finished by the victory of Isly, which raised him to a very high degree of popularity. His return to France, his long-talked of, never-commenced opposition to Ministers, his part in the Revolution of February, is too well known to require en-largement here.

CHAPTER XVII.

LAMARTINE — ARAGO — LEDRU-ROLLIN — CREMIEUX — LOUIS BLANC—MARRAST—FLOCON—ALBERT.

TENDER poet! harmonious songster! royalist by tradition! republican by sympathy! pitying Louis XVI. in the same page that he does justice to the stern virtues of Robespierre, Alphonse du Prat, afterwards called Lamartine, after a maternal uncle, will doubtless be one of the great names in the history of the nineteenth century. Born at Maçon on the 21st of October, 1790, his father was a cavalry major under Louis XVI. This boy, who was to play so striking a part in a great revolution, passed many months of childhood in visiting his father during his confinement in a revolutionary prison. Soon after, he retired with his family to Milly, and there in peace, in repose, watched by a mother's love, who taught him pure and holy thoughts,

Lamartine drew in a poet's inspiration, and that sympathy with the suffering millions which have made of him, a royalist, a kind of social republican. Educated at the college of the Pères du Foi, at Berlez, Lamartine continued to receive the germs of that religious tone, which though occasionally eccentric, pervades his writings. In Italy, in Paris, he pursued his studies, or rather his dreams, and composed his Méditations. At the fall of Napoleon, the young royalist became one of the gardes-du-corps of the returned Bourbon; but after the hundred days, he devoted himself to literature, and from 1820 to 1824, so quick was his popularity, 45,000 copies of his Méditations were scattered abroad. After this, he began his diplomatic career at Florence, as secretary of legation, to continue it afterwards in Naples and London. It must not be forgotten that about this time he married a young and rich Englishwoman. Though with her fortune and the inheritance of an uncle, he was rich, the pleasures of an aristocratic existence did not make him forget poetry. His second Méditation, more correct, more perfect than his first, appeared in 1823, shortly after which he fought a duel with Colonel Pépé for

the following two lines in his "Dernier Chant" of Childe Harold :—

"Je vais chercher ailleurs (pardonne, ombre Romaine)
Des hommes, et non pas de la poussiere humaine."

This slur on Italy nearly cost him his life, he being severely wounded by a sword in the combat.

His "Chant du Sacré," his "Harmonies poétiques et réligieuses," having appeared, he was received at the Academy, and was about to start as Minister Plenipotentiary to Greece, when the July Revolution burst out. After vainly hoping, with Châteaubriand, to see the aged monarch followed by a child, Lamartine accepted frankly the revolution and its King. But he was rejected as a candidate for the Chamber, and went to the East, to return and write his magnificent "Voyage en Orient." This remarkable book I cannot here stop to analyse. Having here lost a beloved child, and suffered the martyrdom of a father passionately attached to these frail, but precious items of humanity, Lamartine in 1834 returned to France to take his seat in the Chamber. All men gave him a party; but he was neither legitimist nor radical, *cen-*

tre droit, nor *centre gauche; tiers parti*, nor *juste milieu*. He was the friend of justice, humanity, of tolerance, of morality, of the poor.

Still he neglected not poetry, and "Jocelyn" was added to his laurels, followed by the "Chute d'un Ange." His "Recueillements poétiques," an exquisite poem on his "Julia's death," is like manna amid the host of false rhyme and sentiment, dignified in France too often by the name of poetry.

In the Chamber his speeches on the Eastern question, in favour of the abolition of the punishment of death, his noble words in behalf of foundlings, his warm and able improvisation in favour of classical studies in answer to Arago, raised him rapidly to a level with the first orators of France. He became shortly after the head of a party known as the *parti social*. As this is an important question, I make a very clear and useful extract from one of his biographers; as it is of consequence not to confound the Socialism of Lamartine with that of the half-lunatic schemers, who have under this name advocated such pestilential theories in England.

"What is the Social party? Or rather what

is the political idea of M. de Lamartine? Placed beyond the position and ideas of the men of to-day, the political system of the poet will scarce admit of succinct and precise analysis. In the eye of Lamartine, all the great commotions in France since 1789, have not been connected with a political and local revolution, but with a social and universal revolution; these partial *bouleversements* are but the prelude of a general transformation, and the world appears to him shortly called upon to undergo a complete renovation in ideas, manners and laws. Under this point of view, the doctrine of M. de Lamartine approaches that of Fourier and St. Simon; he does not reject the relationship, he proclaims it. 'St. Simonianism has in it,' he says, 'something true, great and *fécond;* the application of Christianity to political society, and the legislation of human fraternity; in this point of view I am a St. Simonien. What caused this extinct sect to fail was, not the idea, not the disciples, but a head, a master, a legislator. The organisers of St. Simonism were in error when they made war at once on the family, on property, on religion.... The world is not conquered by the force of a

word; it is converted, it is moved, it is laboured, it is changed.' It now remains to be seen what is the practical system which Lamartine at once presents to the social world. 'You say that all is dying, that there is neither faith nor belief; there is a faith, and that is general reason; words are its organ, the press its apostle; it will re-make in its image religion, civilization, society and legislation. In religion, it requires God one and perfect for dogma, eternal morality for symbol, adoration and charity for worship; in politics, humanity above nationality; in legislation, man equal to man, man the brother of man, Christianity legislated.'"

All this is very vague and dreamy; but the meaning is good, generous, noble: and in a Catholic country more intelligible than with us. In my opinion, in no Roman Catholic country can the semi-paganism of the priests ever contend against philosophy, united with the ideas of primitive Christianity. The progress of education makes men either Protestants or urges them further. Let the Protestants be alive.

M. de Lamartine has another grand notion. He sees Greece, the East generally, those

magnificent countries round the Mediterranean, half depopulated by bad government, and he proposes by pouring in there a great emigration from civilized lands, to create prosperous nations, and millions of men walking side by side with us in civilization.

After a brief career as a Conservative during the excitement of the Eastern question, in which he took the Anglo-Russian side, Lamartine became once more a social reformer, and joined the Constitutional Opposition in their crusade against the Guizot Ministry. His eloquence, his ardour, his influence on the *masse*, was of great use to them, as it was also to the free-trader.

But the secret of his present position is his splendid, poetical and exciting sketch of the French Revolution, known as "the Girondins." This work, which like all the productions of a poet, is imaginative in the details, though correct in facts, is the ablest defence of those much calumniated men who sought, amid coalesced Europe, to found liberty in France, that has ever appeared. His bold separation of Robespierre from the ferocious Marat, the savage and profligate Danton, the mad Desmoulins, was an act of courage, which shewed him capable of sacrificing everything for

truth. The Royalists and Buonapartists shunned the outcast of the race, who dared to see any but monsters as actors in the French Revolution, and refused to read his book, for fear, we suppose, of being won by the charm of his eloquence. His severe blame on acts which he thought bad; his generous appreciation of the glories of the Convention; his declaration in favour of republicanism as the only form of government under which the poor and the labourer are cared for; his exposure of the traitorous emigration, and of the part played by Dumouriez and Louis Philippe, with the European popularity of his work, marked M. de Lamartine out for the position he now holds.

Sincere, I believe, for the mad enemies, who pretend that he is playing a deep and base game as the friend of Henry V, are surely not to be credited, Lamartine hates blood, turmoil, civil war and commotion. With rare courage, eloquence and love for the people, there is great hope for the revolution with him at its head. He will repress the violent, calm the obstinate, advocate great and comprehensive measures, and guide the helm of the state well, if the coming elections send not to the Convention a turbulent host of ignorant de-

magogues, who do more harm to republicanism than all the gold or hordes of Russia could ever effect. If the republic falls, it will be because great and noisy promisers, brawlers and intriguers have deceived the people. Already knaves and fools have made them half believe that legislation can fix wages. If the masses credit this absurdity, they will be the severest sufferers by the delusion. Government can aid in restoring credit; can lighten the burdens of the state; can pursue rigid economy and avoid causes for bloody wars; can promote commerce, trade and agriculture; can reduce the taxation weighing on the poor; can educate, enlighten and instruct; can spread the impositions more equally over classes; but it can neither create work, nor wages. "Supply and demand" beat legislation hollow.

I have much faith in Lamartine. The man has outshone the poet already. Let him continue and leave to posterity the imperishable glory of having founded, aided by the brave people of Paris, a great and mighty Republic, which shall set an example to all the nations of the earth.

Dominique François Arago, great as an astronomer and as a republican, was born on the 26th of February, 1783, at Estagel, near Perpignan. After studying at the college of Perpignan, Arago, at eighteen, entered the Polytechnic School, immediately after leaving which he became the secretary of the Longitude Office. At a later period, he was called by the Emperor to make part of the important scientific voyage to Spain, under Biot, to measure the arc of the terrestrial meridian. His scientific researches and his adventures in Spain would fill a volume—so mighty were the former, so romantic the latter. At length, however, he regained France, and was, despite the rules, elected a member of the Academy of Sciences at twenty-three, and chosen for this, Professor at the Polytechnic school by Napoleon.

So much did Napoleon like Arago, that when, after Waterloo, the illustrious exile meditated a residence in the United States, he intended to have taken Arago with him, to devote himself with him to the study of science.

The scientific renown of Arago is European, and the subject not out of place here. In 1831 he was elected member for Perpignan, and at

once took his position with the democratic party. His opposition was bold and energetic, his speech on the detached forts exposed the object of them with a lucidity which made the enemies of the people shiver with rage. His political history has been but a repetition of attacks on the Government and declared advocacy of republican views.

A neat and sarcastic orator, abounding with good sense and honesty, Arago is one of the best men into whose hands a share of the Government of the new Revolution could have been given.

Of Crémieux little is known, but that he is an able lawyer of the Jewish persuasion, firm and sincere in his opinions. Ledru-Rollin is an ultra-democrat of the old revolutionary school, earnest, zealous, but extremely hot-headed; the very model of a sincere, patriotic Irishman, whose zeal, however, very often outruns his discretion. There is too a spice of violence, of levelling, of socialism, of hate against the rich, against England, which makes him somewhat dangerous.

Marie is an ex-Deputy, of very extreme opinions, with some prejudice against the middle classes.

Marrast, the editor of the "National," married, as is also Ledru-Rollin, to an English lady, is a man of vast talent. His head is clear, his style energetic, his sympathies liberal and enlarged. If at times he attacks England it is our exclusive system, our aristocratic government, our class legislation, our devotion to aged institutions, which he hates, and not us. With the English people he has every and all sympathy, "overthrow your aristocracy," he cries, "and then England and France against all the world!"

Flocon, a republican of the old school, has been more soured than Marrast by the long visits to prisons, with which he was favoured by Louis Philippe's Government. He is an ultra-democrat and socialist, in the sense of uniting capital and labour. As editor of the "Réforme," he has shown himself possessed of much ability, not however unaccompanied by violence and declamation. His views are very impracticable.

Louis Blanc, the young historian of "Ten Years of Reign," is able, enthusiastic, sincere. He means well, and that is much. If his views relative to the organization of labour be not carried out, he still will do much service

his presence in the Convention. His abilities, his original ideas, his energy and perseverance will carry him far. Cured by experience of Utopianism, he will be a useful man to the revolution.

Albert is an operative, but not a mere uneducated working man. The head of an immense workshop, whose interests he had to care for and discuss, his reason and oratorical powers have been tried with great effect. His writings on social questions are able, and have met with great popularity. He is a literary, rather than a working man.

THE END.

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